THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Weekly
Founded [illegible] by Benjamin Franklin

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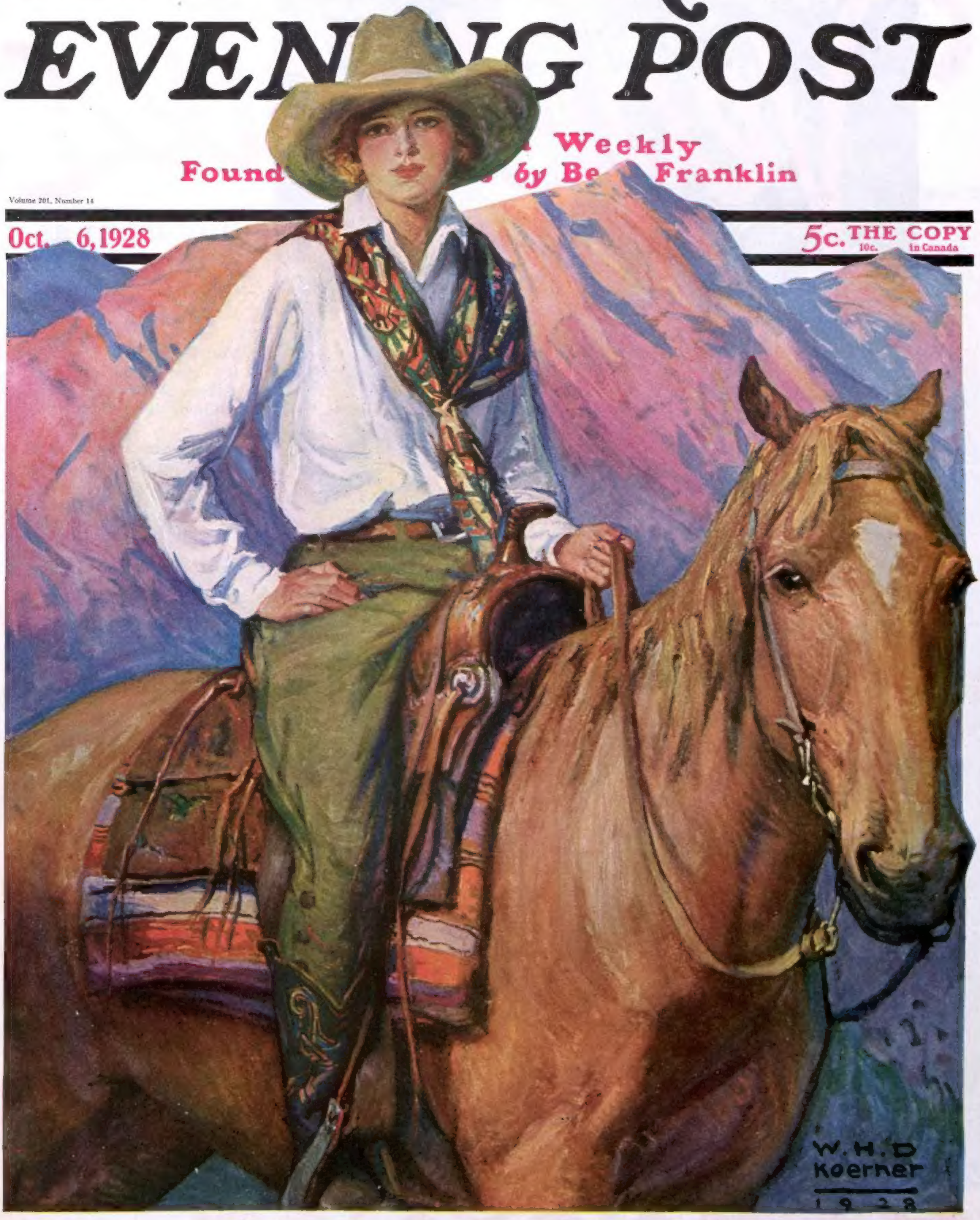

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Barrett Specification Roofs

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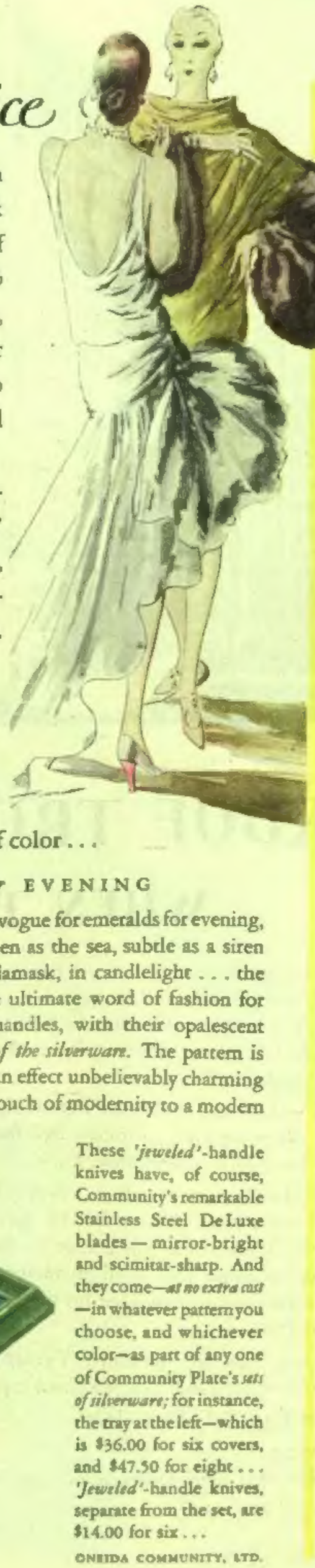

The *Fashionables* returning from Paris have been bringing back an enchanting new version of lovely table-service: silver *with colored handles*—pink-and-silver, blue-and-silver, green-and-silver—adding an accent of beauty to a table, as striking jewels add beauty to a gown . . .

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MY LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS

By EDDIE CANTOR

As Told to David Freedman

ONE of the finest biographies I ever read was about a dog. Or maybe I saw it in pictures. It was the life of Rin-Tin-Tin, entitled The Call of the Wild, by Jack London. Another biography that made a deep impression on me was The Life of the Geranium by Luther Burbank—or was it Elinor Glyn? It occurred to me that having led the life of a dog in the early days, while now, in the later years, I have become a home-loving plant, I might combine the two lives and write my own. Of course I intend to omit all the hard botanical terms except when I become sentimental. As for the dog days, I went through all the hardships prescribed by Horatio Alger except being a chimney sweep. That I omitted because I discovered a simpler way of blacking my face than by coming down a chimney. Imagine coming down a chimney every night to do my black-face specialty in the Follies! I used burnt cork instead.

Though most biographies are written about people whose lives are almost ended, I thought I would be original and write about mine, which has hardly begun. It is true I am the father of five children—mostly daughters—in fact, I have as many daughters as I have children; but that is scarcely a sign of infancy. It is rather a sign of a one-track mind. Still, I am only thirty-six, and in these days when science is trying to prolong life indefinitely we shall soon reach a point when a person in the thirties will be just old enough to wear bicycle stockings and eat pop corn. If science continues its great work, the only way a man will be able to die a natural death is to cross the street and be hit by a truck.

However, I have dug up evidence from the Talmud in defense of the old idea that the human span is only three score and ten, or seventy years. Like most defense evidence, it is in the form of a legend. The legend tells that every seven years the individual changes, and that in one's life one passes through ten completely different personalities. And now that I am thirty-six and halfway over, I have a strong curiosity to look back and see who the other five Eddies were that I left behind. As I look back I am fond of every one of them—although some of them ought to be ashamed of themselves—and after you hear what they were up to, you may wonder, as I often do, how I turned out to be myself instead of a ukulele or something.

The Whole Family

In order to make the story a true and complete one, I shall conceal nothing. If I thought it would help, I could reproduce a set of X rays I recently took that reveal my innermost self. But besides revealing a patch of pleurisy and the image of my suspender button, these X rays shed no light on how I became a singing waiter at Carey Walsh's and why I didn't remain one.

I feel that no man's life is sufficiently interesting in itself unless it is in some way a pattern or design created out of the times and reflecting in it bits of other personalities. I have always felt like a part of other people and that other people were a part of me. The dim brief images of my father and mother have formed an unforgettable picture in my mind, although I never really had the opportunity to know them or even to speak to them, for as my lips were forming into words they were gone. It was through my grandmother that I learned to know them, and it was she who reared me through the early years. Grandma Esther is one of my proudest figures before the world.

In trying to recall and restore the five Eddies I have been, I snatch at outstanding bits, high spots that glitter out of the background of the past like the points of stars. [I told you I would become botanical—or is it astronomical?] Little episodes, long faded, come to life again. I see myself as a young trouper with the Gus Edwards Kid Kabaret. Georgie Jessel, Leila Lee, Eddie Buzzell and George Price were all youngsters in the show. Jessel and I began a friendship then which has lasted to this day, sincere, whole-hearted, always anxious to help each other to succeed—an unusual thing in the show business.

I was a few years older and big-brothered him. I used to bathe him then, lay out his clothes for the morning, watch over him; and being older than the others, I took charge of the railroad tickets when the show traveled. The boys all put on short pants for the train ride and I gave the conductor half-fare tickets. After a while he came back fuming and angry.

"What's the idea?" he growled at me. "Those fellers—half fare?" I looked up, innocently surprised.

"What's the matter, conductor?"

"Why," he cried, "they're in the smoking car, each with a big black cigar in his face, and by the language they use they're older than I am!"

"Boys will be boys!" I murmured with a sigh.

It's wonderful how the most trifling incidents cling to the mind. But it's not wonderful with me. I've got to have a good memory to remember the kind of jokes I tell. As I begin to assemble incidents and experiences I am astonished to find how little I have forgotten. In fact, I can remember the story of my life from about two years before I was born, and I think that's pretty good.

At different stages I see clusters of interesting personalities who were my friends and colleagues. Some of them are celebrated people whom you know, like Will Rogers, W. C. Fields, Marilyn Miller, Fannie Brice, Benny Leonard, Florenz Ziegfeld, Jack Dempsey and a host of others, among them world-famous figures with whom I had interesting experiences, like the late Presidents Wilson and Harding and the Prince of Wales; others are humbler figures of whom you probably never heard but who are just as human, interesting and important to me. A meeting I once had in a summer-school recreation center with a little girl exerted a far greater influence on my life than my signing a contract for five thousand dollars a week, which made me the highest-salaried comedian in the musical-show business. And that's no lie. For that little girl later became my wife.

It was very hard to make her believe that I would ever get paid for acting. For even when I got my first chance on the Amsterdam roof in the Midnight Frolics, entertaining the Four Hundred and becoming sociable with the Vanderbilts and the Stotesburys, my wife and I would go back after the show to our bedroom in her sister's flat, where we lived with our two little daughters, Marjorie and Natalie—four people in one room. After the glamour and glitter of the Frolics we would sit in that one room up in the Bronx and wonder whether we'd ever be able to afford a home of our own. Some years later we had the home, but she still doubted. The world of the Four Hundred was still a far-away dream.

Grandma Esther, Who Cared for the Comedian Through His Early Years

One night I received word in my dressing room from Rodman Wanamaker to come to a party at his home after the show and meet the Prince of Wales. I had no chance to notify my wife, and when I finally got home it was five o'clock the next morning.

"Where have you been?" she asked with a chilling calm.

"I was with the Prince of Wales."

"Oh, get into bed!" she muttered angrily. "I suppose tomorrow you'll come home at six in the morning and say you were out all night with President Coolidge!"

Though I intend to relate some of my experiences with a number of your favorite celebrities, I wouldn't write a whole biography for that. Nor would I write a book about myself just because I happen to be one comedian who's made a million dollars and has still got it—though that isn't such a bad reason for writing a book—but because I think the story in itself, with its human aspects, should make a good picture for a lot of people who would like to follow me through behind the scenes, in the toughest performance I ever gave in the biggest show I ever played that has had a continuous run for thirty-six years, produced under my personal direction, written by myself and entitled The Life of Eddie Cantor.

The curtain rises on Chapter 1.

I

MY FATHER, Michael Cantor, was not a successful man as measured by the usual standards. Most successful men devote themselves to a serious life work and in their spare moments encourage a hobby. My father encouraged only the hobby and overlooked the life work. His hobby was a slightly damaged secondhand fiddle which he fingered rather deftly and from which, with the aid of a horsehair bow that was always shedding, he could call forth really musical tones; sometimes sprightly, more often plaintive, but always appealing—soothing, like little trickling rivers of memory from a life he might have lived—a life he had built around him of music and dreams to shield him from this strange city he didn't understand, this city of iron and steel that was flying up around him.

It never occurred to my father that with such playing he could join the musicians' union and get a job, and possibly work up to be a bandmaster like George Olsen and run a night club. But that would have made things too easy for me. Besides, I was not yet on the scene to give him the idea. The mere thought of a regular job would make Michael Cantor put his fiddle away for a month and idly walk the streets for weeks to wear off the shock. For my father, in his dreamy, half-dazed fashion, loved life too well to make a business of it, and, being only a youth of twenty, he still cherished illusions.

He must have imagined that the thin voice of his fiddle would be heard some day above the steam dredges, that his youthful fancies and folk songs would catch the harsh city's ear, and that tenements, tunnels and skyscrapers would tumble and dissolve into a sweet country setting like his native village near Minsk, and he would sit and serenade the city which had declared a legal holiday just to listen to his song. He was only twenty and married and lived on Eldridge Street, a great street for stables, and he needed dreams like these to keep the smell of his equine neighbors from his nostrils and to justify his idleness, his poverty and his incurable optimism.

And so, in his two-room flat over a Russian tea house, he lived with Maite, a young wan creature already sallowed by premature hardships, her face tarnished by the fine yellow dust of the great city, and her young brow perked in pain with thoughts too old for her. Perhaps Maite had hoped to see her Michael some day as the grand *maestro* leading an orchestra on a gilded platform; perhaps she had secretly aspired to be one of those fine ladies in shiny silks that fluttered like colorful butterflies on the gay White Way in New York's midnight sun. She was only one year removed from Michael and still at the time of life when music and laughter are food and air, but she was already approaching motherhood and all her thoughts and features settled to the gravity of that prospect.

Cares grew upon her like weeds. Hardly surviving the burden of an early marriage with no resources, she would soon have this new responsibility. She would have to prod the dreamy Michael on, awaken him from his stupor, and hope for the dramatic day when he would shoulder his fiddle like a sack of tools and go out to work. For herself she had never demanded anything. The daily portion came from Providence, not the city, and was often delayed in transit. But for the child it would have to come more regularly. Michael Cantor could not feed an infant on music—not an infant like me, anyway. Nature provided its newborn with their own capacity for song—I'll tell the world. But Michael seemed oblivious to all necessity. To every complaint of my mother he would set a bar of music and to every entreaty for work he would play a rhapsody.

Work was made for subway diggers and beam riveters, but not for Cantors. He had been ordained by a mystic power to play the city's tune, and though the city failed to recognize the tune, and though his family would writhe with hunger listening to it, Michael was impelled to play doggedly on.

Maite's mother arrived from Russia to help her only daughter. Maite's mother was one of those rare, precious women born for perpetual toil and perpetual devotion. From the age of thirty she had been a widow and labored to support her three sons and Maite. In her native Russian province she was known as Esther the Cigarmaker, and though Russian cigars never won gold medals at international expositions, Esther's products could be smoked safely and had been lit right after drinking vodka without exploding the smoker. With such modest fame, Esther had managed to build up a small cigar establishment. But when her daughter appealed to her, Esther sold the business cheaply, realizing enough to pay for her passage and bringing a little bag of silver rubles just as the young Cantor couple was sinking into destitution.

For a time the Cantor home brightened up. Esther took care of the house, prepared the meals and secretly slipped my father a few dollars each week that he might turn them over to Maite and pretend he had earned them himself. And when young Maite, now twenty-one, took to her bed upon the midwife's advice the little flat had an air of holiday.

Monroe, Jack (Cousins), and Eddie Cantor at the Age of Ten. Three Beau Brummells of the East Side

It was the last day of January, 1892, in a small gaslit bedroom on Eldridge Street, on a biting cold night, usually good for theater audiences, at about the time that the regular overture begins, that I made my debut before a packed house. The excited voices of relatives and friends, the clamor of street wagons, the sounds of the Russian balalaika from the tea house, the muffled groans of my mother and my father's plaintive fiddle all joined in a strange ovation on my first appearance.

Esther, now a grandma, bustled about, running from the living room into the bedchamber and back—a matter of two steps—assisting the midwife, serving cakes to the guests, refilling flasks as fast as they were emptied, while the party of neighbors and well-wishers got sick drinking *schlivivitz* to my health. Later, Grandma Esther, beaming, breathless, perspiring, came to tell them that all was well; and though there was not very much of me, I was the image of my father—only I didn't have a fiddle. At this news all glasses were drained and refilled. Michael cleared his eyes from the dream mist, seemed to realize at least for a moment that he was a father, a progenitor, a man to whom the world owed a debt for his accomplishment—after which he was rightfully entitled to spend the rest of his life in undisturbed reverie and occasional fiddling. The balalaika below burst into new merriment, the friends and relatives drank again, danced and laughed, as if each had come into a separate fortune, and even Michael felt that a turn had come in the tide of affairs; only I, in the next room, cried with the unfailing instinct of childhood that everything wasn't quite so rosy as they cracked it up to be.

While the guests crowded the little flat it was warm, but after they left, it recaptured its dank and chilly atmosphere; and through the cold hard winter my mother almost never let me out of her arms, wrapping and huddling me close to her to keep me warm. But my father failed to respond to the supreme test. Instead of buckling up and knuckling down, he slumped aside into deeper dreams. I must have been six months old then, but even I turned a pair of big popping eyes on him with a questioning look, as if to ask "When do we eat?" But my father had wasted his years wondering "When do we play?"

Grandma Esther's little fund had given out, but the good woman took a huge basket of candles, matches, safety pins and knickknacks and began to peddle among the housewives, canvassing the tenements from door to door. She walked each day with her load from Cherry to Division Street, through Henry and Madison, until permanent knotted lumps formed on her arms where the basket handle rested.

Maite had hoped that Michael would change. In fits of self-discipline he would get a job, but it never lasted. He could not understand why a man had to work who was born to play the fiddle. Why did a man of twenty-two have to carry the weight of the whole world—we two were the world to him—on his frail stooped shoulders? But Maite had given up urging him on. Once we had slipped over the brink, we didn't need Newton's law of gravity to figure out how fast we would fall. When I was a little over a year old my mother died in childbirth.

My father was a stunned, distracted man. Grandma Esther, calm in her stoic grief, thought only of his suffering, comforted and cared for him like her own son. But he suddenly grew restive, nervous, excited. He wandered through the streets constantly now, gaping, staring like a man who had lost his way. Somewhere in the midst of the crowded, tangled city he would find her again. He could not believe that she was gone. He would surely come upon her, standing alone on a street corner, waiting for him, and he would lead her beyond the city limits to a patch of green and sky, where they could walk a little in peace, and chat and laugh and have their first real outing. For in spite of all the years of lolling and dreaming, for some reason his life had always been crowded and rushed, and Michael felt that he had never been quite alone with Maite, that he had never had a chance to tell her what she really meant to him, and how deeply, genuinely, he was fond of her and how much he would like to do to make her happy. But where would he look for her? The streets turned and

twined upon one another like a wriggling wilderness of snakes.

The relentless brutal majesty of fate was wasted on my poor father. He did not understand it—he was afraid to understand it. He only heard voices without faces taunting him, shouting at him, "So you idled and played, and to what purpose?" If he could only see who spoke to him and assure these heartless forces of fate that he had meant no harm! But an invisible hand slapped him full in the face and he slumped into bed with a chill and a sharp pain in the chest. His cheeks flushed in indignation and he lay in feverish excitement, mumbling in protest and defiance.

The local lodge doctor held his thin clammy hand and diagnosed his emotional turmoil as pneumonia. But Michael, who had begun to understand, smiled a dry yellow smile.

"It's not pneumonia—it's music," he murmured huskily. "It's music!" A rattling wagon clattered by over the cobblestones. Some children blew on rasping horns. I was then two years old and toddled about, trying to wind the cat's tail around its neck, while it howled pitifully. "I tell you it's music!" whispered my father, grown old and haggard at twenty-two.

"Mamma Esther, let me play," he entreated, and the sad-faced, toil-worn old woman brought the secondhand fiddle from its peeling fiddle box. Michael took the plaything from her like a child—the wooden instrument with strings that held his secret which the busy proud city had refused to hear.

He tucked the violin under his chin, shakingly moved the bow across the strings, pulled a few reluctant, complaining tones from its hollow box, and for the moment he was lost in the dreams of song that trickled like little rivers of memory from the life he might have lived. I stood holding my victim cat in a grip around the throat and clutched it tighter, almost strangling it, as with wide staring eyes and open mouth I watched my father play.

"What's papa doing?" I wondered. "Gimme it!"

"It's music, mine child," said Grandma Esther, stroking my hair.

"Minuzick!" A strange new word with magic meanings. My father was too weak to play and the violin dropped mutely across his chest. Grandma Esther tried to take it from him, but he held it firmly.

"Gimme it!" I cried. "I wanna play too!"

"Not now," pleaded my grandmother softly. "Some day you'll play like papa."

My father lay back on his pillow, still clinging to his violin, his eyes slowly closing in that mist which shut the world from his thoughts.

"Michael!" murmured Grandma Esther, bending over him tenderly. "Michael!" Then she cried with the muffled anguish of a thousand groans: "Michael! Michael! Answer me! Answer your Mamma Esther!"

"Why don't papa play no more minuzick?" I whimpered uneasily, clutching at the old woman's dress.

"He's asleep, mine child," Grandma Esther sobbed, and her tears streamed down on my upturned face. "You're an orphan, woe is me! Alone in the world!" And sobbing and weeping, she kissed me through her tears.

II

I WAS two and Grandma Esther sixty-two. We were a couple of lonely creatures at the opposite poles of life, one looking forward, the other backward, to the same welter of poverty, adversity and toil. Other women at her age had earned a brief vacation from their labors, if only to be sick and lie in bed. But my grandmother could not afford the luxury of illness. Her years had been a ceaseless treadmill, grinding, churning, without hope, without end. She had married in her youth to snatch a few years of domestic happiness and leisure. But her young sickly husband needed her help and Esther's only rest from work was on those occasions when she had to be confined.

Her husband, soaked with the nicotine and tobacco fumes of his trade, soon died and the burden of support fell with its full weight upon her. When at last her three sons and only daughter married, her duties as a mother and provider ended, only to start again with me. She could not earn enough from peddling candles and matches to rear me as she would like. So from carrying baskets Grandma Esther took to lifting steamer trunks on her back and lugging them up three and four flights as part of her duties in furnishing servant girls to private families.

Eddie Cantor at the Age of Six, in His Holiday Clothes. At Left—1908, in His First Made-to-Order Suit for Stage and Street Wear. In Oval—His Father, Michael Cantor, Who Died When Eddie Was Two

She conducted a humble employment agency of her own and supplied maids and nurse girls to households, and cooks, dishwashers and waitresses to small restaurants. She rented two rooms in a basement that were combination office and home as well as temporary lodging house for the unemployed. Here eight or nine Polish immigrant girls would eat from the common caldron and sleep on the kitchen floor, sprawled over mattresses and covered with brightly patched quilts. And when a Polish maid was provided with a job, Grandma Esther would lift the girl's trunk upon her shoulders and lead the way. Her brokerage fee for each servant was one dollar and later increased to two, but that included the cost of maintaining the girl before she was placed. As my grandmother could not afford the price of a license, she conducted this sadly unlucrative business without it and stood in constant fear of city officials whom competing agencies sent to spy upon her. When a stern-looking inspector quizzed her, she would explain that the girls, though of a different nationality, were her blood relations, and overnight I used to get as many as seven sisters and eight first cousins. But finally she amassed the snug fortune of twenty-five dollars to pay for a license, so that she could struggle and starve officially.

Even then the agency was obliged to shift its headquarters frequently—sometimes for a detail like nonpayment of rent, and more often because the landlord, who had let the flat for a family of two, visited us and found ten or twelve. But moving was not very expensive—only a little bothersome.

The sole cost involved was the hiring of a pushcart. This my grandmother loaded herself with a chest of drawers, half a dozen mattresses, an iron bedstead, a few stools, some kitchen utensils, and with me perched on top of the load, she would push her cart to the new abode and was ready to do business once more. If 127 Madison Street had grown too tony and swell to have a dozen people in two rooms, she would settle down at 11 Market Street, where they were glad to accommodate seventeen people in one room. The main thing was that I should have a congenial home and pleasant surroundings.

At first Grandma Esther, for my sake, settled with me at her daughter-in-law's, who then had only three children—Minnie, Annie and Irwin. This she did to provide me with playmates. But I was at the time a rabid woman hater—a prejudice I have since outgrown—and I decided to do away with all little girls of my own age or thereabouts, so that Minnie and Annie were found in a badly wounded and partially unconscious condition after a few friendly and playful encounters with me. But while I beat the little girls in true cave-man fashion, Irwin beat me, and this I resented at the top of my voice.

Still, the only systematic musical training I ever received dates from this time and I originated it myself. I would take my aunt's modest supply of silver, and from the fifth floor, where we lived, I used to drop forks and spoons, one at a time, through the steep shaft of banisters, and by the clang I could tell on which floor the silver had landed. It required quite a little skill to send a knife clear down the five flights and detect by the sound that it had landed in the hall. Afterward I tried this trick with plates. These cute ideas completely horrified my poor aunt. She was afraid I would try to throw the dining-room furniture down next, so she put me to bed without food. But Grandma Esther, indignant that her darling little Eddie had not been properly appreciated, smuggled some cookies in to me and hid the leg of a chicken under my pillow. Kissing and soothing me, she decided then and there that we would live together and alone.

And so all day, while the good woman delivered Polish girls and their baggage at a dollar a head, I grew up on the sidewalks of New York—with an occasional fall into the gutter. Grandma Esther had failed to take scientific courses in mother training, but in her simple bungling way she did the best she knew. If I banged myself against a stone slab and came into the house with a lump bigger than my head, she pressed the cold steel of a carving knife against the swelling, mumbled some strange incantations to drive off the evil spirit, and pretty soon the lump subsided. If I was laid up with fever she covered my face with a damp cloth, sprinkled some herbs and red pepper upon it, then uttered a prayer to my departed mother to intercede on my behalf with the powers of heaven, and the heavenly wheels were set in motion and I was saved.

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THE CORN BELT—By Garet Garrett

YOU may understand the Corn Belt to be a state in umbrage, lying somewhere near the middle of the country, meditating disaffection. It is so treated in the news of politics. What of the temper in the Corn Belt? What does the Corn Belt think? How will the Corn Belt vote? The voice of the Corn Belt is the voice of agriculture. Or is it?

The scheme of farm relief called McNary-Haugenism was native there. So also were five candidates for the Republican nomination, including the one who got it; and one candidate for the Democratic nomination, who did not get it. This is for curious mention only, and means, if anything, that for a generation past the Corn Belt has been exporting a product of brain matter, because, it will say, distressed agriculture could not keep it for itself against the competition of cities. All as it may be true.

A Bull and—at Lower Right—His Progeny. This is the Way They are Building Up Beef-Cattle Strains in the Northwest

What is the Corn Belt?

On a white outline map of the United States make a fine lead-pencil dot for each 10,000 acres of corn in the country. Make the dots roughly where the acreage is, according to census statistics. It will take some time; there are 10,000,000 acres of corn all together. When the dots are all in, you will see that the whole eastern two-thirds of the country is gray with dots, because corn is an American and very willing plant; you will see also that a definite part of the middle country is solid black—so many more dots there than anywhere else. This solid black area would be generally confined by a line running from Columbus through Chicago to Omaha, then south to Kansas City, east to St. Louis and Indianapolis, and back to Columbus. It includes part of Ohio, the middle of Indiana, most of Illinois, all of Iowa, a corner of South Dakota, a part of Nebraska, the top edge of Kansas and one-third of Missouri.

The Land That Was Good for Corn

THAT is the Corn Belt. And it is the Corn Belt for reasons man had nothing to do with, except to find them out. From the way in summer the sun shines and the rain falls and the nights stay hot, and from the way years ago the glaciers out of the north leveled the land, plowed it 100 feet deep, limed it heavily and left not a stone in it—for these reasons this area of 250,000 square miles happens to be the soil in all the world most favorable for the culture of corn.

It was settled by New England people from the East and by Southern people from Virginia, Carolina and Tennessee. There is a saying that the Southerners, who came first, got the wooded land and that the Yankee Whigs and Republicans, who came later in larger numbers, were obliged to take the prairie sod. The sod was hard to break, and for a long time anyone who tried it was thought to have something on his conscience. It is certain those settlers from the East, or many of them, were pursuing neither wealth nor free land, but perfection according to the conscience. They were sect founders, particularly in Indiana and Illinois, and their history is in strange contrast to that of the Southern settlers, who believed in living, esteemed the land, founded a great cattle industry on corn and had their own little Richmond there in Illinois. From the Southerners came a land aristocracy, surviving to this day in the large farm-land estates of second and third generations. From the other side, where the Utopias were, came a line of intellectuals, curiously marked in many notable cases by deep pessimism, the heritage, perhaps, of their ancestors' disillusionment, those who failed to find perfection and so despaired of perfectibility in principle.

He Stands Petting. Around Him are One Hundred People

Whatever the people did, the land was for what it was good for. The land was for corn.

The history of this country must have been in many ways very different without the benefit of corn. We call it corn and there is no confusion; when talking to Europeans you have to say maize or Indian corn. When the English say corn they mean small grain. When we mean small grain we say wheat or rye or barley. The famous Corn Laws of England in the last century, for instance, had nothing to do with what we call corn.

For the pioneer, corn was the magic food crop. He could not make a clearing in the wilderness and bring off wheat in one season. Easily, he could do that with corn. He might plant it amid the stumps. The yield was much greater than that of wheat or of any other grain-bearing plant, and as sustenance for himself and his animals it was in all respects perfect. But to say merely that corn, faster and more abundantly than any other grain plant, converts heat, moisture and soil chemistries into food is to leave a great deal out. No other is so accommodating. If need be, it will wait all winter to be harvested and come little the worse for such neglect. It is a lazy man's crop, if man wants to be lazy. Today a family willing to live on hog and hominy may do so by one small corn patch with the very minimum of exertion. On the other hand, if the man is enterprising, there is no crop richer in gold values. Besides the product of grain and then the stalk for animal fodder, the cob, though it has no food value, yet contains valuable chemical elements. Now how strange it is that the boundaries of a geographical area, which for meteorological, geological and other physical reasons is unique in an agricultural sense, should be also an area within which there seems to run a certain intensity and kind of political feeling!

That there should be a Corn Belt agriculture is easily understood. So there is a Cotton Belt agriculture and a winter-wheat agriculture and a spring-wheat agriculture. But why should there be a Corn Belt mentality, or a Corn Belt politics, that asserts itself as such and moves the agitation for farm relief in the name of agriculture as a whole? There is no evidence that Corn Belt agriculture is worse off than agriculture elsewhere, and none that its future is darker. And yet, it strikes one, here is more than a mere chance of things. What, if anything, has happened to the Corn Belt that was different in kind or in degree from what happened to agriculture in general, recently—or, say, since the war?

One thing: Land values went very much higher; the fall for that reason was greater. In the land boom that occurred during and after the war many Corn Belt farmers lost their heads. They cannot themselves now account for it.

All the same, there is no understanding of Corn Belt mentality without the picture of Corn Belt farmers in the years 1919 and 1920 buying and selling farm land as speculators buy and sell stocks on the exchange, by nod of the head, passing not the deeds but memoranda and a little earnest money. One farm might change hands eight or ten times in a season, each time at a higher price. Ultimately in every case somebody was left with the corpse of this ecstasy on his hands, to pay for in full.

Capitalizing the Land

ALL this has been told. There is no need now to emphasize it in an aspect of human folly. Only the consequences are important—to see what came of it. Moreover, it must not be assumed that they were fundamentally wrong about the value of the land. The finest farm land in the whole world, lying at the center of the richest country in the world, directly under the second city in America, was probably not overvalued at the very top, fantastic as the figures may seem. But their minds were upside down. They were capitalizing the land and not the agriculture upon it, forgetting that only an agriculture itself highly capitalized and very efficient could support such values. It is perfectly feasible with modern methods to earn dividends even now on Corn Belt land taken at valuations of $400 and $500 an acre. Only, where now there are notable instances of that kind of agriculture, there was hardly one in the whole Corn Belt when the wild speculation in land was running.

There are several reasons why the consequences of sudden deflation, as a sequel to sudden inflation, would be much more distressing in a region of dear land than in one of cheap land. A rise from $50 to $100 an acre is 100 per cent; a rise from $250 to $500 also is 100 per cent. Yet you can see that the fall, provided deflation carries the

price all the way back, will be in one case $50 an acre and in the other case $250 an acre, or five times greater. It is not only that the real or imaginary loss per acre is so much more in a region of dear land—greater, say, in Iowa and Illinois than in North Dakota or Montana—it is also that the conditions of recovery are more difficult on the dear land. Much more dead debt has to be somehow arranged or paid off; much more new capital is needed to get going again on a sound basis, since agriculture, to succeed on dear land, must be more expensively equipped than agriculture on cheap land. Even after the fall, Corn Belt land was too dear to attract from elsewhere good farmers with small sums of capital. These were more easily interested in the forty and fifty dollar land further west; hence, no immigration of farmers into the Corn Belt seeking bargains or new beginnings.

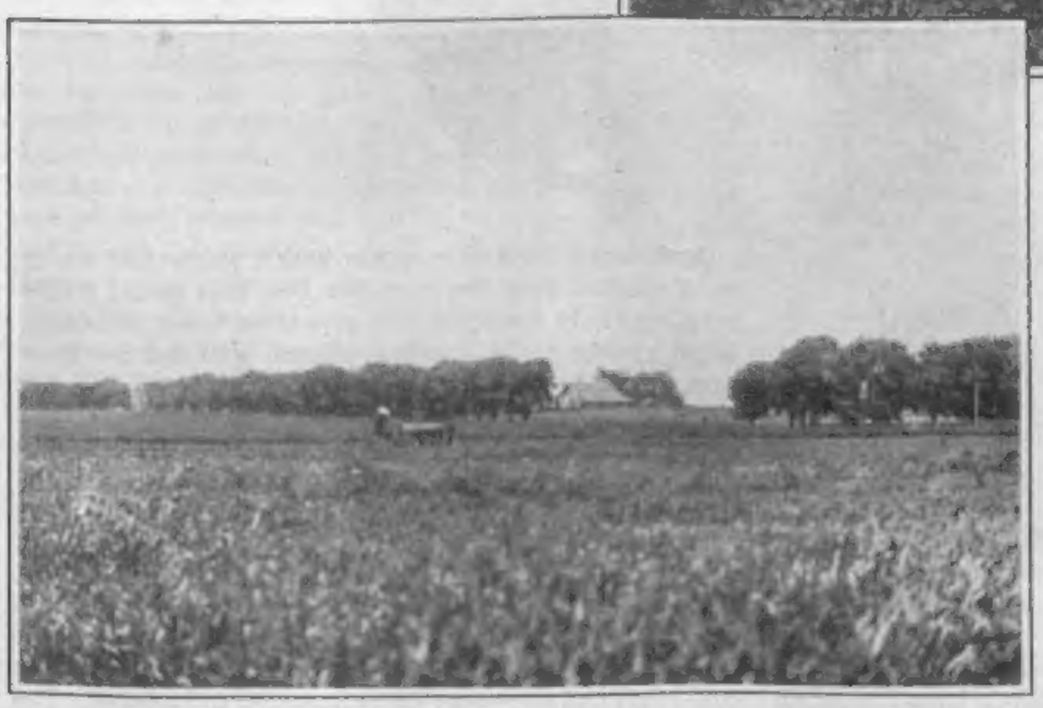
There is another fact: The rule is that in regions of dear land tenancy is high. In the choice parts of the Corn Belt it may run as high as 75 per cent. And it is naturally so that when agriculture falls upon hard times, owners upon the land will work it out sooner than absent owners who rely upon tenants. Why in a region of dear land—why in the Corn Belt—tenancy is high may be guessed.

Holding Land for Investment

THE better the land, the more tenacious the first owners and their heirs will be to hold it for investment long after they have ceased to work it themselves; and if, as is true in the Corn Belt, large landowners are content to receive a nominal 2.5 per cent on the land's value as rent from tenants in order to keep possession of it, then tenancy is encouraged. The operating farmer asks: "Why should I buy land with money worth 5 and 6 per cent when as a renter I can borrow land at 2.5 per cent?"

A Horseless Farm in the Corn Belt. The Back Yard of the Farmstead

The Combine Is Under the Tree. The Big Barn Is for Feeding Beef Cattle. At Left—The Mechanical Horse Plowing



But the one reason above all others why in a region of dear land the consequences of deflation will be particularly distressing is this: Relatively few farmers actually sell out on a rise in land values. What they do is to swap it up, like speculators swapping up stocks in a bull market, and then as they begin to feel paper rich they borrow money on the land and spend it. That is to say, they pledge the increase and consume it, instead of selling the land itself.

The ease with which they do this is owing to the bank custom of rating a farmer for credit on the value of his land assets, not on his earning power.

As to a commercial borrower, the bank asks, "What is his margin of profit?"

As to a farmer, it asks, "What is his farm worth?"

So it is that farmers' debts increase roughly in proportion to the rise in land values. And thus it was that in the Corn Belt, where a doubling in the value of land meant a greater increase in dollars per acre than anywhere else, and therefore a greater increase in farmers' borrowing power at the bank, the accumulation of debt in dangerous suspense was more magnificent in the same ratio.

Take it at the very heart of the Corn Belt—say, in Ford County, Illinois. The history of land values there has been roughly this:

	Per Acre
In 1900	$100
In 1910	$200 to $250
In 1920	$350 to $700

"And at the top," says a banker in that county whose experience with farm finance is long and intimate—"at the top the amount of debt farmers owed to the banks and to one another was simply appalling." The higher the land went, the more they borrowed to buy more land, to buy automobiles, to improve their living—and all the more their debt was.

Good land in Ford County now is worth $200 to $300 an acre—or, roughly, what it was before the war—and all that great pyramid of floating debt has somehow been taken care of. A great deal of it has been funded as permanent mortgage debt, in place of promissory notes at the bank, and this accounts very largely for the increase of mortgage farm debt now appearing in census statistics. Many refer to this increase as a sign of agricultural distress, whereas much of it represents debt originally contracted when agriculture was in a state of ecstasy, pawning its inflated land values at the bank and spending the money. So much of this debt has been funded and put to rest that now in a typical county there is perhaps not 2 per cent of the land still in danger of foreclosure, and this has been accomplished in years of depression.

It is said that the recovery of Illinois has been at the expense of the land. To move the debt, the land has been squeezed. There is some evidence of this—much of it, if you like—but at the same time much more evidence that the land had been for a long time squeezed and drained of its fertility under a condition of use and ownership inimical to sound agriculture.

Those are still living who remember the time when this was all free land, or cost a dollar and a quarter an acre. The more enterprising first-comers got together large tracts of it and put it to corn, but there was no way to ship the corn out as grain; and besides, they knew better than to produce corn as a grain crop. They fed it to cattle and walked it out. There was money in it. Many fortunes were so founded. But permanent wealth was in the land itself, in the mere ownership of it. As the pioneer families multiplied, retired and broke up, they kept the land and hired it out. Hence now those large estates in farmland ownership. Also, land was of all forms of investment the most favored, and people bought it for investment who had no intent to farm it. These also hired it out. And as its capital value continually increased, they were content to take less and less income in the form of annual rent. What they lost as income was more than compensated by the unearned increment. In a typical Corn Belt town, such as Bloomington, every other person owns land—the lawyer, the doctor, the merchant, the junk peddler, and, of course, the banker. Thus tenancy became a settled institution.

"Think of it!" says the county agent. "Out of every four farmers who walk into my office only one owns the land he is on. What does that mean for the future of agriculture?"

One Road to the Consumer

THE Corn Belt was not meant to be a grain-crop country. It is essentially a feeding country. The corn should be converted into beef and pork—and it is, of course, where the practice is right. Cattle, merely as hides, bones and organs, are shipped from the breeding ranges of the West to the feed lots of the Corn Belt, at, say, ten cents a pound live weight. The Corn Belt feeder puts several hundred pounds of meat between the hide and bones and sells the fattened beef animal to the packer at, say, fifteen cents a pound. The packer cuts out the meat and sells it to the butcher, who sells it to the consumer. Or it may be hogs. These the Corn Belt farmer breeds for himself. They multiply very fast—two litters a year—and convert corn, alfalfa and soy beans into flesh. It may be both cattle and hogs. It is a business requiring skill, unremitting attention, a shrewd buying-and-selling sense—and, above all, to succeed, the farmer must know exactly the cost of adding a pound of weight to a steer or of producing a pound of meat in the form of pork. It takes also a good deal of capital, both as a working fund and as equipment.

However, a great deal of Corn Belt land, particularly in Illinois, passed, as it never

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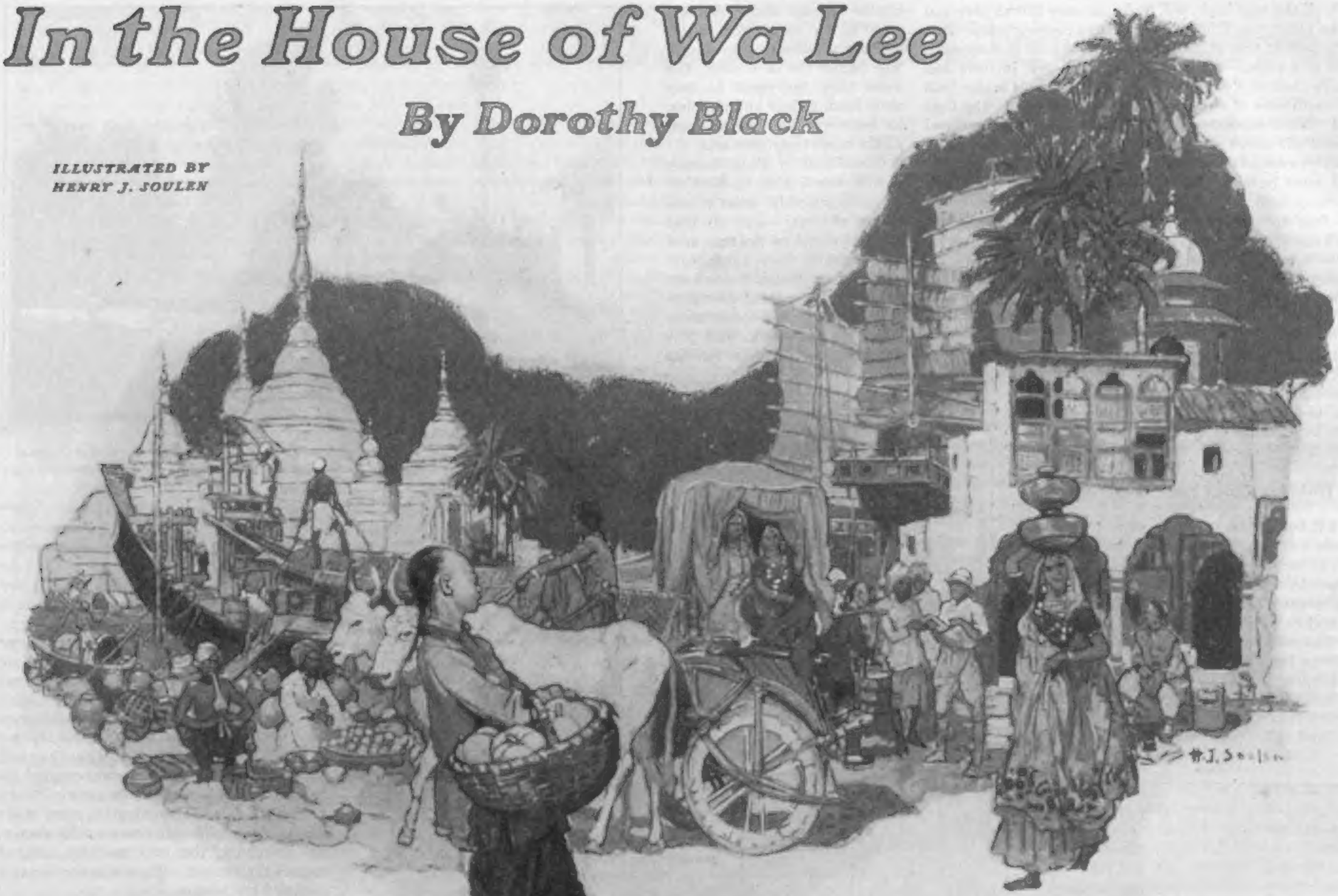
Another Corn Belt Farm. Contrast This With the Horseless Farm

In the House of Wa Lee

By Dorothy Black

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN



David Went Out Into the Dust and the Heat. The Customs Officer Saw Him Come

THE house of Wa Lee the Chinaman stood some way back from the little lakes where the golden pagoda mirrored itself in the water. It had been a mandarin's palace long ago, built by a merchant prince for his own pleasure. But he was long since broke and dead, and all the house was falling to pieces, with its green-domed turret and its Chinese carvings and its roof of lovely green tiles. It stood in a pleasure garden full of statuary where once many a rare plant had grown, imported from China, and many a flowering tree. Then Chinese bridges had spanned little lakes where goldfish swam and water lilies grew.

Now the bridges had fallen to pieces and the statuary was broken. The rarer plants and flowering trees had died and the mandarin's palace had been condemned for some time as unsafe for human habitation. Never a storm but a score of lovely green tiles came hurtling down into the garden. Never a monsoon but a dozen new cracks appeared in ceiling and in walls.

Therefore Wa Lee was enabled to rent it very cheap, together with the wreck of the pleasure garden, and the broken statuary and Chinese bridges, and all the bats and smells and all the dirt and bygone splendor of the place.

It suited Wa Lee. He liked plenty of room and he did not care about the cracks. He turned the grounds into a market garden, where, by smelly methods known only to the Chinese, he raised lettuces and cabbages for the market. Also pumpkins. Wa Lee had five professions, but only two of them were official. Above the doorway of his office in Merchant Street, where a vast Chinese lantern hung, swaying gently in any breeze there was, a board bore the legend:

WA LEE
RICE BROKER AND MARKET GARDENER

Inside his office Wa Lee would sit with his feet curled round the legs of a high stool, doing accounts. He kept them on an endless scroll. It went on and on. As he rolled up one end, he unrolled fresh paper from the other. How Wa Lee ever added up his accounts must remain a mystery to the ordinary man. Short of unfurling the whole in some lonely place and achieving a total with a bicycle, it seemed a physical impossibility. Wa Lee himself found the ancient methods cumbersome. To this end he gave his children a European education.

He was a small man with a face like carved ivory, and a sweet smile. It lit up his features like a lamp turned on within. He wore wide Chinese trousers and a European tennis shirt under a Chinese silken coat that had wide sleeves into which he stuck his hands when he walked. As a gesture toward Europe, he crowned this costume with a Homburg hat.

He attended the Merchant Street office every morning. He was down in East Rangoon on other business, not specified, during the afternoon. And in the evening he liked to walk at sunset among his lettuces and cabbages, and his pumpkins. The smell that made ordinary men wilt and hold their noses was as nectar to him. He liked it.

Besides these, his official businesses, Wa Lee was interested in certain houses in the Lower Poozendaung Road, and others of their kind in Mandalay. And he did a considerable trade shipping pumpkins and garden produce on small steamers down the coast—a commerce that appeared to involve more trouble and expense than it was worth.

Now the house of Wa Lee was a meeting place for many kinds of men. In the vast empty rooms, camping upon the floors after their various customs, lived Maung Maung, a Burmese boy known as Mad Dog, because of his wild and lawless ways. Vital Das, a Bengali gentleman, failed B.A. of Calcutta University. Simon, unfortunate result of an alliance between a Eurasian station master and a Burmese lady whose father was English and whose grandmother was Chinese.

In remote corners of the vast tumble-down palace these men lived, cooking their own food and lying low for reasons of their own.

And should the police appear with a warrant of search, as of old had been the case, Wa Lee, that genial gentleman, was only too pleased to give them every assistance. What chance had the police officers, who did not know that complicated, winding place, with all its corners and turns and secret doorways, against Maung Maung, Vital Das, failed B.A., and Simon, and all those other men who came to the house of Wa Lee and knew it like the back of their hand. The ancient stairs would creak and here and there would come the sound of a flapping garment or of bare feet creeping away on the dusty floors, and the swift sliding of hidden panels. But it might have been the wings of bats or the breezes of morning blowing through the cracks and crevices of the tumble-down palace. No man could say, and there was never anything to be found. The police officers would depart, wringing Wa Lee warmly by the hand, apologizing for having troubled him and thanking him for his kind coöperation.

Wa Lee would smile his beautiful smile that lit up his ivory features like a lamp turned on from within, and bow graciously, and then rejoin his family—still smiling. Upstairs the sliding panels would move again silently, the secret doorways come unstuck, returning Vital Das, failed B.A., Maung Maung, Simon, and other men in retirement for urgent private reasons, to the empty rooms.

Mrs. Wa Lee was little and fat. She had bound feet. She hobbled on small wooden shoes with high heels, no larger than the slipper worn by a baby of two. By this method she was as securely penned to a radius of twenty square yards as if she had been tethered with a rope. You could hear her coming unsteadily on her small, painful feet, clop-clop over the dusty wooden floors. The rooms she occupied with her family were downstairs. They were handsomely and dingily furnished in the Chinese style, with many a splendid piece of carving and many a broken chair. In one corner a devil god sat, goggle-eyed; a domestic utensil never intended for this purpose standing before him, joss sticks burning in it.

Wa Lee had had seven children, but only two of them lived. David Wa Lee, his son, was a handsome boy with soft dark eyes like sloes set in a golden face. He had a smile like his father's, but it did not go out so quickly, and when it went it left a radiance behind it. At the time of the birth of his children, Wa Lee had gone through a strange phase. He had been greatly interested in the white men's

Scriptures. A missionary had got hold of him and very nearly turned him into a Christian. He had got as far as giving both his children English names. But then the missionary died and Wa Lee recovered from his strange turn.

Mary Wa Lee was a pretty thing with a straight black fringe like a Chinese doll. She wore a long black pigtail tied at the end with a crimson ribbon. She was full of high spirits and played about like a kitten. Her bright laughter echoed round the palace, the one sweet thing in that grim place.

Wa Lee sent them both to the American Baptist Mission school. He appreciated the blessings of education. Also he saw that if David was good at figures he could simplify the present cumbersome methods of accounting and bookkeeping in vogue at the Merchant Street office. He looked forward to the day when he would be able to initiate David into his businesses, official and unofficial, as partner.

So it distressed him when they wrote from school:

This boy shows literary ability in a marked degree and should, if possible, be allowed to continue his studies in this subject, as he would undoubtedly do well.

It annoyed Wa Lee very much. Literature was no good to him in the office in Merchant Street. And he decided that David now knew enough and after the Chinese New Year he would have to leave school and come in and help in the office.

In the meantime the two children led a happy enough life. They played about the empty rooms and laughed and joked with Maung Maung, and with Simon, and with all kinds of men who came to the house of Wa Lee. Only with Vital Das, failed B.A., they had little dealing, for that was a very dull and lugubrious man, who seldom spoke.

They liked Maung Maung best. He was a well-grown Burman above average height, with a noble head and a nose more aquiline than the general noses of his countrymen, which were squat. Maung Maung would tell them stories at evening ends of how he came by his name, the Mad Dog, of the holding up of rice boats in lonely creeks, and how once a man did a murder and escaped by pretending to be mad in his head—by slobbering with his mouth—so that they put him in a lunatic asylum instead of hanging him, whence he briskly escaped. The children listened to him, enthralled.

Until David made friends with Alec Jones. Alec Jones was a young policeman who came to the school and taught the boys boxing and scout lore. Twice a year he took them into camp and taught them, unconsciously, many other things he never dreamed of. David became a keen scout, and after that he liked Maung Maung less and did not care about his stories. Doubts stirred in his mind.

Wa Lee encouraged this friendship with the young policeman, nodding his head. He did not interfere. Later it might come in very handy. Life went on, to all appearances, cheerfully and quietly. But often, at night, there were doings in the house of Wa Lee—comings and goings, and the light of lanterns dancing in the darkness. Only the children were always asleep then and guessed nothing, until one night when Mary Wa Lee awoke to find lantern light painting the shadow of her father very large on the ceiling, like a devil god. With him was Maung Maung.

He laughed and said, "What would you? I did not want to do it, but there was nothing else for it. He saw me and knew me, and would have given me away."

Wa Lee nodded, and his shadow, vast and evil on the ceiling, nodded with him.

"It is better to kill too quick than too late," said Wa Lee, "and many a man has been taken for the fearful staying of his hand. Moreover, this is good stuff."

In the lantern light Mary Wa Lee saw something that sparkled and glistened, slipping like water through her father's fingers.

And she screamed, crying, "What is that?"

They pushed something down into a hole and put down the floor board.

Wa Lee said roughly, "Sleep! You have had a dream. That is all."

She said, frightened still, "Who is there?"

"No one is there," said Wa Lee, and he had blown the lantern out. "Only I am here, about to sleep."

But Mary Wa Lee knew he lied, because she had seen Maung Maung. In the morning she looked at the floor where the boarding had been taken up, but there was matting over it, and Wa Lee saw her looking and gave her a smack on the side of the head, telling her to be gone and attend to her own concerns.

"This schooling no good," said Wa Lee. "Teaching too much stuff and lubbish."

And he told David Wa Lee that he must leave at the Chinese New Year and come into the office in Merchant Street. Gloom descended on David Wa Lee, for that meant the end of everything. No more boxing lessons in the evenings at the club. No more scout camps out by the lakes in the cold weather. No more time to read books, to write shy verses of his own in the quiet classrooms.

Alec Jones saw the boy's distress and tried to cheer him. He thought it too bad of the old Chinaman to take the boy away. But he knew how hopeless it was to interfere in a matter like this. He looked at David Wa Lee, seated cross-legged on the floor of the veranda beside the bookcase, buried in one of his books. He was fond of the boy and his charming gentle ways and unexpected mind.

He said, "What have you found, David? Read it to me."

The boy read slowly:

"And since, when girls go maying,
They find the primrose still,
And find the windflower playing
With all the winds at will,
But not the daffodil,

"Bring baskets, youth, and sally
About the spring's array
And bear from hill and valley
The daffodil away,
That dies on Easter Day."

"Do you know what a windflower is? Or a daffodil?"

David did not know, but he said, "I know they are beautiful, because when I read that I can see them dancing in the breezes." He said, "Nor do I know what is an Easter morning. Only that it is beautiful and white. But some day I shall know."

Alec Jones said, "You can still go on with your reading, David. I will send you books. I'm going to be transferred to Tharaton in the Delta, soon, but you must write and tell me how you get on. And it will be a splendid thing to become a very rich Chinese merchant, you know. One day I shall boast because you are my friend. Probably borrow money from you."

David Wa Lee bent down and patted the head of Kim, the policeman's little white dog, to hide the tears in his eyes.

"And there are lots of things you can do in a quiet way, even there, David. Like playing the game and teaching other people to, and setting a high standard in your own life, which other chaps will probably copy."

But when the boy had gone he said to his friend: "It's a damned shame, taking that little chap away from school and hunging him into that filthy office. Properly treated, he would turn out a genius. Do you know what he chose out of that book of verse I handed him? Housman's Daffodil. A Chink boy of seventeen who has never seen one. What do you make of that?"

But his friend, who suffered from chronic malaria and so was convinced of the futility of all human effort, said:

"He's probably better where he is. Educating these folk is always a waste of money. You only flood the world with a lot of failed B.A.'s."

"David isn't that sort. There is something in the boy. And I don't expect he'll find life in Merchant Street all plain sailing. I don't care about Wa Lee. We've had our suspicions for some time,

(Continued on Page 61)

Maung Maung Would Tell Them Stories at Evening Ends of How He Came by His Name, the Mad Dog

Our Visit to the Czar of the Valley of Roses—By Princess Marthe Bibesco

MY MEMORIES of our visit to the Czar of the Valley of Roses have been recently stirred by reading in the newspapers two announcements of very unequal importance—the destruction by earthquake of the Bulgarian town of Philippopolis and the journey to South America of the ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

Ferdinand and Marie of Bulgaria

In 1911 we had decided to make an automobile tour in the Balkan Peninsula—whimsically—for no other reason than our wish to visit, with the French friends then staying with us in Rumania—the neighboring country on the Danube—Tirnovo, Philippopolis, Sofia, and, more than all, Kazanlik, the Valley of Roses.

The party consisted of Princess Eugéne Murat, of her cousin, Princess Lucien Murat, daughter of the Duke de Rohan, our cousin, Emanuel Bibesco, brother of Antoine Bibesco, former minister of Rumania in Washington, Prince Léon Ghika, a friend, Mr. Cantemir, my husband and myself.

We were traveling not as royal guests but as tourists, fond of open air, long drives, wild scenery, ready to face bad roads and the somewhat insufficient accommodation of the Near East hotels. Nothing was further from our minds or intention than to call on the King of Bulgaria, whom none of us knew personally.

We had heard of his recent marriage to his second wife, Princess Eleanor of Reuss; we knew he was a great political schemer and an ambitious man; we also knew that three years previously he had accomplished the aim of his life in proclaiming himself Czar of the Bulgarians—he who was not yet even recognized as prince of this country by most of the powers in Europe. The English papers at the time had nicknamed him the lesser Czar.

The Almanach de Gotha, the Bible for sovereign rights and precedence, had mentioned his name for years, as a son to the Austrian branch of Saxe-Coburg, Bulgaria being still under the nominal allegiance to the Ottoman Empire.

For the Convenience of Guests

FROM 1887 to 1896 the sultan had refused to accept his qualification as prince regnant, and the great powers had kept Ferdinand waiting from October 5, 1908, till April 29, 1909, for their recognition of his right to a kingly title. The *coup de théâtre* of his proclamation as Czar of the Bulgarians, in the old town of Tirnovo, had been concomitant with the annexation by the Austrian Empire of the two provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. This was to be the last happy stroke of the Austrian policy and had taken place only six years before the outbreak of the World War, and ten years before the ultimate destruction, in 1918, of the imperial throne of the Hapsburgs.

The first night we spent at the Prince Boris Hotel in Tirnovo had been most eventful. We had been well received by the municipality of the town—better even than tourists could expect. The mayor and the chief justice of Tirnovo had called on us on our arrival and insisted on sharing our dinner. The latter had become confidential as time and dishes went on. He was an elderly man. He murmured in my ears that in 1873 he had been one of the Bulgarian delegation who went to Dresden, where my father-in-law and mother-in-law, Prince and Princess Georges Bibesco, then lived, to offer to them no less than the throne of Bulgaria.

I had vaguely heard of this event—which had taken place long before my birth—in the stories of my husband's family. My mother-in-law, questioned by me, had told me how Bismarck, with whom she was in correspondence, had advised her not to accept the proposal, which would have placed her in surroundings quite unsuited to her tastes and education. The yet-unpublished memories of my father-in-law will some day reveal the negotiations which then took place, involving the courts of Russia, Germany and Rumania. The thing ended by the choice of a prince of Battenberg, who remained in Bulgaria for a very short time and had to flee for his life.

Did our presence in Tirnovo remind the people of some vague connection with that story, or were they simply rejoicing at the arrival of three motor cars in their town, seldom visited by tourists? I could not tell, but when our dinner was over we were taken to a balcony and pink and green fireworks were fired in our honor on the hills of old Tirnovo.

When the time came to retire to our bedrooms I began feeling a little nervous. I had been told the intimate comforts and cleanliness of the hotel in Tirnovo were not all one could wish for. But my cousin Emanuel Bibesco—an expert in touring—had reassured me by saying that if we had to put up with a bad night in Tirnovo—the old abandoned capital of Bulgaria—at any rate we should find compensation the next night at Philippopolis, where a modern hotel was kept by good German people.

Our maids and valets were arriving at Tirnovo by a late train, so we would have to retire to bed unassisted. In entering the room that was to be mine, I was curiously affected by the sight of two large and very worn-out bed slippers of masculine type standing in front of my bed. On the night table a comb that showed signs of long usage was exposed in the full light of the lamp. I thought at first that I had entered by mistake a room already occupied and not intended to be mine.

A Bulgarian manservant, answering the bell, explained to me, in bad Rumanian, when I pointed out to him the comb and slippers, that they were always left there for the use of the travelers! He seemed quite puzzled when I asked that they should be removed at once.

Without indulging in many more details, I shall only say that when my maid entered my room that same night she found me in my night clothes, sitting in splendid isolation on a chair which I had placed in a tin bathtub filled with water in the middle of the room, gloves on my hands, an open umbrella over my head, reading an English novel. In this way I was protecting myself from the bites of innumerable insects which in a sort of procession crept out of the bedsides, climbed the walls and fell from the ceiling. The appropriate powder for their destruction had unwisely been left in the care of my maid.

Well, all this did not matter much the next morning. The sun was bright—late September is lovely in those parts of the world. We were leaving for the much dreamed-of Valley of Roses. We should reach Philippopolis at night, where we would be sure to find the nice hotel described by Emanuel Bibesco. He had taken the precaution to wire to the German manager, he told us, to make sure of a good night after our long day on the Bulgarian roads.

The motors that carried us had to suffer from those roads. There had been several unexplained *pannes* in open fields, and midnight found us still moving slowly across the hilly desert toward the faintly-colored clouds that hung above Philippopolis.

A Long Trip for Nothing

THE Valley of Roses was now behind us—a deception. We had passed it by twilight, and poetry and imagination were both impotent to make of this forlorn stretch of fields, covered with small dusty bushes, the paradise of color and fragrance we had hoped for. Not a single rose was to be seen in the whole of the country through which we passed.

Peasants, surrounding our cars when they stopped at Kazanlik—merely a large village—asked about the roses, shook their heads disdainfully. Roses? Who could expect roses in September? They were picked in May from the thirsty-looking bushes and sent to the factories. We then learned for the first time that roses were just like any other harvest—grown exclusively for trade.

The Blessing of Foods, a Unique Custom in Bulgaria, Which Takes Place the Last Month of Every Year in the Village Market Square

Besides, we were told by one of our chauffeurs, who had seen Bulgaria in the springtime, that those roses were not much to see. Strong scented, it is true, but very small and of an ugly color resembling a mixture of water and red wine.

It was past midnight when our three cars, following one another at dust distance, entered the suburbs of Philippopolis. Endless suburbs they were, and very badly paved streets. While we were advancing toward what must be the center of the town, suddenly the pavement ceased altogether and we were cruelly thrown about in the car.

This was our first contact with new Bulgaria. The zealous municipality of Philippopolis had done away with the old Turkish pavement, and large heaps of new pavement were displayed on the sides of the main street, but its center was a succession of appalling hollows with neither posts nor lights as warning to the unwary traveler.

After having nearly broken our necks and severely injured the springs of our cars, we at last arrived in front of the much advertised "best hotel" in Philippopolis.

We were received by a somnolent manager with some embarrassment. Three cars? Three ladies? Four gentlemen? Three chauffeurs? More servants coming? Well, there was no question of finding room for so many people.

My cousin Emanuel, who was responsible for our accommodation, came forward and explained in his best German that we were the people for whom seven rooms had been ordered by telegram.

"Oh," said the slumbrous manager, "your telegram spoke of booking Room Number 7, and that has been reserved for you and is at your disposition."

Two Early Pictures of Ferdinand, King of Bulgaria

Roughing It

INCREDIBLE as it was in this land of tourists, the hotel happened to be full up A congress of veterinarians was in session in the town that very day. All the good men who relieve the pain of animals in the Balkan States were gathered that night precisely in that single hotel, as if a malignant spirit had wished to prevent us having the first night's rest since we were in Bulgaria. The manager offered to introduce a third bed in the one free room, Number 7, for the three princesses—that was all he could do. Attracted by the noise of our arrival, and perhaps also by the illumination from the searchlights of our three cars, the manager's wife came forward in her night attire. Her more pitiful heart inspired her to suggest that some arrangement should be made by which the four gentlemen of our party could be lodged too.

While we were partaking of the cold remains of the veterinarians' supper, our luggage was taken to Room Number 7. When, later, we entered it, the three beds and the whole of our luggage gave it the crowded appearance of a hospital corner on board an emigrant ship. We were then very young and we laughed at our discomfort.

The men had fared even worse. We found out the following day that the manager's wife had turned out the Bulgarian servants from their rooms under the roof in order to give accommodation to the weary travelers. Those rooms, of course, had no bathroom, and not even the shadow of a jug or basin.

Next morning in the courtyard of the hotel the four gentlemen could be seen performing their ablutions at the fountain in the open air.

Certainly Bulgaria was not a country prepared for the visits of tourists. Of this truth we were more and more aware as we advanced toward Sofia on the next day. Bad as were the mountain roads, they were nothing to what we found in the plains. The motors had positively to crawl, and we were shaken just as the young plum trees were shaken by the vigorous hands of the peasant women gathering the fruit of the season.

Thus we painfully advanced on the broken springs of our cars, toward Sofia. The only people we met on the roads were soldiers—mostly artillerymen escorting heavy guns. Pulled by brave little horses that shied at the sight of our cars, the guns went by for miles. We had to stop several times to let them pass; they came on more and more, and we lost thus a good many hours.

We had just fallen upon the time of the maneuvers of the Bulgarian Army and those were the guns which gave to Ferdinand I enough self-confidence to declare himself a czar. We were to remember the passage of this quantity of gray guns a year after, when they were employed to give the initial shake to the peace of Europe.

Sofia is a pretty town surrounded by mountains. We entered it late, tired and exhausted, and as little prepared as possible for worldly entertainment. But we had not reckoned with the strong will of the French minister, Mr. Maurice Paleologue, an old friend of ours, who was to become later the French Ambassador in St. Petersburg during the World War.

The Only Artist in the Country

WE FOUND a letter from him awaiting our arrival saying he would come next morning to call on us at the hotel and take us to write our names on the register of the royal palace, as King Ferdinand had expressed a special desire to meet us

This hospitable proposal was received with angry feelings by my somewhat out-of-temper companions. Why, after such a dreadfully tiring journey, meet a king? We had come to Bulgaria as tourists, and this was foolish enough. Tourists we would remain. The most indignant of the protesters against the royal proposals was Princess Eugène Murat. She was a descendant of Maréchal Ney, who started his career as a republican; she would not put up with the inconvenience of mixing the Baedeker and the Gotha, touring and court reception; she declared herself on strike.

That night we all shared her views with more or less energy, according to our state of nervous fatigue. We should see Mr. Paleologue next morning and tell him to exert his diplomatic skill to excuse our irreverence. On this negative decision we all went to bed.

Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria and Former King Ferdinand at the Celebration in Bamberg, in Honor of the Anniversary of the Crowning of Henry of Bavaria

The Summer Palace at Vrania is One of the Most Picturesque Royal Seats in Europe

Next morning found the French minister at our doors. He was introduced in the sitting room which was shared by all our party.

We were just enjoying a late breakfast when he arrived. We explained to him our desire to remain in Sofia unknown and unseen.

"Not see the king!" he exclaimed. "But that is quite impossible! First of all, there is nothing else to be seen in Bulgaria; believe me, he is the only artist in a country where there is no art. He is the only curiosity in a country where there are no curiosity shops. He is the only show to be seen in a country where there is no theater."

This vivid eulogy of Ferdinand was beginning to efface my indifference and that of Princess Lucien Murat, but our friend Violette Murat seemed unyielding and so was our cousin Emanuel.

Mr. Paleologue went on with an exposure of the reasons which made it quite impossible to decline the royal invitation. He brought to our knowledge, most confidentially, that since the king had heard of our arrival, he was

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MADAM VENUS

By Louise Kennedy Mabie

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Today I Found Him, Sol," Continued Miss McCabe Wearily, "and He's Down and Out"

SHE stood in a pool of light against a curtain of orange-tawny velvet. She wore trousers of white flannel, a double-breasted short black jacket, and pulled down over her sheared blond head to the level of her sleepy gray eyes, a tam. Occasionally she spoke:

"Right aisle, please. . . . Show these to the usher halfway down. . . . Tickets, please. . . . Right aisle, please."

When there was a lull in the procession she yawned, stretching her sultry red mouth widely and luxuriously like a child. Placed as she was against her curtain, and in spite of her trick clothes, there was about her something of the effect of the Venus at the Louvre. For she was a big girl above her high heels, and beautiful. She did not know that she resembled the Venus at the Louvre, of course. She may have heard of Madam Venus—a rumor—an echo—but she had never heard of the Louvre. Her name was Rosie McCabe. She was very beautiful when she yawned.

"Mr. Doner had Lil down to the beach after the show las' night in his car," buzzed a little voice below her ear, "an' Lil must 'a' et something that didn't set so good. It give her a pain."

"Yeah? And who is this Mr. Doner?" asked Miss McCabe languidly, with a yawn.

"Aw, Rosie," buzzed the voice, "you don't have to carry the thing around with you like a broken leg. Mr. Doner's perfect if you look at him right."

"All you need," agreed Miss McCabe, "is the eye."

"He—he gives class to the lobby in his n'evenin' clothes an' he has such a swell little car, an' sometimes he plays golf ——"

"Tickets, please. . . . Right aisle, please. . . . Plant Mr. Doner in a garden and you'd get a fine crop of poison ivy," said Miss McCabe. "Lil's in love with him and you're in love with him, but I"—Miss McCabe yawned—"am not in love with him."

"Gosh, Rosie, you're earthquakeproof!"

"Yeah? Well, beat it, kid. Run up and down your aisle for a change. I'm busy and here's the boss."

The boss did give class to the lobby in his evening clothes. Strolling proudly back and forth with his hands clasped behind him, he seemed to be thinking deeply and managed to look taller than he was. Mr. Doner's hair was black and shining at one end of him and his patent leather pumps were black and shining at the other. In between, he was perfect—waistcoat, cravat, collar, seal ring on his little finger. No one looking at him could have imagined that there was anyone higher up. But there was—a gray, fat gentleman in wrinkled clothes who sat in his office with his feet on a desk. Mr. Doner was, after all, only the assistant manager. But no one could have imagined it.

"Is it necessary to be bitter with the public?" asked Mr. Doner suddenly, stopping before Miss McCabe.

Miss McCabe looked at Mr. Doner. Their eyes were almost on a level, but not quite. Miss McCabe could look down a little. Her calm was profound.

"Is the fat boy who tried to date you a particular friend of yours?" asked Mr. Doner.

"I never saw him before in my life," said Miss McCabe.

"A guy has got to be a strong guy to try to date you at sight," said Mr. Doner.

"Why?" asked Miss McCabe.

He did not answer. For some reason he seemed angry. His face was suddenly red. He did not deign to answer, but bending quickly he seemed to shovel someone into the street.

"It's bad business for the theater," he asserted, straightening, settling his necktie. "Greet the public with a smile."

Miss McCabe adjusted her tam. She fingered a blond curl over her left ear. "Left aisle, please. . . . Show these to the usher halfway down." She looked over Mr. Doner's head by the simple process of lifting her sleepy gray eyes above it to the ceiling.

"Any time you don't like my work," she said, "or the shape of my shoes or what I eat for my breakfast, say so. There's other theaters."

"Where?"

"Downtown." She was placid. "There's the Palace."

"The Palace!" Mr. Doner snorted. He seemed to grow more violently angry moment by moment. "Yeah? Well, maybe they need a new head usher at the White House too."

"Well, all you got to do," reiterated Miss McCabe, very calm, fingering her curl, "is fire me."

He considered her for a moment in silence—a hot, violent, explosive silence.

"All I asked you to do," he burst out at length, "was to smile."

Miss McCabe regarded the ceiling. "Yeah," she said languidly. "Well, I smiled once last week. So that lets me out."

Mr. Doner took Lil to the beach that night to dance. His car was small, but parked at the curb, it managed to seem larger than it was. Its wire wheels were bravely scarlet and its slim little waspline body was painted yellow and black. It had a searchlight and an extra tire and a rug and everything.

Lil, seated within it, fingered a curl over her left ear as Miss McCabe drifted by on her high heels, in her lipstick chiffon, in her wide black hat which came down to the level of her sleepy gray eyes.

"I'm goin' to the beach again tonight with Mr. Doner," announced Lil unnecessarily.

"Yeah?" said Miss McCabe. "And who is Mr. Doner?"

"Aw, Rosie," protested Lil, "sometime if you could dig up a boy friend somewheres, maybe we'd take you along in the rumbling seat."

"Any seat in that basket," said Miss McCabe, looking at the car critically but without bitterness, "would be a rumbling seat. That car gives me an appetite. It looks like something hot and Mexican on a plate."

"Yeah?" Mr. Doner spoke very clearly over Miss McCabe's shoulder. "If you are going our way, Miss McCabe, we can give you a lift as far as the boulevard."

Miss McCabe whirled. "I'm waiting for a particular friend of mine," she said, "who drives an eight."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Doner pleasantly, stepping over the side of his car. "And who does he drive it for?"

"He—he has a chauffeur of his own," said Miss McCabe, getting a little breathless, turning a little pale, "but the—the chauffeur's on his vacation right now, so he's—he's temp'rarily driving his car for himself. He's—he's the manager of the Palace, downtown. There's—there's going

to be a big shake-up in the theater business in this town." Miss McCabe's voice trailed into futility, into silence.

"I was tellin' Rosie we might bring her along sometime," put in Lil; but no one ever listened to Lil, and Doner had started his engine. He backed once into the curb and once into the car behind, beneath Miss McCabe's cool gray eyes, but he managed to carry it off with a flourish. He drove off with one hand on the wheel and the other draped nonchalantly about Lil's flowered-chiffon shoulder. Halfway to the beach he asked Lil if it wasn't an unusually warm evening, and at the beach he found that even three bottles of ginger pop sucked through three straws could not really cool him off.

"Maybe I've picked up a fever somewheres," he confided hopelessly to Lil.

"When I get married," said Lil competently, "I'm goin' to keep a hot-water bag for colds and an ice bag for fevers in the house all the time. I'm goin' to keep an ear surringe in the house in case of mastard operations and things."

"Godfrey!" said Mr. Doner. "Are you going to keep a cow in the yard in case of starvation? Let's dance, for Godfrey's sake, and get some of all this outa our systems."

Meanwhile Miss McCabe was driving coolly along the boulevard in a fine car. Beside her sat a large gentleman who approached middle age without trepidation and smoked a cigar. There was a diamond ring on the large gentleman's little finger and the diamond in the ring showed up well whenever they passed beneath an arc light on the boulevard. The diamond seemed to wink at Miss McCabe, to beckon.

"Turn it around, Sol," said Miss McCabe at length in exasperation, "or I might go blind all of a sudden. I might go crazy and say I'd marry you, after all—just to get the ring."

"Anything you say, anything you do, baby," said Sol easily, turning the diamond in, adjusting the cigar more comfortably to the corner of his mouth, "goes with me. You can even sing if you want to. I wouldn't care."

But Miss McCabe apparently had no wish to sing. She frowned ahead into the darkness of the boulevard in silence.

"Sol," said Miss McCabe presently, "you're a prince, Sol. I'm awful fond of you, Sol."

"Yeah," said Sol, adjusting his cigar and patting Miss McCabe's hand. "Like kids is fond of Santa Claus. And why not, baby?"

After which there fell another silence. There seemed for the moment to be nothing to say.

"But what I want to talk to you about tonight, honey," said Sol bravely, after the interval, "is business. The bottom has fell out of the show business in this town, baby, and there's quite a few theaters has gone into the hole."

"Sol!" said Miss McCabe suddenly breathless, grasping the large gentleman's arm. "The Gem—you're not closing the Gem?"

"We gotta close the Gem, honey," said Sol kindly. "We're losing two thousand a week on the Gem."

"Cut out the orchestra," stuttered Miss McCabe. "Can all the ushers but Lil and Francie and me. We three could handle 'em. I could chase up and down the aisles myself. I'm not wedded for life to that spotlight. And if you could throw us some good pictures for a change, Sol, with some of the real stars —— The public eats those birds, Sol, like seals eat fish."

"Yeah," said Sol easily. "It can't be done. A week from tonight the Gem closes down, honey, and the wreckers get it. We've already sold the land for a funeral home."

"The Gem!" said Miss McCabe, softly pounding her knee. "The Gem! The old—Gem! Can't your crowd take a little punishment, Sol, like gentlemen, till business picks up again in the fall?"

"Why should we take punishment, baby?" asked Sol sensibly, kindly. "It'll be a step-up for you—head usher at the Palace—new clothes to match the picture. One week you'll be a Chink girl in a jade headdress, honey, and the next week you'll wear maybe a brown make-up and a grass skirt—and beads, honey, plenty o' beads. And sometimes maybe you'll be a Scotch lassie, honey, and carry a bagpipe. And you'll be beautiful, honey—you'll always be beautiful."

"But, Sol, what about Lil and Francie," asked Miss McCabe in a hard voice, "and—and the rest of the crew up at the Gem?"

"Lil and Francie I guess we can take care of downtown," agreed the large gentleman after thought, "but the rest of the crew, I'm afraid, honey, goes."

"Goes where?" asked Miss McCabe in her hard voice.

The large gentleman shrugged. "As wind along the waste, honey," said he, "I know not whither—willy-nilly blowing."

"Talk English, Sol," begged Miss McCabe, choking. "Talk sense, Sol. It's—important to me."

"I see it is, honey. I see it is. And I'm talking, honey, some of the best English and the best sense in the world. I'm quoting poetry."

"Don't quote poetry, Sol," begged Miss McCabe, tears in her lovely eyes. "I can't stand poetry and funeral homes. I guess I'm going to cry, Sol. Can I cry on your shoulder, Sol?"

"You bet you can," said Sol. "You're hungry, that's what you are—and tired and shot to bits over something. Is it a man, honey? Are you all shot over some poor fool with curly hair, babe?"

"Hungry, Sol," murmured Miss McCabe between sobs into the broad shoulder. "And my feet hurt. I—I guess I want a club sandwich and maybe a bottle of sas'parilla."

"I offer her everything I got in the world," said Sol, "and she picks but a club sandwich and maybe a bottle of sas'parilla!"

The crew at the Gem received their notice forthwith in the form of a neat typewritten statement tacked to the wall board at the stage entrance and signed by Pacific Slope Theaters, Inc., per Solomon West, Sec. The crew at the Gem were to receive one week's notice and one week's extra pay, but in view of changing business conditions the Gem Theater was to be closed after the second show on the evening of Saturday, June twenty-fifth. The Pacific Slope Theaters, Inc., regretted the necessity and would try to take care of anyone who applied in their new theater at San Benito.

"West!" said Doner bitterly, standing before the notice and taking it in. "West! A guy that can hardly sign his name. A guy that comes over here from Baluchistan in the steerage. And he can let me out with a fine swift kick and a week's notice—me! There's a free country for you!"

"He doesn't let you out," said Miss McCabe. "The company lets you out. And what do you care? You can live cheaper at San Benito."

Mr. Doner whirled. He paled. He had not known that Miss McCabe was there, that she stood so near.

"Who wants to go to San Benito?" he flared hoarsely, hotly. "Who wants to live cheaper? I've got plenty a money to carry me through."

"Is your car paid for?" asked Miss McCabe, very calm. He flushed, paled, stuttered, brought forth nothing. "Is that necktie paid for?" she asked. "And the seal ring? And your new white suit?"

Mr. Doner, through the daze cast upon him by her nearness, by her eyes, by her sultry red beautiful mouth, brought forth something.

"Next thing you'll be asking me," he said bitterly, belligerently, "is if my room rent is paid up and who darns my socks."

"Yeah," said Miss McCabe, opening her sleepy gray eyes suddenly wide upon him, "that's a thought. Is your room rent paid up and who does darn your socks?"

"What's it to you?" flashed Doner, managing to look taller than he was. "Why should you care?"

"I don't care," retorted Miss McCabe "at least" she modified it, "it ain't vital to me."

"Godfrey!" said Doner slowly, thoughtfully, standing taller than he was, measuring

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"Look Here," Said Miss McCabe, Backing Away From Him as He Came Nearer, "are You Engaged to Lil—or Aren't You?"

THE TERROR

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

"AW, THAT ain't no war dog."

"It is, too, a war dog."

"Well, the upper part of him looks kinda like a war dog, but his legs are too short. He looks part German police dog and part dashhound and part Airedale and part collie and part fice and p——"

"He's a full-blooded war dog, 'at dog is."

"His legs are too short for a war dog. Gdess I've seen plenty of war dogs. If he's a war dog, how did his legs get so short?"

"Well, I guess your legs'd be short, too, if you'd a been through all that dog's been through. He was going over the top in a big battle in—uh—France when a big shell came along and cut all his legs off close to his body."

"Aw-w! Yeh, I'll bet."

"Don't you believe me? Don't you believe me? Well, you can just go and ask the—uh—British army major I got him from. This British army major told me with his own lips. He told me with his own lips. After the battle they got an old dog that wasn't much 'count and cut his legs off—those surgeons did—and grafted the no-'count dog's legs onto the Terror. If you don't believe me, you can just ask the British army major. He'll tell you I'm not lying. Go and ask him. Go and ask him."

"Aw-w, whut major? Whut's his name?"

"His name is—oh, I forgot. He didn't want me to tell anybody his name. He's a friend of our family and he made me promise not to tell his name. He said he didn't want a lot of kids running to him and begging him for a dog like Terror. Besides, he'd get in trouble with the—uh—British Government if the king and all of them heard about his giving away the Terror."

"Aw-w, yeh, I'll bet—I'll bet."

"Don't you believe me? Don't you believe me? I'll write the major and ask him if it's all right for me to tell you his name, though I don't guess he'll let me. A lot of kids over in London have been bothering him—just pesterin' the life out of him—so I don't guess ——"

"Let's feel his legs. I bet they ain't grafted onto him—no such thing!"

"Look out! Don't get too close to 'at dog, Bum! He bit a kid's neck half offen him for trying to feel his legs. Didn't you, Terror?"

The Terror yawned, showing formidable yellow tusks. His afternoon nap under the back porch had thrice been disturbed by three different visitors, three distinct exhibitions and three separate arguments. The arguments had been loud and exhaustive, covering the fields of natural history, medical science, military tactics and canine genealogy. The following facts, among others, had been established to the satisfaction of the first two visitors:

That if doctors can graft new faces onto people, they can graft new legs on dogs. That it would be possible for a medium-sized German shell to cut off all a dog's legs without killing the dog. That experiences which might kill an ordinary dog wouldn't faze a war dog. Looky what happened to Rin Tin Tin and Strongheart in their latest pictures. That a war dog wouldn't have anything to do with any other kind of dog; that the Terror's mother, therefore, must have kept the family honor unblemished; hence the Terror must be a full-blooded war dog.

Nevertheless, the Terror looked up reproachfully at Southworth Brown, his lord and master, chief exhibitor and public defender. Was all this noise really necessary? Since that Saturday morning when the Terror wandered through the alley gate and was promptly adopted by

3:47 p.m. Tore Hole in Southworth Brown's Best Knickers During Demonstration of Ferocious Attack, Actually Inspired by Presence of Partly Eaten Pork Chop in Knickers Pocket

Southworth, life had been sweet and, until the arguments started, comparatively peaceful.

Dragging with a great show of force on the inch-and-a-half-thick rope around the Terror's neck, Southworth pulled the startled dog away from the third visitor, who was not yet fully convinced—that is, Bum Hildreth. Bum, impressed with the gesture, made no move to carry out an inspection of the miraculously grafted legs.

But Southworth yelled, "Bum, don't stand so close! In another secont he'd of had you by the throat."

"He don't look so fierce to me," said Bum.

This was an observation arising from palpable and malicious envy. Southworth easily penetrated the critic's spleen:

"Huh! He don't look fierce, does he? Oh, no. Lookit 'at dog, Bum. Just lookit 'at dog. Don't you wish you had him? He's the fiercest-looking dog there ever was in this town."

The Terror was, in very truth, a fierce-looking dog. He resembled dogs seen by shepherd farmers in nightmares. He was apparently the result of a *mésalliance* between a renegade wolf and a Missouri hound. In conformation the Terror violated every rule of the American Bench for any breed of dog you might name. He had a long, broad head and large, rounded ears which habitually stood up halfway and flopped at the tips. His body was thick and muscular, colored squirrel gray on the back and yallerdawg yellow on the belly. It was much too long and too heavy for his stubby legs. Above either eye the Terror had round spots of tan; it gave him a four-eyed, hound-of-hell appearance. Some early owner had chopped off his tail with the presumable idea of shortening the Terror that much. The actual result was that the stump of tail stuck straight out behind some five inches, and the eye despaired of ever coming to the end of this dog.

Fierce-looking though he was, the Terror had an affectionate and philosophic nature. Already his heart had warmed toward the boy who held him resolutely in leash. He wagged his tail and tried to edge toward Southworth's right-hand trousers pocket. There had been cookies in that pocket earlier in the afternoon and their perfume lingered.

Southworth said sternly, "At heel, Terror! At heel!" It occurred to the Terror just then that he might ease the weight of the rope about his neck if he squatted on his haunches.

"See how he obeys me?" Southworth exulted. "I can make him do anything I want to."

"That ain't the at-heel order," said Bum, who had watched police-dog trials at a dog show. "When a war dog is at heel he's walking a little in back of you."

"Huh!"—scornfully. "That's for old German war dogs. This one is a British war dog."

Bum Hildreth was a skinny, shrewd-faced boy, possessed of a materialistic and skeptical turn of mind. Lacking imagination himself, he was sometimes thrown into moments of awed silence in the midst of an attack on Southworth's tales by the masterful facility with which his friend passed from one untruth to another. Such a moment had him in its grip now.

Noticing that Bum was breathing heavily through his mouth, Southworth seized the psychological climax:

"Lookit this, Bum! . . . Here, Terror, play dead! Play dead."

The order was accompanied by no light pressure on the rope, followed by a violent shove. The Terror rolled over on his back and waited to have his stomach scratched. But this time Southworth double-crossed him.

"See!" he yelled. "That's the way the Terror saved his life lots of times out in no man's land. He jes played dead and those old Germans stopped shooting at him, and ——"

It was too much. While Southworth paused for breath and to allow his imagination to catch up with his tongue, Bum brought forth from the depths of his envy this lugubrious observation:

"I bet old Milk-eye Sloane will get 'at dog, Pie-face. You ain't got any license for him, or no collar or no muzzle."

"You're crazy!" yelled Southworth. "You're crazy! Old Milk-eye Sloane hadn't better come monkeyin' around this dog. He knows better than to try to catch up this dog. The major told me one time in London an old dog catcher tried to catch the Terror—I guess he'd slipped out of the—uh—hotel without his muzzle on or something—and when the dog catcher made a swipe with his net—just one swipe—old Terror grabbed the net with his teeth and jerked it out of the dog catcher's hand and chewed it all up, and then he made a spring for the dog catcher's throat ——"

"Yeh, I'll bet. Yeh, I'll bet."

"Don't you believe me? Don't you ——"

"Well, anyway," said Bum gloomily, "I betcha your folks won't let you keep him. I betcha they won't."

"Yes, they will."

"I betcha they won't."

"I'll betcha. All right. I'll just betcha."

"They didn't let you keep that white dog you had."

"That's because he threw fits. There isn't anything the matter with this dog."

"Well, anyway, I betcha they won't let you keep him. And if they won't, will you let me have him? Will you?"

"Not a chance, Bum—not a chance," said Southworth, hugging the Terror's neck. "Not a ——"

From the kitchen window: "Southworth!"

The gorgeous Saturday afternoon was ended. Southworth's mother, Mrs. James Southworth Brown, had got home from shopping in the city. That meant Josephine, the maid of all work, would soon be back from her afternoon off and his father would be home and all the old tyrannies his elders practiced on him would start again.

"Not a chance, Bum. I wouldn't give this dog to you if you paid me a hundred thousand dollars."

"Southworth!"

"Aw, gee, mom, I—what do you want?"

"Who's been in this ice box? What's my best Wedgwood platter doing on the back porch? Who got that punch bowl down from the pantry shelf and put a nick in the rim? And ——"

"I gotta be going, Pie-face," said Bum hastily. "Don't forget I'm your best friend, if they won't let you keep him." And then, from the walk beside the big frame house: "Don't forget, Pie-face. So long."

Southworth did not answer. He was too busy getting the Terror tied, out of sight under the back porch.

"Southworth! Did you take that ham bone with all the ham on it? And what's this milk doing spilled all over the floor—and h'mph—umf-umf—Southworth! Come in here this instant. Have you had a dog in this house?"

"Aw, gee, mom! Well, I'm coming. Can'tcha wait a minute?"

He patted the Terror's head and trudged with heavy feet up the back steps. Since he first heard his mother's voice a remarkable change had come over Southworth. Before Bum Hildreth he had been a fluent talker with animation on his rather chubby face. Southworth was now an inarticulate and enigmatic thirteen-year-old. His face had frozen into the bland, innocent, blue-eyed cast he almost invariably wore before his mother. Much experience had taught him that this pose worked best with her. He had learned from numerous parental inquisitions that the more lying one did to one's mother or father, the more complicated life became; and since it was inconceivable that they would understand the truth if that was told to them, it was better to be evasive and say as little as possible.

Mrs. Brown, an expansive, matronly woman and a sentimental mother, had worked herself into a pretty good imitation of a rage by the time Southworth arrived in the kitchen. But when she saw Southworth's ethereal look and his touseled brown hair she was genuinely sorry that the ends of discipline could not be served with a hug and a kiss.

"Southworth, have you had a dog in this house?"

"A dog in the house?"

"Yes, a dog. Don't you smell the odor? And look at those tracks on Josephine's clean linoleum? Aren't those dog tracks?"

"Well, I can't help it, can I, if an old dog just happens to walk in here while I'm busy doing something and don't notice him?"

"Southworth, don't talk to your mother that way. And don't scowl. You'll have lines between your eyes before you are twenty, and it spoils your mouth. Whose dog was this, Southworth? Didn't I see you hugging a dog out in the yard?"

"Well, for gosh sake, mom! Aw, rats! I just can't do anything I wanta! I can't even pat an old dog if I wanta!"

"Was this a strange dog? You know I've warned you about petting strange dogs. They may be carrying hydrophobia germs."

"This dog hasn't got anything the matter with him. He's a good dog."

"Does he belong to the little Hildreth boy?"

"No, I should say not. Huh!"

"A stray dog? And you let him in the house? An alley cur?"

"He's not an alley cur. He's a good dog. He hasn't got any germs on him, or fleas or scabs or anything. He's a war—well, he's a good dog, mom. Gosh, you oughta see him do tricks! 'At's the funniest old dog, mom. And he's real gentle and ——"

"Now, Southworth, you know when you had such a crying spell over Whitey and he gave us such a fright when we thought he'd gone mad and bit you, your father and I decided we couldn't stand any more dogs."

"Well, this one is a good dog, mom. He wouldn't throw a fit in sixteen million trillion years. And I'm gonna keep him. He's my dog and I'm gonna keep him."

"Now, son, we won't argue. We'll wait until your father comes, and talk this over."

The gravity of the situation and the great treasure at stake moved Southworth to a rare attempt at blandishment. He put his arm around his mother's shoulders as she walked into the dining room, and said, "Aw, gee, mom, I can keep this one, can't I? Be a sport, mom. Aren't ya gonna be a sport and let me keep him?"

Mrs. Brown weakened enough to say, "Now, Southworth, I'm not promising anything. Your father and I will look at this dog, and if—no, I won't promise anything." But he counted on her as an ally.

The first crisis came that evening at dinner.

James Southworth Brown—he always wrote it James S. Brown—liked dogs as an abstract proposition. So did Mrs. Brown. She was president of the Sunset Heights Antivivisection Society and secretary of the Humane Society. Her abstract liking for dogs led her to beam on all the puppies she saw and to call them "cute little fellows," but she never took a puppy on her lap. She admired Boston terriers and *borzoi* hounds and told herself that a handsome dog would be a desirable companion on the long brisk walks she was always meaning to take and never did. Mrs. Brown liked to read stories about collies of superhuman intelligence, collies that had romantic love affairs and performed noble deeds, but the only collie she ever closely inspected had ticks, fat with blood, on its fur.

Mr. Brown would have resented any imputation that his liking for dogs was less than average. He was always promising himself that some autumn he would buy a good bird dog and take time off from his wholesale hardware business to go hunting. But since the demise of Whitey, who had fits, the only dog with which Mr. Brown had come in contact was a pit bulldog named Rowdy, which belonged to Brookfield Atkinson, a sporting man, who lived four doors up Sunset Boulevard. Rowdy had ragged ears and pinkish eye sockets and a habit of scudding like a sinister canine ghost toward the heels of passers-by. Mr. Brown detested Rowdy and liked Rowdy's owner little better. Brookfield Atkinson was always bragging how Rowdy could chew up any dog in Sunset Heights. Yet, Mr. Brown was always touched by quotations from George Graham Vest's Eulogy of a Dog and had a picture of two Irish setters in his den.

The trouble this evening was that the dog Southworth had brought home could not be construed as an abstract proposition. "Of all the hopeless mutts you've set your heart on, kid, this one is the worst," said Mr. Brown.

"He is such a horrible-looking animal, dear," said Mrs. Brown. "Mercy, I'm afraid of my life when he's anywhere near."

Southworth said, blubbering: "I don't care what you say. I'm gonna keep him. He's my dog. He's a good dog and I'm gonna keep him."

Mr. Brown said, "See here, you get rid of this alley cur and I'll buy you a wire-haired fox terrier."

Mrs. Brown said, "Now, that's a fair offer, dear. Just think how you'd like a cute little terrier."

Southworth gave his parents a scornful look. A cute little terrier! He didn't want a cute little terrier. He wanted a big, fierce-looking dog—a dog named the Terror.

"He's my dog," he repeated in a tragic, stubborn monotone—"he's my dog and I'm gonna keep him. I don't care what you say. I don't care what you say."

Josephine, the maid, a sour-faced spinster, but a privileged family retainer, contributed to the argument from the pantry door.

"That dog looks just like the one my Cousin Oscar had, Mrs. Brown," said Josephine; "and that dog went mad and bit three children."

Southworth glared at Josephine. To him she represented an implacable Nemesis, a voice forever saying: "Just wait, young man. Just wait until I tell your pa. You'll get a whaling," or "I'm going to tell your ma on you, so I am."

"You just keep your blabber out of this!" he yelled at her in a fury. "You just keep your old blabber out of this, you—you—you old maid, you!"

Josephine appealed, with a significant glance, to Mr. Brown. Southworth's father ordered him to apologize or leave the table. Southworth got up and ran into the living room, crying loudly. Mrs. Brown threatened to have one of her sick headaches unless Southworth was allowed to finish his dinner. Southworth was ordered back to the table and the fate of the Terror was held in abeyance

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But Southworth Yelled, "Bum, Don't Stand So Close! In Another Second He'd of Had You by the Throat"

COPYCATS

An Interview With Anne Morgan

Reported by Mary Margaret McBride

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

In the Early Part of the Twentieth Century Any Woman Would Have Found it Absurd to Watch Forty-Five Manikins Parade, Only to Order the Same Model That Neighbors on Both Sides Had Already Chosen

WITH the triumphant smile of a confident prophetess, the woman commencement speaker, closing an oration on Opportunity and the Larger Life, beams radiantly on her audience of schoolgirls. Her arms go out as if to enfold them every one, and her voice trembles with emotion as she utters the final words.

"You are free—free at last!" she cries. "The world has opened all its closed doors to you! Go where you will!"

The listeners wriggle and look a little bewildered and self-conscious. They are not quite sure what it is all about, but the orator's emotion stirs them and they are pleased to hear that they are free. Freedom means lack of restraint—no more parental rules, a chance to lead their own lives! They applaud vigorously and then file out, thrilled with the prospect of a world new-minted for them.

I have looked upon so many such scenes and heard just such misleading exhortations so often that, frankly, I am heartily tired of women who stand up before graduating classes and tell young girls that all the barriers are down—that each sweet girl graduate has a free wide-open world awaiting her and has only to go into it to make her mark.

All over the land, women are holding out to the youth of their sex the lure of a new freedom, of self-expression, of independence. Undoubtedly, many of them believe that this freedom has really been achieved. But has it? So far as I can see, it is chiefly a *cliché*. Women have never talked so much about self-expression and had so little of it. Every other word of the so-called modernist is a declaration of independence, but where is the independence?

Self-Expression With a Rubber Stamp

WE ENJOY the illusion that we're leading our own lives. Some of us really are, just as some of us always have been from the time of Eve. But most of us, if the truth may now be told, are cheerfully submitting as usual to the rubber stamp—not the old rubber stamp, of course, but a newly made die that is little, if any, broader. Instead of leading her own life, the average woman who boasts of having been emancipated is actually leading some other woman's life—the life of the woman who sets the standard for the conduct of freedom.

The worst of it is that even the bellwether's scheme of feminine existence is frequently imitative; it is modeled in the main on the masculine code because she believes men have always been free. For generations men have smoked, have taken a drink when they liked, have disregarded convention when it conflicted with their desires. To the woman who has gormandized on phrases about living her own life, these externals appear to be the main issue—the mark and symbol of freedom. She lacks the originality and the imagination to vision a more individual life patterned on newer lines—and apparently has the desire only for a manner of living that will show men that she can now be as free as they.

The root of that desire is woman's longing for equality. Ever and always in her struggle for fame, power and place, she is handicapped by a conviction that she will fail unless she can match the attributes of man quality for quality. She cannot realize that all the talk of equality gets nobody anywhere, since equality in the very nature of things is impossible between things as different as men and women—dissimilar halves that, taken together, make a complete whole.

I am inclined to believe that in the radio-less, practically airplane-less dark ages of two decades ago there was actually more freedom among women in many ways than there is today. The relatively unimportant matter of dress is an instance. In the early part of the twentieth century any woman who could afford to buy frocks at a French dressmaker's would have found it absurd and, indeed, unthinkable to watch forty-five manikins parade, only to order at the end precisely the same model that neighbors on both sides had already chosen. Of course, twenty years ago she wouldn't have been asked to look at forty-five models, anyway.

The dressmaker would have taken her into a room alone, would have made her walk, talk and sit, and would have marked her good and bad points. The result would have been a gown that had no duplicate anywhere on earth. That woman in such a gown would have been an individual, at least so far as dress could make her so. Today women ought to be numbered. There is scarcely any other way of telling them apart.

The editor of a newspaper of other days recently recalled an incident of the time when clothes were not just a sop to convention. A leading New York dressmaker of the period had contracted to do a series of fashion articles for the editor's paper. The first of these described a gown that had been designed and made for one of the great society leaders of the day.

Hardly was the paper off the presses when the dressmaker was summoned to the society leader's home. He found her outraged, weeping. She returned the gown and withdrew her trade, asserting that she would never wear a dress that others could duplicate at will. Nowadays it is scarcely possible to go out to dinner without meeting at least one copy of the costume you are wearing. From the back, every woman's short-skirted, tight-hatted silhouette looks the same; and even from the front, what with the vogue for one trade-marked brand of perfume, powder, cold cream at a time, the effect is still discouragingly uniform. Individuality is gone.

Not long ago newspapers carried front-page dispatches which stated that a woman tennis star was old-fashioned and outmoded by other players because she did not wear precisely the same attire that they did. What a perfect commentary upon our new self-expression!

Old Qualities Discarded

AND why is it that when women start out to exercise their freedom, they invariably feel that they must as a preliminary make a clean sweep of all the equipment for life and accomplishment that generations of women have bequeathed to them? Apparently they conclude that the new life must be ostentatiously free of everything it has ever held before. Tact, imagination, the intuitive qualities, or instinct—all these must go by the board because, forsooth, their possessor is now emancipated and determined to lead her own life according to a model that somebody somewhere has set up—a model which decrees that the free woman must dispense with femininity or else fall short of freedom.

Sometimes it comes hard to the woman who is attached to her old-fashioned hereditary qualities, but if only she is determined enough she can manage to slough off everything about herself that is really her own. After that, of course, she is ready to be herself, to express her individuality in the new mode—the mode that turns out free women as West Point turns out graduates. The graduates, whether they are the sons of cab drivers or army officers, by some amazing phenomenon, emerge after four years of training practically identical in appearance, purpose and feeling.

To state it plainly, so far we only talk about individuality, we women. It's a good word, but it doesn't mean much for us yet, although there was never a time when it had more glorious opportunities to live up to its original purpose in life. Instead of being themselves as they boast they are, women are forgetting how to be at all. They only do—they never are. It is ridiculous to suppose that liberty may

be had by sheepishly following a crowd that cries liberty. It is like a bad dream from which we do not seem able to awaken. In every novel, every play, every lecture hall, some woman is leading her own life—according to pattern. The irony of it would make one laugh if it did not tempt one to weep.

The song of freedom is on the lips of all ages from the youngest to the oldest. The mother of a modern young girl reports that her daughter recently said in a tone of deep disgust, "I hate to dance with Allen. He holds me too close!"

The mother, who had watched her dancing quite complaisantly with Allen, protested: "But why do you let him? There are many other boys. Why don't you refuse to dance with one who offends you?"

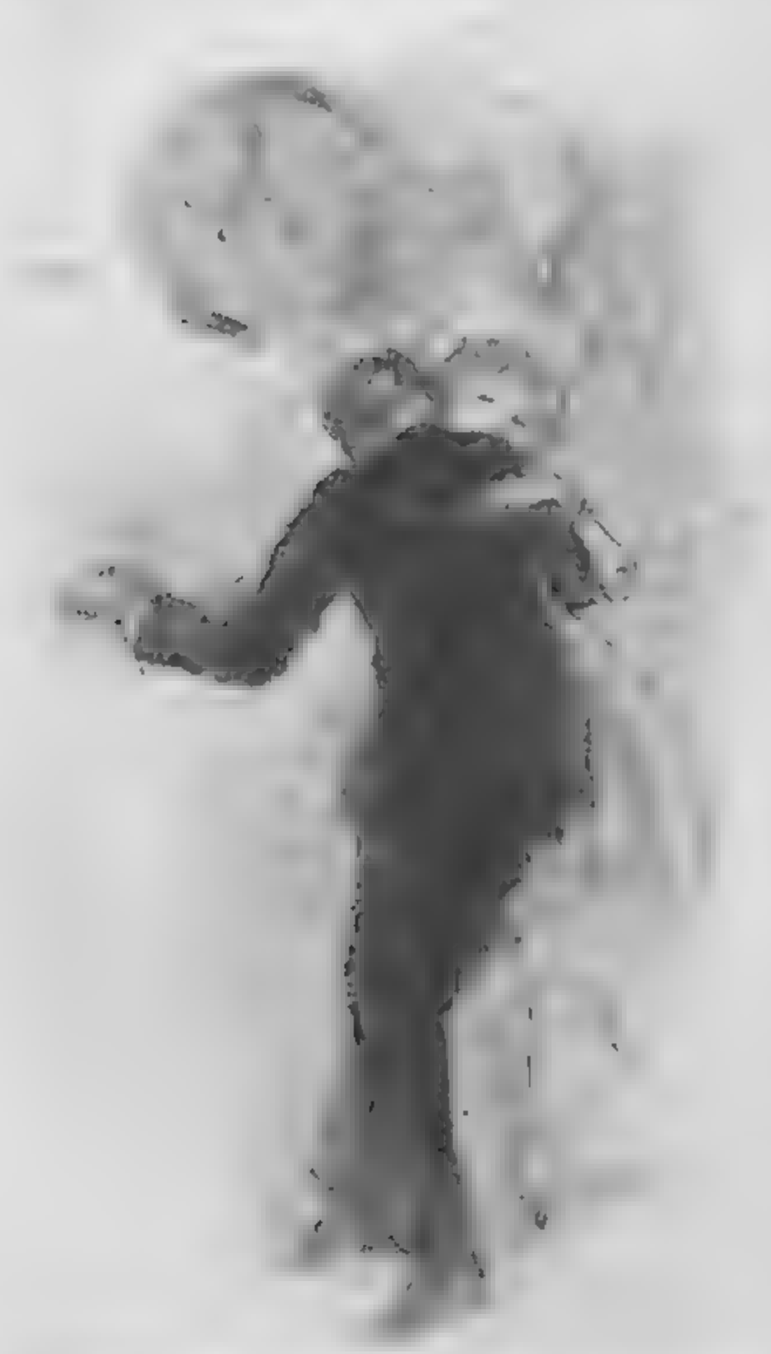
A scathing glance put this relic of the stone age in her place promptly and effectively.

"Oh, girls can do what they like nowadays," the girl announced airily; and quite unconscious of her contradiction, flounced away—probably to another dance with Allen.

The youngster had utterly failed to realize that her vaunted freedom was an illusion. Because she believes that girls can do today things they never used to do, she feels that she must forever and always be up and doing them. They may be disgusting, dull and not in the least expressive of what she really is and feels, but she must go through the motions of her set because they and she are free at last—free of conventions, free of restraints of all kinds. It never seems to occur to her or to any of the others that real freedom would consist in each one following her own taste and judgment, regardless of how much such taste and judgment might differ from the mode of the moment established by others.

Compelled to be Free

"IF I DON'T do what the others do, I'll be left out of everything," girls complain when their elders expostulate. What radiant soul-filling freedom is that! No wonder that girls view with pitying horror the lives they imagine their mothers and grandmothers led. Always chaperoned, forbidden to do this, ordered to do that—they were slaves, the youngsters chorus. But are they not slaves when they do as others do just because others do it? It isn't a new freedom; it's a new slavery—a new confession of weakness and lack of initiative.



"I Hate to Dance With Allen. He Holds Me Too Close!"

Enslavement to formulas is a persistent curse. The formulas change, but always exist. A very wise woman, a retired teacher, said the other day that the enslaving code today, in relation to authority, is one of resentment rather than appeal. Once the code was to follow tradition. Now it is to fling tradition aside—think not as your grandfather thought but so that you will shock your grandfather. One code is as arbitrary as the other.

I know a woman, who, impregnated with the idea that it is her duty to be free, has practically broken up her home in the process. Normally a gentle, amiable, unmilitant soul, content to be guided in the main by the judgment of her husband, she has blossomed into an egoist of so fearful a demeanor that her husband and children frankly find her insufferable. Suddenly she must have her finger in every pie. She has gone in for so many kinds of movements that she might as well be homeless, so seldom is she there. Possibly the sacrifice would be worth while if only she were happy. But in assuming a rôle, she has left happiness behind her, not to speak of freedom. It is like a disease. Miserable yet determined, she plods on.

She really wants to give up the causes, settle back into her home again and watch life flow by, a casual and not too deeply interested spectator. But she is the type of woman to whom freedom from old conventions means following the standards set up for her by other women of today who tell her that the time has come for women to assert themselves. The life she has borrowed actually fits some of the leaders she follows. It does not fit her.

The startling new uniformity is undoubtedly due to the belief among women, already referred to, that to be really free, every woman must immediately do all the things that circumstances, men and civilization have up to now denied her as not in her sphere. Whether she wants to do these things or not seems to play no great part in her decision. She just does them. She may really cherish her little feminine qualities, but for the cause of freedom she must and does offer them all up. She asserts herself, gets her way not by tact and instinctive actions but by boisterous demands and still more boisterous demonstrations if the demands are not honored instantly. She develops a fighting armor whether fighting is her forte or not. She sprouts the wings of leadership whether she wants to lead or not. She goes out into the world and gets herself a job whether she cares for a job or not.

She takes a certain stand on marriage, on divorce, on men, because this stand denotes the free woman, and she is "free." She is determined to be free.

And so she throws off the old shackles and dons the new. Perhaps the new are not so heavy. But even though they are of silk, they are still shackles, and the person who wears them is a prisoner, unless, indeed, the dictionary is to redefine liberty.

What we need is more and better indifference to what "they" say. The French more than any other people possess that indifference, and so they are really free. You may do pretty much what you like in France and the French will pay no attention. It does not matter to them that your way of taking pleasure is different from theirs. They grant that everybody is entitled to freedom of choice. The Frenchman chooses for himself always, and though courteous, is quite indifferent to what you may think of him or his choice. Our own men in America are not so indifferent as Frenchmen to what others think, but they are much less concerned about such matters than our women.

Nowadays It is Scarcely Possible to Go Out to Dinner Without Meeting at Least One Copy of the Costume You are Wearing

There is no question that because of conditions of women's lives in the past, certain feminine qualities have not yet had a chance to attain their best growth. That is why we have cried out for a new opportunity—why some women have worked and suffered to bring it about. In this more liberal era we now have our chance. What shall we do with it? I believe that to develop to the fullest, the individual must know herself as she is and plan how she can best express that self instead of contenting herself with one of the ready-made selves turned out by scores in a machine age.

The matter is one that ought to be considered by women in the group, just as the American Woman's Association of New York City, which includes more than five thousand business and professional women, is considering it. The association has taken a stand against compulsory freedom. Indeed, such a stand is imperative, since the organization was formed primarily as a laboratory experiment in a feminine cooperation that would be impossible without real freedom.

An Experiment for Women

MANY have said that women cannot cooperate. American Woman's Association members believe that they can, but they are not setting out to reform the world or set standards for anybody else. If their theory, when tested, proves sound, then that is so much gained. The test lies in bringing together a large body of women in small congenial groups, with each group following its own star and each person developing her individuality by developing herself as herself along her own lines instead of somebody else's.

The American Woman's Association has been called an experiment, in many languages. Yet most men's clubs are run on the same basis and nothing is thought of that, because men's cooperative efforts are usual enough.

The great common ground of the members is work. Each one is intent on making good in her own special niche, and among the five thousand women, each will find a group in her own field. Incidentally, the association is trying an interesting experiment in government. The trouble with politics in this country is that nobody is close enough to the government to know what to do about making it better, and the quite-to-be-expected result is that nobody does anything. If people are to be intelligent about an organization, they must both understand its purpose and take active part in its workings.

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OLD SOLDIER

By LEONARD H. NASON

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

THERE is, in the town of Biarritz, a square that overlooks the sea. It is small and totally surrounded by cafés. Here, at certain hours of the day, everyone who is anyone and great numbers of people who are no one gather to drink beverages containing alcoholic liquor, and to show their new gowns or their new girl or boy friend or what not.

Upon a day in September, when the *grande saison* was in full swing, and those who had won at the Casino the night before were buying drinks and those who had lost were waiting to be invited to drink them, a youngish man sat alone before the café that had the reddest chairs and where the men had the blackest hair and the women displayed the most silk. This young man did not have long black greasy hair, but hair that was short and sandy. Neither did he wear white flannels, with a light blue, brass-buttoned coat, but a costume that only one word can describe—"store." It was of one color and would serve for funeral or wedding, for corn husking, visiting the county seat or for trips to the regional metropolis. The man's hat was his most striking article of dress. It was dark blue, of a peculiar shape, and he wore it jauntily over one ear. It was that peculiar creation known as an overseas cap. It bore upon one corner a blue-and-gold seal with the words "American Legion" about it, and below, across the whole side of the cap, the word "Vermont" in gold letters.

"I beg your pardon," said someone, "but are you from Vermont?"

The young man looked about. A stout gentleman, bare-headed, sunburned, well dressed, regarded him.

Since the young man wore the word "Vermont" on his hat, where all who ran might read, and since he had been approached hourly every day since he had been in France by those who asked him if he was from Vermont, and would he like someone to show him the town, he did not regard the newcomer with cordiality.

Yet the newcomer was well upholstered, which the others had not been. He had soft hands with well-manicured nails, and his plump face showed every sign of good eating and good drinking.

"Yes," said the young man, "I'm from Vermont."

"So am I," said the fat man, "but I can't say it the way you can any more. I've lived over here too long. My name's Paine. Would you like a little drink?"

"Don't care if I do," replied the young man. "Sit down. Pleased to meet you, Mr. Paine. Mine's Cornwell. I'm from Bethel proper."

"Bethel propah!" repeated Mr. Paine, a far-away look in his eyes. "It's years and years since I've heard those words. Bethel propah, right through the nose! That's where they invented Mormonism, isn't it? H'm—well, never mind. I'm from the other side of the mountains, myself—from Brandon. Have you ever been over that way?"

"Once," replied Cornwell. "I went over there to the Middlebury Fair, but it wasn't worth much. Too many sod-dingers over that side."

"Ha-ha! Yes, that's right. That's one of the reasons I got out. . . . Well, what'll it be?"

"I'll have a coneyac," said Cornwell.

"Cognac! At this time of day? Why, you don't drink cognac before dinner!"

"Well, I do. I don't know anything about these French drinks. I used to try to learn 'em when I was here in the war. We'd have a drink of this and a drink of that, and when we woke up in the gutter or the mill or wherever, a man could never decide which one it was had put him away, any more'n if he sat on a harrer he could tell what tooth stuck into him. I stuck to coneyac after a while. I know just how many I can go."

A Señorita, Who, Because She Could See by His Little Blue Hat That He Was an American, Cast Him a Rose

They sat, these two men from Vermont, and looked out over the placid sea and watched the dregs of every country in the world walk up and down in front of them, and the sleek-haired youths run in and out in search of someone who never was there, but the search for whom gave an excuse to seize a free sandwich or a fistful of olives.

Mr. Paine had not been home for fourteen years. How were the crops this year? Was the White River Fair as successful as ever? Did they make a lot of sugar this winter?

"Ah, yes, by golly," smiled Cornwell. "It was a great winter, and then we had the right kind of spring to make the sap run. Je-eroosalem, I never see buckets fill so quick! Well, our post gave a sugarin'-off party. That's somethin' you can't have in France anyway. Anyone gets noisy, we shove a big ball of wax into his jaws and clamp 'em shut, an' that takes care of him for the evening."

"Did you ever give wax to a dog?" laughed Mr. Paine. "I did that when I was a kid, and got my hide tanned for it too. The poor pup! Thirty years ago. Man, where have they gone to? Listen, Mr. Cornwell, I like to talk to you. I haven't talked to a man right out of the sugar orchard since I was a boy. What say we have lunch together? I had an engagement to lunch here with a man and go to a bullfight afterward, but he can't come. He's had unexpected guests, or a hang-over, or a coke jag, or he's discovered a new woman, or any of the hundred things that make a man break an engagement here, so I'm loose. What do you say? We can eat right downstairs here. It's good food too."

"Bullfight? Where is it?" asked Cornwell. "Man, I'd like to see one of those! Not here in town, you don't mean?"

"No, San Sebastian, right across the border in Spain. There's the sign over our heads."

Cornwell turned about and, craning his neck, saw a huge poster, displaying a man and a cape and a bull involved in some kind of evolution. Above were roses and a very beautiful girl.

"'Toros en San Sebastian,'" read Cornwell; "'six bulls of the celebrated ganaderia of Conde de la Corte. Matadores, Valencia II, Zurito and Cagancho.'"

"Hey!" gasped Mr. Paine, with dropping jaw. "You read Spanish?"

"I was on the border in '16 with the First Vermont Infantry," said the other, "and when they went home I stayed and took on with the Eleventh Cavalry. I learned to talk with these spiks a little—enough so as to get around. I'd like to see one of these fights. I've heard tell of 'em considerable. How does a man get there?"

"Well, you can get there in my car!" said Mr. Paine heartily. "I've got two *barreras*—that is, ringside seats—that were going to be a total loss, but now we'll go. I hate to miss even one. Glad I spoke to you. Now we'll both have a good afternoon. Well, finish your drink and let's go, because bullfight days there's always a crowd at the frontier and we don't want to get hung up and miss the *paseo*."

They had luncheon at once and wasted no time over it. After luncheon Cornwell insisted that he should buy the coffee, which is not served with the meal in France and costs extra, and a slight drink of whatever would be proper after eating. Mr. Paine agreed.

They went out onto the terrace and had their coffee. There was a beautiful view of the sea and the distant cliffs of the Basque coast. Cornwell and the other sat in silence, looking out across the waves and listening to the children playing on the beach below.

"Hey!" cried Cornwell suddenly. "Hold on there! Hey, you, garsong, come back here!"

Mr. Paine leaped in his chair at that sudden shout. In his abstraction he had not noticed that his companion had called for the check, that he had paid it and the waiter had brought the change.

"Now just follow me here a minute, will you?" Cornwell asked. "I can make out to read these hen scratches on the bill, but I want to be sure I ain't made a mistake. Now then, ten francs for two coffees—I suppose that's the price, but it's right expensive for stuff you wouldn't get served in the Railroad Lunch at home. All right, I see a stamp on there that cost a franc. Two drinks o' coneyac, twelve francs more. When I went to school that added up to twenty-three. I give him thirty francs and he brings me back a handful o' chicken feed. I give him two francs for a tip, and all the rest of it adds up to two francs more."

He poked a pile of sou pieces with his finger. The waiter burst into voluble French.

"Now you hold your noise!" snapped Cornwell. "I can't understand what you say anyway. Where's the other three francs?"

Mr. Paine here intervened, and the waiter, laying down his two-franc tip, entered into a lengthy explanation of the bill, the change and divers other matters, including the French debt and the current rate of francs to the dollar. It was obvious, however, that the change was three francs short.

"Yes, he says it's three francs short," translated Mr. Paine. "It's his mistake. There, he's going to give it to you."

"Thought so!" grunted Cornwell, pocketing the three francs.

The waiter fired a clip or two at Mr. Paine again.

"But now he says you haven't given him any tip. You picked up the tip, don't you remember?"

"Tip?" cried Cornwell. "Tip for what? For trying to do me out of three francs? He made a mistake—all right,

I believe he did, but if he don't get no tip it'll teach him to be more careful the next time!"

"I know, but it's only eight cents "

"Nix!" replied Cornwell firmly. He buttoned his coat over where he kept his money. The waiter understood the gesture and began an excited appeal direct to Cornwell. The young man fixed him with a cold gray eye, as expressionless as the granite of his native hills.

"Allay!" said he. The waiter complied. The young man from Vermont thereupon drew a small book from his breast pocket and made an entry therein.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Paine, feeling that a change of conversation might calm the other's ruffled feelings.

"Expense account."

"Ah, an expense account!"

"Yup, an expense account," smiled Cornwell; "an' by daily battle with the Frogs we keep it low. My post is payin' for this trip and I don't want anyone to think that I spent all their money gargling fire water in Paris. I paid my own fare and everything, but there were some boys that couldn't leave the farm, or that were going to exhibit hogs or Southdowns or the like o' that at the fairs, and couldn't get away. So they said to me: 'You bein' in the garage business, an' winter comin' on, an' slack time, you stick around after the convention and make us some trips. Take some pictures of places an' tell the old lady we were billeted with we ain't forgot her, an' buy Jean a pipe an' some tobacco an' tell him it's with the best regards of the Hayloft Hotel gang.'

"They pay the expense allay ay retoor and see just as much and save money."

"But there weren't any troops here, were there?"

"Sure. Engineers at Dax and cavalry at St.-Jean-de-Luz, and signal corps and motor transport. They had a rest center or leave or something here at Biarritz. The man that wanted me to come down here is a lawyer. He was an officer, you see, and he and his buddy come down here on leave. Well, this buddy gets gallopin' pneumonia or somethin' and kicks off. He was buried here, and Lawyer Francis wanted a picture of his grave. I went right up to take it, but he ain't here no more. They took up all the fellars was buried here and took 'em up to Thiaucourt."

"Thiaucourt? Why, that's the other side of France! Why didn't they send them to Suresnes?"

"Well, that wouldn't be military. Suresnes is too near. Anyway, the men from Dijon and Grenoble all got sent there. So then I come down to Biarritz and took pictures of the Regina, where the officers used to be quartered, and the Casino, where the Y. M. C. A. was, and I'm going back to Paris tonight. I got fifty dollars of the money Lawyer Francis give me for the trip I ain't spent yet. I like things to come out that way. There's no better way to get people friendly than to save 'em a little money. He's got a lot of friends with cars. Bein' that I'm in the garage line, he may turn 'em my way."

"Young man," said Mr. Paine, and his voice shook, "you make me homesick. I'd like to go home. I can smell the pines and the new-mown hay and hear the sleigh bells of a frosty night. 'Heouw, neouw! Git out o' my mowin'!' Have I lost the accent? It would come back, all right. Good old sturdy people, Vermonters, and they'll hang onto a nickel so tightly they flatten the buffalo right out. . . . Well, come on, we'll depart."

The Plaza de Toros at San Sebastian is the second largest in Spain, as any guidebook will tell. It must be a sad sight for those who are enemies of bullfighting to be in a Spanish city the afternoon of a *corrida*. The fight will be at four, and from two o'clock not a face but will be turned toward the plaza, not a footstep that is not in that direction. Cornwell, in spite of the fact that he was an American—and a Vermonter in addition—caught the excitement as far away as Pasajes, an outlying suburb, when their car fell into line with a long column of others and proceeded thence, two abreast, into San Sebastian.

They passed street cars crowded to the roof, men in gray uniforms and peculiar cocked hats of patent leather, all armed with rifles, that Paine explained were Spanish military police. They passed a troop of these, mounted, with drawn sabers, going down to direct traffic in the vicinity of the bull ring. In San Sebastian itself Cornwell nearly dislocated his neck, for every window had a balcony and every balcony a señorita, who, because she could see by his little blue hat that he was an American and a soldier of the Legion, would cast him down a rose.

They had to go well into the town to find a place to park the car. It was then that Mr. Paine discovered he was without cigars.

"Just wait here a second, will you?" he asked—"while I skip across the street and buy a few stogies. I won't be a second." He was gone, however, some ten minutes; and when he returned, to his great surprise, he discovered Cornwell some distance down the street apparently engaged in looking through a window. Mr. Paine hurried there, for this crazy young fool might do anything. The young fool, however, discovering Mr. Paine, removed his blue cap and stretched his hand through the bars that protected the window. A little white hand, that fluttered out of the obscurity like a dove, reached out and touched Cornwell's.

"*Hasta luego*," said the young man, then turned to meet Mr. Paine.

"Here, what's going on here?" demanded the older man.

"Oh, nothin', nothin'." Cornwell abstractedly removed a rose from his buttonhole and replaced it by another. "Funny to me how roses grow the year round here," he said. "There's no roses in Vermont after the first of July."

"That why you collect 'em enthusiastically?" grinned Mr. Paine. "Look out you don't collect a half foot of steel with one of them. They're fast workers here, don't forget that!"

"I've had truck with spiks before now," replied the other, "when I was on the border. Huh! Any spik comes for me with a knife gets nothin' but a mouthful o' dust. I never met one yet I couldn't outrun."

They went on in silence for some time, across the bridge and down the long street toward the plaza, elbowing and elbowed by a dense crowd of soberly dressed Spanish men, béret-clad Basques with leather wine bottles slung over their shoulders and a penetrating aura of garlic about them, soldiers, police, children, and all going in the same direction—*a los toros*.

"Could a man get a train from here for France?" asked Cornwell suddenly.

"Surely. It's the same train you'd get in Biarritz. The Paris-Madrid Express."

"Do you suppose the guy in the hotel would send my stuff to the train?"

"What's the idea? Do you want to stay in San Sebastian?"

"Well," replied Cornwell slowly, "this is the one time I ever been in Spain, and I ain't likely to ever come again. Seems to me I might as well spend a little time while I'm here. I got fifty dollars yet, an' all my expenses paid in advance till the boat sails."

"I thought you wanted to give that fifty dollars back."

"Well, maybe I would, but maybe I'd have more fun out of spendin' it in San Sebastian."

"Ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Paine. "Ha-ha! And I'll bet you get seventy dollars' worth of fun out of it! Oh, man—oh, man! Turn a Yank loose in any country of the world and watch him make a dollar work overtime! Sure! Stay over if you want to. I'll see your concierge and have your baggage put on the train for you. Go to it! Give the señoritas a thrill!"

The plaza was at the top of a long, long flight of stone steps, and a black stream of people flowed up these steps like a waterfall running uphill. They were half an hour getting inside and fifteen minutes more before they could get to their seats. There were more soldiers just inside the gate, drawn up in the circular corridor that runs around under the seats. They had dark-blue overcoats, gathered and pleated in a strange manner at the waist and with short capes. They wore red bérets with brass plates in the center, and red trousers. They were armed with rifles and bayonets, and Mr. Paine said that they were *miquelets*, or state police, waiting to render the honors to the royal family when they should come in.

He Folded Abruptly in the Middle Like an Inchworm About to Crawl and Snapped Upward Into the Air Like a Released Spring

(Continued on Page 156)

PLENTY OF PUTTS

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

Mary Ann's Game Seemed to Have Returned in All its Beauty. Her Drive Was a Lovely Thing

HER name was Mary Ann, which sounded homy and old-fashioned and capable. It made you think of kitchens and denim aprons and the proper kind of mashed potatoes. Mary Ann Perkins! You knew right off she would be a wonderful housekeeper and one of those wives you heard grandfather tell about. She probably could bake cookies!

All that was when you heard the name, but when you saw Mary Ann Perkins you comprehended at once the meaning of sardonic humor. For Mary Ann was everything in the feminine world which Mary Ann does not imply.

In the first place she weighed a hundred and eight perfect pounds, and McWhinney, after one brief glance, declared that a hundred and six of them were visible. She was as blond as a dandelion, with a pert nose that turned up from her cigarette, and her reverence for the aged was negligible if not nonexistent. Her conversation was snappy and she knew all the tunes the day before they were made public. Her skill with a compact was uncanny and an aura of naughtiness hovered about her most commonplace of actions. She could have bought a peck of potatoes and somehow made the act seem a little bit *risqué*.

In addition to which she was an orphan under the chaperonage of an extinct sort of aunt, and she had a great deal of money, which she spent according to the dictates of a not conservative heart.

Mary Ann became of importance in this world when she bought a home in that community which surrounds the Apple Tree Golf Club—a very stable neighborhood, unchanging, old-fashioned and exclusive in a manner not comprehensible to other communities making deliberate pretense to exclusiveness. She became of more importance when she applied for associate membership in the club itself. That was hurling the gauntlet indeed, a challenge which must be answered.

To give you some faint idea of the Apple Tree Golf Club it is enough to say that Jane Town, one of the young matrons, played the course three or four times a week accompanied by a nurse who wheeled the twins in a perambulator. After a mashie shot to the green she might be seen to pause while the nurse effected a change of vestment for the infant members of the foursome. This conduct was accepted unquestionably as right and fitting by all members except Old Man Arkwright, who caused to be typed and posted on the bulletin board a new set of local rules which read as follows:

1. A ball coming to rest in a baby cab, on or under the persons of the occupants, may be lifted without penalty.

2. The squawling of an infant shall not be deemed a legal mental hazard, and a putt missed by reason of such a sound may be replaced and replayed.

3. Discarded nursing bottles shall be ground under repair

4. No infant shall be played as a water hazard, but the ball may be dropped a club's length away and played without penalty.

It was into such a community as this that Mary Ann Perkins injected herself, and the membership committee found itself face to face with a major problem.

Matrons, inquiring into her past, discovered that she was not a graduate of Vassar or Bryn Mawr or Smith—or even of any of the finishing schools which the Apple Tree Golf Club recognizes as eligible. Quite the contrary. She had acquired her schooling abroad—in Nice, in Paris itself, and in England. It was even whispered she had availed herself, for purposes best known to herself, of the coeducational privileges of Oxford!

Perry Flagg, perpetual chairman of the membership committee, was agitated.

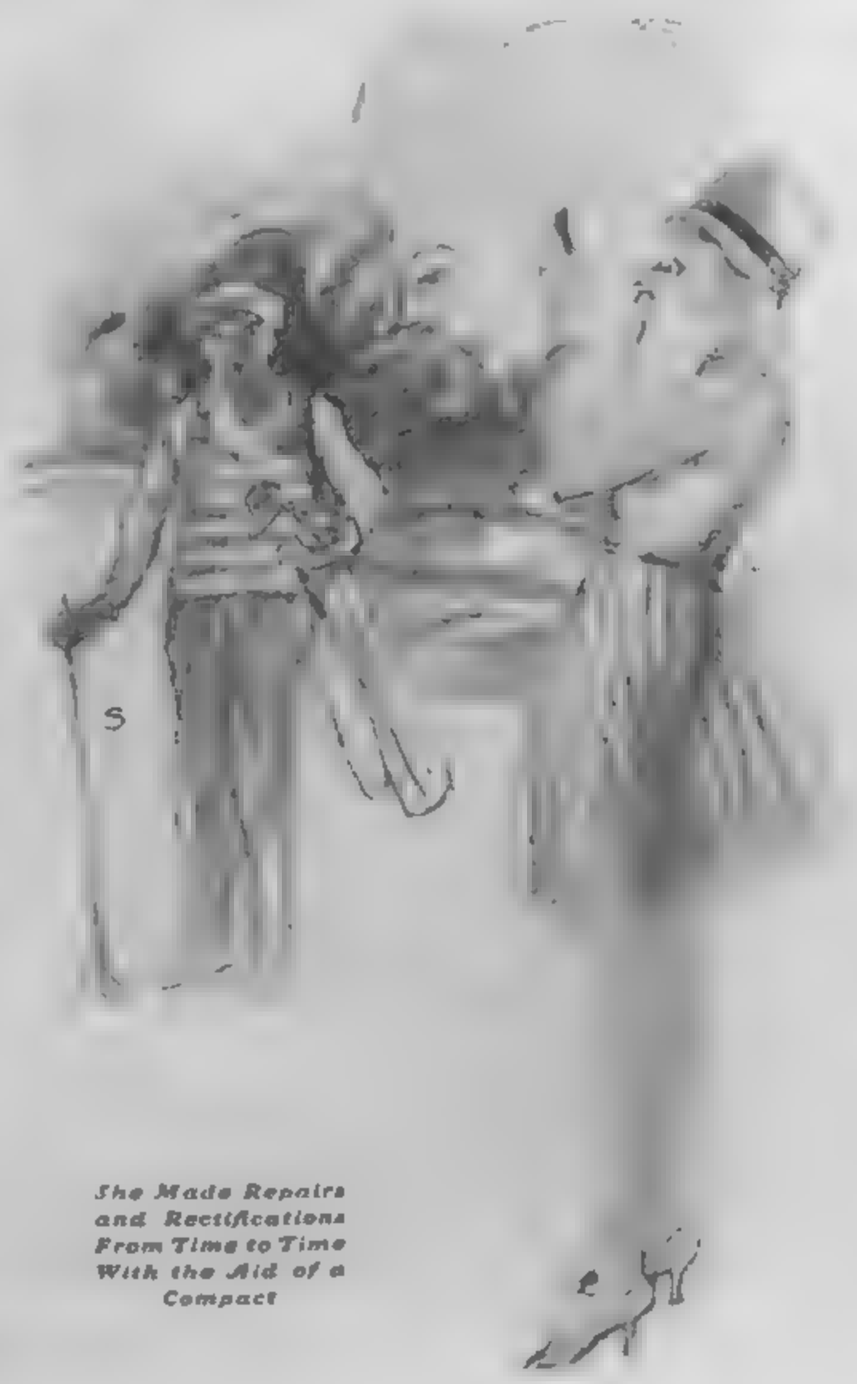
"You don't want to put the stigma of rejection by this club on any young person," he said. "Confound it! What does she want to join for anyhow?"

"Not to play golf," said Weevil

"She'd try to play the course with a lipstick," growled Old Man Arkwright.

"Nevertheless," said President Olney, the dependable and conservative, "we must move slowly and fairly. I suggest we send her a two weeks' card and urge her to make use of the club for that period. It will enable us to observe her."

"She's just a kid," said Martin Tombes. "Maybe the associations here will be good for her. After all, we owe some debt to society."



She Made Repairs and Rectifications From Time to Time With the Aid of a Compact

"We ain't a reformatory," snapped Old Man Arkwright.

"Our young men will lose the habit of keeping their eye on the ball if she's around," said Weevil.

"She ain't got a brain in her head," snorted the ancient Mr. Terhune. "She's one of them flappers. She's got more legs 'n a centipede and what she needs is to be took acrost somebuddy's knee."

"I think Olney's suggestion is good," said Perry Flagg. "We'll try her out for two weeks. Let her do her stuff and see if it's bearable. After all, there's nothing against her but hearsay."

"And eyesight," said Old Man Arkwright. "D'ye think I'd ever 'a' made that hole in one if she'd been standin' where I could see her?"

"Mr. Arkwright!" expostulated McWhinney.

"I hain't blind if I be seventy-four," said the old man.

So the matter was decided by the powers, and a guest card was dispatched with a courteous inclosing note to Mary Ann, who read it and giggled a little and said to her aunt: "They've got the wind up. I'm a laboratory case. They're going to segregate me under close observation for two weeks."

"Yes, my dear," said auntie.

"You're a perfectly precious chaperon," said Mary Ann, regarding the apathetic lady affectionately. "What you are is equipped for the job. When it comes to a full and complete knowledge of the perils you're to guard me against, you are what the boys call a savant."

"Yes, my dear," said auntie a second time.

"Do you agree with me that I'm a perfectly nice person?"

"Nice, my dear, but hardly conservative."

"These Apple Tree folks think I'm neither nice nor conservative," said Mary Ann with evident pleasure. "They've no idea how I'll buck up this neighborhood and give it *ton*. Disguised I may be, auntie, but I'm a little blessing. The point," she added, "is to convince them of it."

"You might commence," said auntie, "by cultivating repression and by a certain avoidance of conspicuosity—if there is such a word."

"In short and ugly words, shut my mouth and lengthen my skirts."

"Yes, my dear," said auntie.

"I rather think I'll find some method to catch the fish without cramping my style. You've wondered why I insisted on moving here, haven't you?"

"Yes, dear; but I knew your purpose would become evident if I waited."

"Then, auntie, you won't mind waiting a little longer, will you?"

"No, dear," said auntie patiently.

"So," said Mary Ann, "I shall accept gratefully their guest card and become intensely visible to the naked eye of the Apple Tree Golf Club. I shall commence accepting it now, and you may observe me retiring to my boudoir to heighten my visibility." At the door she paused. "The men are never difficult," she said, "especially the old ones. But the women are something else again, Mawruss."

Whereupon she dressed for battle and drove to the club with such reckless speed that she had to talk herself out of the clutches of two motorcycle policemen. It is noteworthy that neither of them gave her a summons, that both regarded her departure with regret, and that the younger of them ran his cycle into a tree because of craning his neck to look over his shoulder at her.

She presented her card to the secretary, who felt it his duty to introduce her to a middle-aged gentleman who chanced to be lounging near the desk. The name of this middle-aged person was McWhinney.

"I've heard of you," she said pertly.

"Indeed. From whom, may I ask?"

"Andy Gay," she said.

McWhinney cocked an eye and wondered. "I haven't been in Scotland for two years."

"So Andy said. He gave me a message for you."

"What message?"

"He said to remember to play your irons with the closed face."

"Young woman," said Mac, "come out and sit. We'll talk."

There on the veranda Weevil presently found him and called from a safe distance, "Hey, Wills and I are waiting for you."

"Be right there," said Mac. "Perry Flagg there?"

"Phoned he couldn't come. We'll make it a threesome."

"Oh," exclaimed Mary Ann, "can't I please come, too, and make it a foursome?"

McWhinney was shocked; he was more than shocked, he was pitifully nonplused. Such a thing never had happened in his experience before, and he had not the faintest idea how to deal with so venomous a situation.

"You mean play with Wills and Weevil and me?" he exclaimed.

"Please let me. I'll be very quiet, and I want to see the course awfully, and I'd so much rather go around the first time with men than some women I don't know."

"Do you play golf?"

"I'd love to learn."

"In those clothes?"

"What's wrong with these clothes?"

"Why—er—nothing, Miss Perkins. But women usually wear other kinds of clothes to play golf in."

"I never could see," Mary Ann said pensively, "why a woman should make herself a fright even to go to church. So I may come?" She got up briskly and trotted along at McWhinney's side, taking his consent for granted. "I've a nice new set of clubs and balls and everything," she said chattily.

McWhinney, rather purple of face, approached his friends. Miss Perkins eyed him with interest as he made his announcement. "This young lady is going to play around with us," he said in much the tone he would have used to announce the failure of his bank.

"What?" exclaimed Wills.

"With who?" demanded Weevil.

"With us," said Mac firmly.

"And can't we have bets and everything, just like in a regular men's game? I think bets are so interesting, don't you?" said Mary Ann. "I've heard my friends talk about playing for a dollar a hole and everything like that."

"We may be saps," said Weevil shortly, "but we're not bandits."

"Aren't you glad I'm going to play with you?" Mary Ann asked ingenuously. "It must be so tiresome, just men playing together all the while."

"What we are going to do," said Wills, "is not fox trot. It's golf."

"Oh," said Mary Ann, "the fox trot has quite gone out."

"And golf," said Weevil despairingly, "will be right at its heels."

"The only pleasant thing about going to the dentist's," said Wills, "is that it is over with quickly. Will you take the honor, Miss Perkins?"

"Do you mean shoot first?"

"I do," said Wills emphatically.

Mary Ann teed up her ball, took a stance, executed one of those intensely feminine swings which remind one of Barbara Frietchie waving her flag at Stonewall Jackson—and missed the ball altogether.

"I wonder how that happened," she said in a sort of pleased amazement.

"God knows," said McWhinney.

"I don't feel very good," said Weevil.

"Yes, you do," said McWhinney; "and you'd go right along with us if you had to ride in an ambulance."

"I think people are watching us from the veranda," said Miss Perkins.

"I feel," said Weevil *sotto voce*, "as if they were watching us from Mars. I bet they would if they knew what was going on."

On the third swing Mary Ann whacked the ball some seventy yards into the rough and completed the hole in 14.

"I guess we don't have to observe this chicken any two weeks," said Weevil. "I can speak my mind on the subject right now." He said this privately to McWhinney, who nodded assent.

"Now," said Mary Ann, "we're out of sight of those women on the porch."

"We are," said Wills thankfully.

"Which," said Mary Ann, "makes a difference in my arrangements."

The revolutionary foursome completed its round at five o'clock. Mary Ann had not turned a hair; she was as sightly on the completion of the eighteenth hole as she had been at the start of the first. True, she had made repairs and rectifications from time to time with the aid of a compact, but no one could have told she had walked some sixty-seven hundred yards and hit a golf ball at least the requisite number of times. She nodded pertly to the trio.

"You needn't bother to ask me to tea," she said. "It's not my vice."

As for McWhinney and Wills and Weevil, they walked in silence to the locker room, where they stripped and entered the showers. They were alone. It was not until the locker boy had brought ice and ginger ale and they were seated on the bench that McWhinney spoke.

(Continued on Page 72)

He Went to Call on Mary Ann. He Took Weevil for Protection, Because He Was Averse to Having Anything Put Over on Him if He Could Avoid It

FLYING THE FRONTIERS

By Arthur Hunt Chute

THE plane is the new arm of the service for the conquest of the frontier. It is the successor to the covered wagon. The trail of '48 was westward overland. The trail of '28 is northward by the air.

Canada today represents the last great frontier remaining on this continent. Only one-fifth of her area is known and peopled; four-fifths is unknown and unexplored. To get an idea of the Dominion, picture a narrow fringe flung out across her southern boundary, northward, blank spaces on the map extending 3000 miles from coast to coast, stretching 800 miles to the Arctic Ocean.

The plane comes as a godsend for the opening up of this virgin wilderness. It will show the scouts what is hidden there. It will be the swift-winged burden bearer on projects of development. Rising above the difficulties of the bush, it will accelerate movement from a mile or two up to 75 and 100 miles an hour.

You may sit at tea at the Aerodrome Hotel at Croydon and from the terraces watch the smart set alighting and ascending, or you may dine and watch a kindred smart set at the Tempelhof Airport in Berlin. Aviation in the capitals of Europe is associated with a certain touch of swank and luxury, but there is none of this about the flying that is being done in the Back of Beyond. Up there the plane is on the level of the plow, a workaday instrument of sweat and toil.

Traveling across the north country, looking out of the Continental Limited, you may catch sight of a giant airplane resting on the ice, being loaded with diamond drills, sleds, canoes, flour, potatoes, husky dogs and dynamite; its passengers include trappers, traders, mining scouts and sour-dough prospectors. While others have been evolving air mails and rapid transit, Canada has been applying the plane to more urgent problems of her own development.

In Previous Years Dog Teams Have Been the Sole Means of Bringing In Supplies During the Winter

Trying Out Its Wings

THE activities of Canadian pilots range from one end of the Dominion to the other. They are carrying the mails in the winter to Pelee Island, southernmost point, and flying daily at sixty north, in Hudson Strait, observing the navigability of this future highway of commerce. They are acting as taxicabs for prospectors all the way from Yukon to Ungava, penetrating vast hinterlands where the foot of man has never trod, aiding in mining discoveries beyond the pale of dog team or canoe. Over the famous White Horse Pass at fifty below, they bear passengers and mail to Dawson City, making in four hours of ease a trip that formerly occupied weeks of arduous endeavor. Down the Mackenzie toward the long arctic nights the hum of the plane is beginning to awaken the immemorial silence. Aircraft are scouting for seals off Labrador and patrolling the Pacific fisheries; they are making possible hydro and paper plants in large industrial centers because of a sure knowledge of the resources of the hinterland. They are being used for the locating of railways and sketching timber; they are building towns and conducting stampedes by air. There is one town in the north where every soul was brought in by plane, with all supplies and equipment.

At Cold Lake, a huge mining industry has been literally dropped out of the sky into the wilderness. Later, they flew in the branches of several banks, each manager racing in by air to get there first.

By means of aircraft the word "inaccessible" has been removed from the vernacular of the frontier. Yesterday vast sections of the dominion were closed because it was practically impossible to get there. The skyways have suddenly given free access to these remoter sections.

A dramatic instance of the time saving by the plane in the realm beyond the railway is instanced in the case of a mining engineer on his way to New York on the transcontinental. During the journey he received a telegram from his principals in Wall Street asking him to stop off and look over the surface showings of a property at Red Lake. On account of a pressing engagement farther on, the engineer doubted his ability to make it. At the suggestion of a friend beside him in the chair car, he wired a flying company, which agreed to put him through on a schedule that would allow him to carry on, on the same train later in the day.

He got off the Continental Limited at twelve noon at Sioux Lookout, started by plane at 12:15, arrived at Red Lake at 1:15, spent an hour and a half on the property and left at 2:45, arrived at the railway at Minaki at 8:45 and boarded the same train quitted a few hours earlier, on which he continued his journey to New York.

In 1918, Canada had a greater percentage of trained flyers than any other country. Some 60 per cent of all British pilots in France were Canadians. With peace, many of these enthusiastic youngsters formed aviation companies. Lack of support forced most of them out of business. Those who turned to the remoter sections with such services as timber sketching, aerial mapping and transport to new mining camps had a better chance of survival.

Civil aviation in the Dominion has literally had to fly by itself. A true pioneering touch is that there has been no subsidy or government aid of any kind. It was a case of make good or go under. The plane won its way on the frontier on a basis of increased efficiency and reduced costs.

Comparisons of flying in Canada in 1927 with that of 1926 indicate real progress. The number of flights made in 1927 has increased 252 per cent. In 1926, 6436 passengers were carried; in 1927, 18,932 passengers. Passenger miles in 1926 were 631,715; in 1927, 1,424,031. Freight traffic has increased from 724,721 pounds in 1926 to 1,098,346 pounds in 1927.

As a result of the demands for frontier flying, the aircraft industry in Canada is accelerating its production. One company at Montreal is now turning out two planes a week. In the light airplane field a British type is most popular; sixty of these are now being delivered from England. Imports from the United States include cabin monoplanes which are intended for transportation work in the north country. Over seventy large planes of this type were ordered last spring from American firms. Canada is by far the best outside customer of the United States for aircraft and engines.

Capt. H. A. Oaks, Pioneer Northern Flyer

Winter Flying

IN THE earlier stages, winter flying was looked upon askance. It was all right in summer months, but when the freeze-up came the planes, like the yachts, were laid up until spring. But Canadians have never been the kind to quit because of a mere forty below, and gradually the more daring began to venture forth in the closed season.

The year 1922 was marked by flying to the mining areas in British Columbia and flights from Cochrane in Northern Ontario to Moose Factory on James Bay. The latter trip took two hours by plane or eleven days by dog; because of the saving, four trips were made that winter.

In 1922, Squadron Leader Logan of the Royal Canadian Air Force was sent to the Arctic to investigate flying conditions. On his return he reported on ground equipment necessary for landing on ice and snow. In 1925, five aircraft were put into commission to assist in transportation of supplies necessary to continue development work during the winter in the newly discovered mineral field at Red Lake—125 miles off the transcontinental railway. News of promising discoveries reached civilization too late to enable supplies to be taken in by canoe before freeze-up, so fifteen tons of supplies and material were transported from the railway at Kenora by air.

In 1926, the only self-supporting air routes in the British Empire were in Canada, operating from Haillybury to Rouyn and from Sioux Lookout to Red Lake. The Rouyn service, there ahead of the steel, was discontinued recently, as the town of Rouyn is now linked with the railway.

One of the pathfinders in northern aviation is Capt. H. A. Oaks, of the Royal Flying Corps, who came home after the Armistice with a desire to stay in the air. He has since done over 150,000 miles of genuine winter flying, under all sorts of adverse conditions, ranging from blinding blizzards to extremest cold. By these experiences he has perhaps done more than any other to explode the myth of the closed winter season.

Captain Oaks got the backing of James Richardson, a leading grain merchant of Winnipeg, and started with a

four-passenger monoplane equipped with the same type of engine used by Lindbergh. In December, 1926, he flew from New York to Hudson, Ontario, where a temporary base was established, and a service was immediately started from Hudson to active mining areas of Red Lake, then undergoing an old-fashioned mining boom. When they started they had one pilot, one mechanic and one plane. Everything was unknown. A forced landing meant a walk home—perhaps a matter of ten days through the bush. At local stops, as there were no hangars, he made a cowling—a sort of nose bag—under which a fire was built to warm up the engine. As there was no proper landing equipment, he developed his own on ski. At the main base, a nose hangar was built on ski and was brought up so that it fitted over the nose of the machine. Thus the engine was inside for serving and warming up, the mechanic's main tool being a blow torch.

One morning the thermometer registered 52 degrees below zero—the worst snap of the season. There were no teams out that day, the train was eighteen hours late, but the mechanic was up at six serving his engine as usual. By nine o'clock the plane with its passengers and freight took the air. According to Oaks: "There was nothing showing and the country looked damned unfriendly."

Between nine A.M. and four P.M. six flights were made, the pilot standing by his machine all the time for fear that she'd freeze up solid. They carried mail, supplies and passengers between stations. The passengers in the cabin were fairly comfortable, but it was a different story for the pilot in the open cockpit, who says it took one hour against a red-hot stove to thaw him out afterward.

Stampeding Through the Air

IN MARCH, 1927, for the first time, airplanes flew into the far north in midwinter. The government needed certain information which could be obtained only by surveys conducted before the ice had gone out of the bay. But how could they get the equipment and men into Churchill, hundreds of miles from anywhere? Someone suggested the planes. There was no hesitation on the part of the flying company in entering into a contract for the transportation of eight tons of material and equipment, 800 pounds of dynamite and fourteen men from Cache Lake on Hudson Bay Railway to Fort Churchill before the spring break-up.

Two monoplanes were purchased in New York, flown on wheels to Camp Borden, where they were changed to ski, thence to Sioux Lookout, and by the eastern shore of Lake Winnipeg to Norway House, and finally to the base at the end of the steel. Notwithstanding the distance from any prepared base, the dangers of the uninhabited barren lands, the hazardous landings and the severe winter conditions, ranging from 20° to 50° below, the contract was fulfilled in record time. The decision of the government for the selection of Fort Churchill as ocean terminal of the Hudson Bay Railway was made possible by these flights. According to an official report: "There has been no more brilliant operation in the history of commercial flying." On account of this, Captain Oaks was awarded the McKee trophy for meritorious service in aviation.

The winter of 1927-28 brought a mining boom in Northern Manitoba and Northern Saskatchewan reminiscent of the great days of Cobalt. Old-timers began to flock into this new region. One well-known scout who forsook Kirkland Lake camp was asked why he made the change.

"The band's goin' to play here this winter," he replied, "and I like to be where the band's playin'."

Consequent to his prophecy over 2000 prospectors have since moved into the Pas area, which is now the storm center on the mining map of Canada. With the prospectors came the planes, and this last stampede has literally become a stampede by air.

Unloading an Airplane

After a Long Journey Through the Wilderness

During a visit that I paid to the mining camps in the height of the rush, there were more aircraft on this remote frontier than could be found in any of the largest cities of the Dominion. At all hours one could hear the planes thrumming away high up over the frozen Saskatchewan. At first the Indians used to run for shelter when they saw a great gray-winged monster swooping down into the silent places. But soon this new denizen of the wintry skies became almost as familiar as the whisky jack and the ptarmigan. In this last stampede the signing of the Flin Flon deal was the signal for the opening of the ball. This was quickly followed by the announcement of a tremendous find at Cold Lake, thirty-five miles north of Flin Flon, eighty-five miles from the Pas.

It was the end of September when the Sherritt-Gordon discovery was announced; the freeze-up had started closing waterways to canoes, and yet it would not be safe for dog travel for six weeks. How to get in there immediately was the problem. Parties interested solved their difficulties by chartering a plane which dropped them down to stake their claims, and a week later the same plane came back and took them out. In ordinary events this business of staking claims alone would have taken a whole season.

Heretofore Only Dog Teams Have Ever Attempted the Journey Over the Rough Ice of the Frozen Bay

Two Years Ahead of Time

ON THE report of the engineers, capital at once undertook to get this prospect ready for production, and the flying company responsible for the Churchill feat embarked upon another of their intensive campaigns by air, putting in thirty-five tons of supplies and forty men. Only the bushman can appreciate what a task it would have been to transport all this through unbroken wilderness.

Speaking feelingly of what the plane had accomplished on this job, Mr. Jowsey, in charge of transport, remarked: "The plane has put us ahead at least two years in the development of this project. From my experience here, I believe that the airways will revolutionize the mining industry throughout the north country."

The growth of commercial flying on the frontiers is startling. The pioneer company, which began only sixteen months ago with one pilot, one plane and one mechanic, now has a fleet of fifteen and has recently placed an order with a firm in New Jersey for fifteen additional giant monoplanes. There are a score of other operators in the field, their number and range of service constantly increasing.

Last winter's ski performance of one company consisted in carrying 1450 passengers, over 200,000 pounds of freight, with a total of 102,000 miles flown. To complete their record, they never lost a shipment of freight or a passenger. Compare last winter's mining rush with the one into the Klondike. The air rush has a record of not losing a single

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CONCERNING MOONEY

By ROBERT WINSMORE

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

"Which One of the Du Ponts Was It?" "One of the Big Delaware Ones," Mooney Kind of Yawns

MOONEY his name was G. Cleveland Mooney and I guess that much of him was on the level. If he had faked it, he would of framed up something more financial. He probably would of been M. Rockefeller Ford, with the M. standing for Morgan one time and Mellon the next, depending on who he was stringing.

By rights the bird belonged in a museum. You get used to the bunk down in Wall Street, of course; and you get over being surprised the way the ticker students fall for so much of it. But the line of hooey this Mooney got by with out in our customers' room in Reilly & Wilson's was something ultra. Any place else except around the stock market it would be a legal excuse for murder.

No, he wasn't a customer of ours. He just come visiting every day to tell us something. He would tell us, for instance, what his friend J. P. Morgan said about Steel up to the club last night. I'm not stretching it, either. He hooked Old Man Cook with just that Morgan stuff almost the first time he come in the office.

Old Cookie had his usual grouch working, and he didn't know the egg anyhow, so he give him a sour squint and says: "Yeh? Well, well! I suppose you was there and heard Morgan say it. I suppose you set right next to him."

"Well," says Mooney, "I wasn't exactly there myself. I was to the theater last night. Flo Ziegfeld sent me the seats. Ziggy's an old friend of mine."

"Then how would you know what Morgan said?" Cook shot at him; and Mooney clicked right back with:

"One of the Du Ponts was there and heard it. I come downtown in a taxi with him this morning and he told me confidential. We matched for the taxi fare and I stuck him."

The old man blinked over that one for a minute, and finally he asks, "Which one of the Du Ponts was it?"

"One of the big Delaware ones," Mooney kind of yawns. "I'm pretty intimate with him, only there's a certain private reason why I don't mention his exact name."

"I never repeat things like that anyhow," Cook says, hitching up his chair. "How does Du Pont feel on the market?"

"He's crazy bullish on certain things," answers Mooney, "but he wouldn't want me to talk about them."

You could almost see Cookie grab the bait. "Of course not," he chirps. "What did he say on General Motors?"

"Oh," says Mooney, "he give me the real dope on that—only it was strictly confidential. Just for yourself, though, there's a big move coming in Motors. They ain't quite ready for it yet, but I'll be told when it's going to start."

"Yeh?" says Cookie, like he was swallowing the hook and jumping into the net. "That'll be something worth knowing, won't it?"

"Thirty or forty points sure," Mooney tells him.

"You certainly get great information," Cook says. "Had your lunch?"

"I was going up to the Bankers Club from here," says Mooney. "Our crowd always eats up there."

"Come on down to Fred's with me today," says Cook. "I'll enjoy the pleasure of your company."

And that was the first time in history the old quince ever blew anybody to lunch or anything.

I'm only showing you the kind of an act Mooney put on. Can you imagine it? He played a nonstop performance, too; and don't think it didn't go big. The way he had our whole bunch of tape fans striking lights for him, you would of thought he was the First National Bank's only child. All he had to do was start talking, and they would go into a huddle and lap up the schmoos he give them like it was something right off the ship.

One of the customers by the name of Doctor Ellison was who turned Mooney loose on us. The doc is a snooty dentist uptown, and like any dentist, he believes in whiffenpoofs and plays the market like an Indian. He's busy up in his office most of the time, but I got a private phone to him on my desk, and he keeps it going like it was a new radio. That was how we got introduced to Mooney. One morning the doc gives me a ring and says:

"Larry, a friend of mine by the name of Mr. Cleveland Mooney will be coming in your office from time to time hereafter to talk to me over this wire, and I want all you boys to brush up and be decent to him. He is an important man that is in the confidential publicity business, and he is next to all the big people in Wall Street. He is giving me some valuable information about certain matters, so it is up to you roughnecks down there to make him feel at home and be polite to him, even if it disturbs your fixed habits to do so."

"What Yacht?" Says the Old Man "I Didn't Know He Had One" "Sure," Says Johnny. "He Sails Down to Business in It From His Palatial Park Avenue Residence"

Ellison is always passing the vinegar that way. He thinks it sounds comic.

Being head order clerk in Reilly & Wilson's, I got plenty to do without being a reception committee. Still, I told the doc I would look after the gentleman myself, and then I remember I give him another chance with the harpoon by saying, "Tell me what Mr. Mooney looks like so as I will know him when he comes in."

"That is a very intelligent inquiry, Larry," he says, "and I will describe my friend the best I can. He looks exactly like a white human being of the male sex, and he wears only one hat at a time. From that and from him telling you his name when he calls, you ought to be able to pick him out without making more mistakes than usual."

About an hour after that, in blows Mooney. He was one of these stocky boys, with one wild eye and a little trick mustache, and no signs of being a heavyweight that I could see. He was all hot to talk to Ellison quick, so I took him in the order room and started him on the phone, and I didn't put on no ear muffs to keep from hearing what he said. Listening in ain't anyways criminal down in Wall Street, you know. That's where they invented it.

"I seen Dan Nugent," was the first thing Mooney give the doc; and from that I could guess the subject would be Blue Creek Coal. Nugent is the president of Blue Creek and he was supposed to be making a bull move in the stock at the time.

"I seen Dan Nugent," says Mooney, "and that stock ought to be bought right now. It might not do so much for a day or two, but it is in for a good quick move. Our crowd picked up some this morning on what Dan told me, and we're going to buy more. I'll see Dan again up to the club tonight. If I can flag another important date I got I'll probably have dinner with him."

There was more like that, and it must of sounded good to Ellison, because he come right through with an order to buy five hundred Blue Creek at the market. Somehow, though, it didn't lay flat with me at all. I was watching Mooney while he was talking, and I wasn't so sure Dan Nugent would know the baby from Lon Chaney playing the part of a swordfish. It was just the feeling I had.

Anyhow, I done as the doc wanted, and took Mooney out and introduced him around. I steered him into Bill Steck and Benny Powell and the other customers' men, and then I took him in to meet Mr. Willoughby Wilson, one of the partners. So it was me, I suppose, that give the rabbit a head start out in the customers' room.

What put him in soft, though, was Blue Creek. He started right in talking bullish on it to everybody, and three or four days afterward it cut loose and run up six points with a whoop. Of course that made him a wizard. Doc Ellison cleaned up over three thousand dollars on his five hundred shares, and he give me a headache listening to what a great guy his pal Mooney was. The crowd in the office didn't make any money, because they didn't know the bozo well enough yet to act on his tip, but every one of them was sore they didn't. The way they got excited, you would of thought Mooney was the original Mr. Wall of Wall Street. After that he spent a lot of time with us every day regular. He would shoot in and chin to Ellison on the phone a couple of minutes, and then set around a couple of hours handing out the wise stuff. He got clubby with the customers and everybody, and specially Bill Steck, and nobody had to

strain theirself to make him feel at home like the doc was worried about.

Being pretty busy myself, I couldn't pay much attention to the gink at first. I had him sized up for a bull thrower, even if the Blue Creek did make good, and I didn't think much about him till little Johnny Neff, our stock-margin clerk, says to me:

"Larry my lad, in looking out of my ivory tower I note how Doc Ellison's new boy friend has won the complete affections of the sheep in our private fold with both neatness and dispatch. Outside of that Blue Creek tip, what would be your guess on the secret of his vast success with them intellectuals?"

Johnny is getting off a lot of that kind of talk since he switched from playing the banjo to reading books, but he's a wise little shrimp at that, and he's great on stringing people. Johnny would kid Queen Mary about her hat if he got the chance.

"I already noticed what you seem to be referring to," I give him back, "and from the way Mooney hands it to the doc on the phone I would surmise he takes these personality lessons on installments."

"Mayhap you might be right," says Johnny; "but whatever it is, I got a hunch that anon or sometime me and you will obtain bocoo mirth and laughter out of said hombre's presence in our midst. My trusty subconscious tips me he's a hundred per cent cheese, even if the holes in him ain't yet visible."

"If you can get a bet down to that effect I will take half of it," I told him. But I said: "Still, Mooney ain't worrying you with no margin slate to look after, and you better lay off joshing him if you ever get a temptation that way. He might beef to Ellison and you would be in line for a call."

"He won't be the one I'll josh," Johnny says. "It'll be them brainy citizens in his audience."

That same afternoon, I think it was, Old Man Cook spread some more light on the subject. He come up to my window after the market closed and give me an order for the next day to sell out two hundred shares of Tidewater Freight that he had been hanging onto for a couple of months. I knew the old crab was nursing Tidewater for a good rise sooner or later, and I wondered what made him change his mind. So I asked him how come, and had he just got tired lugging it, or what.

"I got a good reason for dumping it," Cook told me. "The inside crowd has sold out all their stock, and I get that straight. Between you and I, Mooney told me confidential."

"Mooney told you?" I says. "How would he know?"

"Keep it quiet," says Cookie, "but he got it direct from the Allens, and they're the biggest people in the company. He was talking to one of them personal today over in Garfield's office, where they do all their business. Mooney is right in with the Allen boys."

"Outside of him telling you himself, how do you know he is right in with them?" I asked him. "Anyway why would they be showing him what they're doing?"

"Why wouldn't they show him?" says Cook. "Ain't he in the confidential publicity business?"

"I heard so," I told him, "but how does that get him anybody's family secrets?"

"Can't you use your head?" the old man says. "Mooney has to be told things so as to know what to put in the papers and what to keep out. It is called handling public relations, and it keeps him in with all the important interests. He gets the low-down on nearly everything, and you would be surprised at the things he can tell you. Mooney is a valuable friend to keep close to."

Little Johnny Neff was standing there listening to us, and he never misses a chance to get Old Man Cook's goat.

"Have you been out on Mooney's yacht yet, Mr. Cook?" he says.

"What yacht?" says the old man. "I didn't know he had one."

"Sure," says Johnny. "He sails down to business in it from his palatial Park Avenue residence. It has got diamond headlights and solid platinum masts, and a rose-beige jib in case of rain."

"You talk too much for a boy your size," Cookie snaps at him. "Half-grown margin clerks shouldn't be heard or seen."

"Listen," I says to the old man, "Johnny's trying to give you an idea. This Mooney looks good to you, but what symptoms does he show of being a millionaire? If he knows so much why ain't he got all the money in the world?"

"I've been in this game long enough to know good information when I get it," says Cook, jamming on his hat. "I also know it's a waste of time to talk to the office help."

So we sold out Cookie's Tidewater Freight the next morning, and when I reported it to him he says:

"I'm taking a five-point loss on that, but I am going to make it up quick on something Mooney is going to give me in a day or two."

"How do you know you will?" I asked him. "Why will Mooney's tip be so sure to win?"

"Didn't Blue Creek win?" says Cookie. "And he had two more sure ones last week that he would of give me if I could of played them. I missed four or five points in them both."

"Everything on the list went up last week," I told him. "Any active stock would of made you four or five points, even if you never seen Mooney."

"These would of gone up no matter what the rest of the market done," says the old man. "Mooney said they would, and they did. I couldn't play them, because if I had bought any more stock this firm would be yelling for more margin. Now that I am out of Tidewater, I will be able to jump into this good one that Mooney is going to give me."

"And Who Handed Them the Tip?" He Asks. "A Fish by the Name of Mooney," I Says, and Then Eddie Let Out a Yell

"What stock is it?" I asked him.

"I don't exactly know yet," says Cookie, "but it is something the Rector Street Bank crowd is going to handle. Mooney is right in with the Rector Street people. He knows everything they are doing."

Well, that made three places Mooney was supposed to be a member of the family—Dan Nugent, the Allen boys and the Rector Street Bank. Besides, there was Morgan and the Du Pont buddy, and so forth. And besides them, I had noticed Mooney was always talking to Doc Ellison about "we." He done it so much you would of thought he was Lindbergh.

You probably know how most people around Wall Street always talk about "they." You are all the time hearing how "they" are doing this, or going to do that, or not doing the other. I never found out yet who "they" is, but it's the usual steer, and this "we" thing of Mooney's was different. So I asked Bill Steck if he knew what airplane the goof was supposed to be married to.

"I wish I knew myself," Bill says. "He certainly is in with some crowd of big ones, but I can't tell just who. Anyhow he's got plenty of wonderful dope on things. Listening to him talk gives you new ideas."

"Are they just ideas, or might they get you something?" I asked him. "Outside of Blue Creek, what move has he give you before it happened?"

"Well," Bill admits, "that's the only one so far, but something else big is being cooked up that I am waiting

"Jumping Christopher!" Old Man Cook Yaps at Him. "Go Do Something! Go Find Out About It! Go Ask Somebody! Call Somebody Up"

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ELSPETH COMES OUT

At Newport, More Invigorating Whiffs of Prominence Seemed to Come Up With Each Salt Breeze

By CORINNE LOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

XIII

AS SHE heard Agnes Duchois' name shouted, Mrs. Lyken turned startled eyes to me.

"Agnes Duchois!" she repeated. "Why, what can she be doing here? I thought she was spending the week-end at the Van Borens'."

I shrugged my shoulders and Miss Beaumont was even less communicative. Thereupon Mrs. Lyken raised her lorgnette—a gesture which still needed a great deal of homework to make it acceptable in public—and peered wonderingly at the shabby old car.

By this time Melville had drawn up beside the errant pair, and although one could not hear a word of what he said, there was no doubt as to the character of his speech.

"My, doesn't Melville seem angry!" commented my employer, still peering through her lorgnette. "I wonder what it's all about."

"Yes, and who is that young man with Agnes?" queried Miss Beaumont. "It doesn't seem to me I've ever seen him."

For a moment I hesitated. After a second, however, the hesitation seemed foolish. My individual silence could not possibly impose secrecy regarding a situation viewed by all those other eyes. With Veronica Silver and Ellen Nest and those boys from Boughton all staring at that pair in the dilapidated car, who among the fashionable younger set would not soon be gossiping about how Agnes Duchois had sneaked off from her friend Millicent Van Boren to meet Melville Laird's tutor?

So, looking thoughtfully at my employer, I retorted, "That's a young man who lives in this town. His name is Christopher Lovegrove."

At first the name did not seem to catch in any filament of Mrs. Lyken's memory. Then tumultuously that scene in the kitchen of Lyken Hold must have rushed over her, for she stared at me with a stupefaction too dense for either surprise or rage.

"Christopher Lovegrove," repeated Miss Beaumont. "And where in the world did Agnes meet him?"

"Oh," returned I with a glance at Mrs. Lyken, "he was Melville Laird's tutor last summer."

I was not disappointed in the results of my information. Under the restraint imposed by Miss Beaumont's presence, my employer looked suffocated with indignation. It was the first time she had heard that the Lairds had disregarded her advice regarding Lovegrove.

"And do you mean to say that Agnes Duchois would take up with a junkman's son?" Thus she finally dissolved her primary emotion in a secondary interest.

Miss Beaumont, who had been a subdeb in the final years of the past century, looked at her with an expression kindling from the contrasted decorum of Gibson waists, golf jackets and pompadours.

"My dear Mrs. Lyken," she sniffed, "they'd take up with anybody—these modern girls. Remember that they've got to appear popular and that the only way to do this is to have their dances cut in on every moment. Well, naturally, that means a lot of extra dancing men and there aren't enough in good society to go around. So they've got to take in nobodies. Why, even at my dances these girls that haven't come out yet bring anything from two to five men in their trail."

"But," gasped Mrs. Lyken, "the Duchoises—and the junkman's son!"

"Oh," returned Miss Beaumont grimly, "she may have to sneak off with him now, but not always. Some other girl—one not so popular and so well-born—will bring him out as an extra dancing man. From that time forth everything will be easy for him. For if one girl takes up a man, the rest follow suit. They can't help themselves—these modern girls. It's the cut-in system that's running society."

Poor Mrs. Lyken listened with evident depression to this account of the comparatively indolent processes by which a young man could surmount the barriers that had resisted her own costly and energetic assaults.

"And you really think they'll take him up?" she inquired, and I noticed a certain brisk edge to tones otherwise plaintive.

Miss Beaumont leveled her lorgnette at the broad-shouldered young man now looking sullenly ahead of him.

"H'm—big and handsome, isn't he?" she commented curtly. "Don't worry. He'll go through the group like the chicken pox."

Mrs. Lyken took one swift look at the car. She saw that Melville Laird had stopped talking, that his leave-taking was undoubtedly imminent, and before I could dream what she was about to do, she had picked up the speaking tube.

"Jarvis," she called to the chauffeur, "get out this instant and run up to young Mr. Laird! Tell him to please extend my invitation to Miss Duchois and to—er—Mr. Lovegrove for this afternoon. They can follow the hunt in their car."

I did not say anything. How did I dare in the presence of Gladys Beaumont? But if ever, during these past months, I experienced a profound discouragement with the social material put to my hand, it was in that moment when I saw the chauffeur running madly to the car where sat the girl who had just snubbed Elspeth Lyken and the young man who had once defied Mrs. Lyken.

As Jarvis delivered his message to Melville I saw the latter throw a disconcerted look first at our car and then at Elspeth, who throughout the halt had been hidden from my view. For an instant he hesitated. Only after Jarvis had started back to us did he bend over to deliver the message. Curiously then I scanned the effect upon those two faces. I saw Agnes Duchois turn with a puzzled frown to Christopher, and as for the latter, never did a decision appear so instantaneous. Throwing back his head, he stared hard at Elspeth. A moment afterward his lips framed one short sentence.

Young Laird obviously contested this sentence. He gestured, he appealed to his cousin, he stared back again at Elspeth. Yet to no avail. A stubborn tightening of Lovegrove's jaw was the only response. And finally Melville walked his horse slowly over to the girl. Elspeth's face was still concealed from me, but I could surmise the sharp, hard conflict that occupied the second before she acceded to Christopher Lovegrove's ultimatum. Ah, yes, I knew what it must have cost her, yet in the end she did it. She rode slowly over to that shabby car; she greeted Agnes Duchois; and finally, with an almost imperceptible nod, she acknowledged Melville's introduction of his former tutor.

From the first I had divined Christopher's ultimatum. I knew that he must have said, "Only at Miss Lyken's request." I realized also how well he had counted upon the

motives which would insure the girl's surrender. In the face of her mother's invitation and of Melville's relationship with Agnes, how would she dare refuse?

But though she complied, though her stiff lips framed the words, "Won't you come along?" she did not wait for an answer. Wheeling about with a fury that must have disconcerted Boadicea on her wrist, she shot off down the road; and almost before Mr. Pigrim and his boy started in pursuit, I saw the white horse, under its billows of blue velvet, swallowed by a curve in the road.

Christopher looked back over his shoulder until the solitary rider had disappeared from view. Then, with his eyes fixed moodily on the road, he waited until the remainder of the cavalcade had gone by. Only when our car approached him did he look up. It was to meet Mrs. Lyken's eyes with a hostility as fixed as during that memorable moment when he had hurled the canister of tea at her feet.

My employer overlooked this expression, and with a smile of sublime magnanimity, she motioned the young man to halt.

"Oh, Mr. Lovegrove," she greeted him, "how fortunate that we happened to run into you like this! Isn't it a beautiful sight—all these young people dressed up, with their falcons and everything? All I can think of is a page out of Dickens."

"Very beautiful," assented Christopher curtly. Then he turned to his companion. "Miss Duchois," said he, "may I present you to Mrs. Lyken?"

Did it give him a thrill of disdainful power, I wondered, that he, the junkman's son, should be introducing the descendant of French nobility to my employer? Of one thing I was sure. Even did she surmise such inner satisfaction, Mrs. Lyken did not grudge it to the young man—not now, in the presence of such intoxicating recompense.

"Oh, Miss Duchois," she gushed, "this is really a pleasure. If you only knew how often I've heard my little girl speak of you! I can't tell you how disappointed we all were when you said you could not come today. And that we should happen to meet you like this—well, it just seems providential."

Perhaps young Miss Duchois did not like to hear Providence slandered in this fashion. At all events, she responded only with an aloof smile—an accomplishment to which she brought all her inherited endowment. Rather small, with a fruity warmth of coloring and with a delicate aquiline nose, Agnes Duchois had impressed me from the first by her very definite atmosphere. Not a thwarted will but a thwarted willfulness—this was the flight revealed by those dark eyes, that arrogantly dainty profile. From birth everything had been hers, and now her chief concern was undoubtedly to find something which nobody wished her to have.

After their car had fallen in back of us, we drove on perhaps half a mile farther. By this time we were in the midst of a marshy land, known habitation of the blue herons which we sought, and as the cavalcade moved with a slowness indicating its readiness for action, I was not surprised when Veronica Silver and her cavalier, who were riding immediately in front of our car, stopped abruptly.

"They've found something!" cried Mrs. Lyken excitedly. "Come, let's get out!"

We all did so, just as the dogs began to bark. Even so, we were not so quick as the moving-picture men. With uncanny speed these had run up to where Elspeth had halted, and a second after several birds had risen from the ground their cameras were clicking.

"Quick, cast her now!" commanded Mr. Pigrim to Elspeth, as the herons began their ungainly flight toward the Sound.

The girl made a quick gesture and off came Boadicea's hood. Another, and the falcon was freed of her wrist. She did not mount straight up, did Boadicea, but in rings that left the herons far below her. Breathlessly I watched the ruthless wings "gain the sky of them," breathlessly I watched that ruthless eye seem to pick upon its victim. Then, swifter than I had thought movement could ever be, the brownish hawk swooped. Like a plummet she fell, and with unerring accuracy; but what was it happened?—the heron escaped her. Only a few of its feathers dropped downward through the still golden air.

"The heron put her out by a shift," explained Mr. Pigrim, and with that he unhooded a falcon on the cadge.

I hardly followed this second huntress as she, too, circled upward. My eye was still riveted upon Boadicea. Having missed her prey, the hawk shot directly upward and forward. Then she fell again. And this time no shift could deliver the heron. Still with the naked eye I could see that mute, helpless struggle, that grim rain of feathers. Another moment and the victim had fallen to the ground.

"If that had been hard ground," said Mr. Pigrim, "you'd have seen the bird bounce up several feet in the air."

I hardly heard him. For at that instant I caught sight of Elspeth. The girl had covered her face with her hands and it seemed to me she was swaying in her saddle. I took a step in her direction, but as I did so someone rushed ahead of me. Before I could realize who it was, Christopher Lovegrove had caught the girl in his arms. A second afterward he was carrying her back to our automobile.

So interested was the entire group in the fortunes of the second falcon that at first nobody seemed to notice either Elspeth or her rescuer—only Mrs. Lyken. As my employer saw Christopher catch the fainting girl in his arms, she bit her lip in vexation.

"She's fainted," she whispered to me. "Just what I expected. She's exactly like her father. If he sees a drop of blood or anything killed, he passes right out, no matter who's around. Once there was a coyote ——"

"Don't you think we'd better go back to her?" I interrupted sharply

"Oh, no, she's all right. They get over it almost as soon as they're taken. But isn't it too provoking? I bet everybody'll have a good laugh over this—a girl getting a lot of expensive falcons to hunt with and then fainting dead away the minute she sees one kill something!"

But before she had finished I was on my way back to our car.

Meanwhile the other hunters had become aware that something had happened and several of them turned backward with vague cries of "Elspeth! What's the matter with Elspeth?" Their curiosity was not, however, poignant enough to divert them. For at that moment the second falcon had swooped and at the same time Boadicea was depluming her victim. Alone among the company, Melville Laird rode back to the automobile where Christopher was now placing Elspeth.

"What is it, Lovegrove?" I heard him ask anxiously. "Is it anything serious?"

Christopher did not reply. He was now kneeling on the running board and in this position supported Elspeth's head on his arm. Supplicatingly his eyes fixed upon the girl's closed lids, and presently, as if in answer to that gaze, they slowly lifted. I saw the turquoise eyes meet the brown ones above them, and I wondered. In that waking consciousness of Elspeth Lyken there was no surprise at finding who it was that held her.

For a moment she made no effort to move, and perhaps that deep and unstartled gaze might have lasted even longer had it not been for an exclamation from Melville. Dismounting from his horse, he had drawn close beside the two and was looking down jealously into those eyes so unaware of his presence.

"I say, Elspeth," cried he, "are you all right?"

With obvious effort, the girl turned her gaze, and as she saw the figure in tights and doublet, she betrayed an instant's confusion. Then, in a flood, the remembrance of where she was and what had happened seemed to come upon her. Wrenching herself free from Christopher, she succeeded in getting out of the car.

"Well, well," she exclaimed brightly, as she stood there in the road beside Melville, "so I've been old-fashioned again, have I? Heavens, how furious mother must be with me! Isn't she, Mrs. Pemberton?" I nodded. Meanwhile she had turned to Christopher. "And you?" she asked. "You rescued the damsel in distress."

Her eyes traveled from top to toe of the tall, broad-shouldered youth, and each stage of that visual pilgrimage seemed to provide fresh stimulus for the mockery of her words.

"After all," she drawled, "if somebody had to carry me, I'm glad it could be you. You ought to be in such good condition for it—after the secondhand bureaus. Besides, just think how much more becoming I am than the things you usually carry—the stuffed owl, for example."

She waited then just long enough for one of her long, frosty

(Continued on Page 129)

Wheeling About, She Shot Off Down the Road

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Beveridge's Life of Lincoln

THE late Senator Albert J. Beveridge possessed all the qualities essential to the production of outstanding biographies. He was an avowed hero worshiper, and yet he had the courage to subject his heroes to a scrutiny that revealed them as great men, but men nevertheless, rather than gods. He found his personal enthusiasms in youth and retained them throughout his life, correcting them and rounding them out as his knowledge grew and as his judgment became more mature. He went to infinite pains to learn the smallest facts about the lives he studied, not so much for the sake of passing them on as because he had to know them for his own satisfaction.

There are other traits invaluable to a biographer with which Senator Beveridge was endowed in the highest degree. He had a rare sense of the dramatic, an uncommon ability to see below the surface of events and to perceive the significance of what others might regard as commonplace situations. He had an instinctive perception of what is interesting and what is tiresome and knew how to distinguish between the essential and the nonessential, between the living facts and the dead. His writings owe as much to these faculties as to his warm and vivid literary style, which put the breath of life into his heroes.

The lives of great men are never capable of being dissected out of their environment. Every biographer worthy of the name must show how they intermesh with those of colleagues and rivals, friends, enemies and familiars. He must set a large stage and furnish every essential property. He must bring on actors by the score, put them through the march of events and so link them with the larger national scene that the reader has a whole changing, moving, living era visualized before him as in a kaleidoscope of human figures. Thus the best biography carries history along in its train—history at best because it is dominated and enlivened by engaging and spacious personalities. Boswell's Johnson is still the peerless example of this form of literature on the epic scale. Sir George Otto Trevelyan's Early Life of Charles James Fox is as fine a model as can be found for a biography that must be compressed within the limits of a single volume. Beveridge's Life of Chief Justice Marshall won immediate acceptance as an exceptionally able biography that was also a history of the times. Now comes from the press his posthumous Life of Abraham Lincoln to set a new high mark for American biographers to aim at.

Enough was already known of Lincoln as a great and impressive figure, shambling leisurely across the page of American history. His every official act and relationship was fully documented. The biographer and his subject staggered alike under the enormous mass of available material that challenged the former and overwhelmed the latter. Mr. Beveridge's task was to rescue Abraham Lincoln from the avalanche of facts and records and documents which had engulfed him and to display him as a human being, as a half-starved, ill-clad boy with a lick and a promise for his early education, as a self-taught country lawyer, as local strong man, joker and politician, and finally as one of the mightiest personal forces his struggling young country had ever known. It was as much his duty to exhibit the minor flaws in his noble personality as it was to make much of his boundless humanity and the spark of divine fire that warmed his great and courageous heart. His aim, in short, was to show Mr. Lincoln not only as a great historical personage but also as a familiar and lovable figure, going about his homely routine tasks, unconsciously preparing himself for the unsuspected destiny that lay ahead of him.

The merit of a biographer can be appraised almost as well by noting what he leaves out as by reading what he puts in. Senator Beveridge has left out hundreds of pages of tedious material that the curious can readily find in other works, but he has omitted little or nothing essential to the completeness of his personal portrait and his picture of the times. He has employed dialogue with grateful freedom. He has used every legitimate resource which makes for readability. He is so evidently thrilled by the story he tells that his readers, perforce, must be thrilled also.

This work has two heroes. One is Mr. Lincoln, the other is the vital young nation to which he gave his life. It is the crowning achievement of Senator Beveridge's brilliant and useful career.

Subsidizing Exports

WHENEVER the proposition is advanced to grant governmental assistance to a merchant marine, it is customary in certain circles to deprecate this as a subsidy to exports. With the propriety of such state aid we are not here concerned. But it is worth while to know that it is common abroad. An illustration is insurance of export credits in Great Britain.

In 1919 the British Government offered, in aid of rehabilitation of export trade, a form of guaranty of export credits. This was soon dropped as impractical in its form. Another was started in 1921, and this also died. In 1926 the existing plan was set in operation. A Credit Insurance Committee, under official supervision, offers a guarded insurance to exporters to cover credits extended to foreign customers. Exporters may, under certain conditions, choose between facilities of an insurance character without recourse to the exporter and facilities of a financial character with full recourse to the exporters. The effect is to afford a limited insurance against losses in the export trade. Under the present plan the losses to the fund have been small; under the two previous and abandoned plans the losses were heavy.

This is, of course, an export subsidy. That it is indirect makes no difference. It is as much a subsidy as paying money to a ship line to afford shippers a lower rate on ocean freight.

A Hard Nut to Crack

IT HAS become the custom in party platforms and in the acceptance speeches of presidential candidates to touch upon so many subjects, big and little, that much of vital importance is merely yawned at by the radio audience and newspaper readers. Both Mr. Hoover and Governor Smith called attention to the multiplicity of Federal government agencies and dwelt upon the desirability of reducing their number or of grouping those devoted to one major purpose under a single responsibility and authority.

But fair exception can be taken to Governor Smith's scornful reference to the failure of the present Administration's efforts to reorganize the Government. He implies that this has been due to a partisan desire to retain patronage. Considerable reorganization actually has been effected, especially in the Department of Commerce, over which Mr. Hoover has presided. Indeed, the Secretary of Commerce was one of the driving forces making for such logical grouping as we have. He acquired enemies by urging still further changes, and it might be enlightening to discover the origin of certain attacks upon Mr. Hoover which on the surface at least appear to have no connection with what seems the dry and rather technical process of reorganizing Federal agencies.

But there is nothing dry to a man in such a regrouping if it means the loss of a job to him, or even a slight reduction in rank. No cabinet member, however honest, zealous and intelligent, no committee of experts appointed by the President—nay, not even the greatest President himself—can regroup various Federal departments, bureaus, commissions and divisions without running up against the hard, bitter and implacable opposition and hatred, not so much of partisan patronage or politics as of the men in the jobs who see a possible loss of prestige. Many of these men are technicians and not interested in politics. Some are Republicans and some are Democrats. Their position, their standing, their little corner in the great bureaucratic scheme of things are more important to them than all the economies and consolidations in the world.

Mr. Hoover served more than seven years as Secretary of Commerce and is familiar with Federal-agency problems. Moreover, no one has accomplished more than he in reorganizing these same agencies. If regrouping can be carried any further he seems the logical one to undertake it. If anyone can crack the nut he is the man.

Broad Horizons

NEW inventions have a fortunate way of pushing back man's limitations and giving him a broader point of view. We do not know what aviation will accomplish in the future, or whether the more roseate predictions will be fulfilled. Perhaps flying will achieve more than even its most ardent advocates now anticipate. Who knows? But this much is evident: Aviation has already been of marked service in acquainting people with the cities or regions in which they live, in a way that never could be done by any other means.

In Northern Arizona there is a county, the second largest in the country, which straddles both sides of the great canyon of the Colorado River. From the county seat on the southern side to the northern rim one may go by pack train—a long and tedious trip. Or the trip may be made by railroad or automobile by way of Needles, California, and Las Vegas, Nevada, a route of many hundreds of miles through two other states. Or it may be made by way of Lee's Ferry across the river. But the ferryboat was recently destroyed, and the county attorney, the health officer and an undersheriff, obliged to make the trip on public business, found it was cheaper to fly than to go the long distance by train or even by automobile. Who doubts that these three men gained a knowledge of their broad territory which many previous trips failed to convey?

There is a common experience of exaltation in looking down upon the countryside from a mountain top or down upon the city streets from a tower like that of the Woolworth Building. One sees the whole rather than a part; one thinks in terms of unity rather than of separateness and disunity. One gets the idea of the region rather than of an unimportant locality.

Nor is this an expression of mere generalities. Aerial surveys are affecting the whole idea of public improvements and city planning. Actual aerial transportation and airports concern many interests, but this other phase of the progress of aviation is perhaps just as significant. The aerial survey is a map with a sort of extra dimension; it is almost a map with inspiration. It reveals both deficiencies and opportunities. It shows where man has gone wrong; he may sense what is wrong for the first time. But it also reveals possibilities which he had not thought of.

THE SOUL OF A CITY

By Albert W. Atwood

IN AMERICAN development, the time seems to have come, or is close at hand, when there is an eager desire to give to life dignity, charm and beauty. It has been said that while commercialism comes before culture, it is in point of time only, not in importance. Cities were founded as trading centers; from the nature of things, they cannot fail to be material at bottom. But at top, higher values must develop if ultimate success is to be theirs.

The ardent desire, the insistent demand, that our cities be orderly and sightly, that they be well planned and well arranged, that they exhibit qualities of space, perapective, proportion, harmony, symmetry and unity—all this means a profound change in the mental attitude and standard of values of the American people. The World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 brought into being the city-beautiful movement. The buildings were temporary, yet the effect of their orderly and harmonious grouping was permanent and profound.

But the words "city beautiful" gave rise to gibes. The movement was regarded as impracticable, useless, unnecessary and extravagant. People thought of geranium boxes in front yards and pink ribbons on lamp-posts. Practical men distrusted the love of beauty as being mere sentiment. Besides, the movement seemed to consist of putting a pleasing front on what was otherwise mean and monotonous—a sort of municipal cosmetic. The idea was to scatter about a few imposing public buildings, fountains and statues.

The architects who fostered this movement obtained their ideas largely from the show places of European capitals, and were unmindful of the distressing living conditions behind the imposing public squares, palaces, façades and boulevards of the Continent. Moreover, the demolitions demanded for grand avenues and places were costly beyond measure, and, as a committee of the American Institute of Architects says, "did not fundamentally alter the environment in which the greater part of the population, rich and poor, were still destined to live."

Broadway, New York, Looking Up From the Battery Through the Financial District

Skin-Deep Beauty

THE city-beautiful movement, however, was a natural protest against the unenlightened and uninformed development of cities which had been going on. But it came to have an unfortunate connotation of mere decoration. Emerson long ago said that beauty must be organic. Howard Strong, city planner, tells how in the city-beautiful days he urged a substantial citizen of a Western town to use his influence in having a proposed new bridge designed in a dignified and impressive manner in keeping with the great river gorge, instead of favoring the contemplated hideous steel trestle.

"Oh, you fellows make me tired," said the substantial citizen. "Let us build our bridge, and then if you want to come along and put a few rosettes and Cupids on it, go to it—I don't care."

But the pretty-pretty notion soon gave way to social considerations; congestion, slums and housing were what engaged attention. Then came still another twist—the almost exclusive emphasis upon the economic and engineering questions of city growth, land values, water supply, transportation, traffic and the like.

But now once again beauty dares be mentioned. Slowly but surely the country is awakening to its economic value. As a people, we are beginning to realize that the factors which make a city beautiful are the very ones which lift it above the average and give it an appeal to higher intelligence, superior citizenship and higher purchasing power. So-called improvements like parks and parkways result in higher assessed values. Artists are employed not only to design cities but automobiles. Beauty is described as the new business tool. We begin to see that dull or ugly buildings cause a sheer dollars-and-cents depreciation. Real-estate men are learning that failure to maintain architectural standards results in slower sales.

It is not pretended that just because the outward appearance of a city attracts and charms the beholder, all the social ills of mankind are thereby solved. Streets and buildings and parks do not reflect the whole inner life of society. Yet just as the face shows forth the character and incorporeal nature of a man, so does the appearance of a city tell much of its animating spirit, of the desires, qualities and ideals of its people. It strikes far deeper than economic values; no city could be truly beautiful throughout unless it reflected fitness and harmony in the lives of men and women.

Emerson said that beauty takes us out of surfaces to thinking of the foundations of things: "We ascribe beauty to that which is simple; which has no superfluous parts; which exactly answers its ends; which stands related to all things; which is the mean of many extremes."

"City beautification," says Hugh R. Pomeroy, secretary of the Los Angeles County Regional Planning Commission, "represents the manner of doing certain things as well as the actual doing. It is the touch which makes a street enjoyable to the eye as well as to our vehicular substitute for feet. It is the thing which makes one building outstanding in appeal while another is outstanding in its offensiveness. It is the thing which makes one town remembered as a place to which to return, in which to do business, in which to live, in which to play, while another is a sort of ill memory, leaving a bad taste in the mind."

A New Value to Life

WHAT possible human justification or ultimate objective can there be in cities unless to give pleasure and happiness? But as "beauty" is the word which is applied to any form of sight or sound that attracts and charms, it is self-evident that there can be no full measure of pleasure and happiness without beauty. The human body itself operates on principles of proportion, harmony and unity; it is preposterous to suppose that man can obtain pleasure from sights and sounds in which these elements are lacking.

In a hundred ways we find that civilized man cares most for what is beautiful, works hardest and spends most liberally for it. "The most useful man in the most useful world," said Emerson, "so long as only commodity was served, would remain unsatisfied. But as fast as he sees beauty, life acquires a very high value."

It is in the city that this quality is most needed, for in the country Nature provides it. If beauty is to be an integral part of our life, it should be reflected in every phase of the city. Certainly if a large proportion of the urban environment is needlessly ugly, depressing or dull, we must suffer correspondingly.

It is a fair question whether any age in the world's history in which people failed to recognize that the enjoyment of beauty was the highest form of pleasure can be described as truly great.

"We were meant to live in beauty, to cherish it and create it," says Ralph Adams Cram, great architect, "and a civilization that functions in the hideous and uncouth is a civilization of the wrong shape, whatever the testimony of the bank and the clearing house, and however imposing the statistics as to the balance of trade. These may accompany civilization, but they do not prove it."

But the practical question, of course, is how ugly our towns and cities are, and if the balance leans too far in the direction of unsightliness, to do what we can about it. There is always danger in comparing American towns and

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"My Meat"

"Oh, How Nice of You to Come Way Out Here Just for the Afternoon!"

The Decent Girl: "There are Just as Many of Us as There Ever Were." The Jazz Baby: "Yeah? But We Get All the Publicity"

Bookplate Motto

REMEMBER, Book, your proper shelf,
From which my friend hath helped himself,
And like a dove with wings unloosed
Return, come back, fly home to roost!
— Arthur Guiterman.

Catechism of a Real Confessions Writer

Q. Is truth stranger than fiction? A. Oh, yes, indeed.

Q. What impels you to confess to the world this story of your own ruined life? A. The pitiful tale of Margery Bradford, that reckless girl who attained her desires at a terrible cost.

The Guests Who Came at the Scheduled Time

Q. What other motive prompts you to reveal here the innermost secrets of your soul? A. The hope that my tragic experience will help some innocent girl to avoid the pitfalls of life.

Q. What will you title your confession? A. Jealousy's Traps.

Q. And what will be your subtitle? A. A heart-gripping narrative of a young wife's betrayal.

Continued on Page 103

Aunt: "Drive On, Cytherea. Let's Have No Truck With These Ruffians!"

Who Will Invent a Combination Golf-and-Sleeping Bag for Players on Public Courses, Enabling Them to be Early in the Bag Line on Sunday Mornings?

Why thousands make a meal on soup

SEVERAL YEARS ago the women of America made a discovery. They found that Campbell's Vegetable Soup is often just the luncheon or supper they want. That is, they awoke to the fact that here in this one dish, ready for the table in a few minutes, they have a delicious, invigorating, nourishing meal, often enough in itself, with very little else, to satisfy the noonday or evening appetite.

Just think how much this means. Every woman knows how troublesome these meals are apt to be. They're so "in-between," yet they must supply the needed nourishment to carry over to the longer meals. Also the appetite is often so hard to attract at these times. It is "choosy" and many of the usual luncheon or supper dishes often fail to tempt it.

But a piping hot plateful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup instantly stirs the appetite with its tempting flavor. Here is a hearty soup—liquid and solid food in delightful combination. For its fifteen different vegetables are whole, diced or in puree, so that every spoonful is laden with substantial nourishment. Tonic broth, body-building cereals, herbs and seasoning complete this blend of thirty-two different ingredients.

Yet all you have to do in preparing this meal is to add an equal quantity of water to Campbell's Vegetable Soup, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for a few minutes. Food of such high quality, yet requiring so little effort by you! No wonder it is served so regularly in countless households!

Serve it today. And take a moment to read the list of the 21 Campbell's Soups printed on the label. Your grocer has, or will get for you, all the soups you select. 12 cents a can.

I'm so full of pep and steam
I could star on any team.
Vigor, health and mighty zeal
Come from eating Campbell's meal!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE WOLVES OF CHAOS

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

XXXI

CLOSE to one o'clock that day, Richardson drifted into the Rue de la Paix on the way to the Rue St. Honoré, hard by. He had set his mind upon lunching at Le Grand Vatel, dedicated to the memory of a famous chef who had committed hara-kiri on his carving knife because his employer had grumbled about an egg or something

He paused before a jeweler's window—a thing he had been doing frequently of late—where there were some emeralds on display. They were fine stones—he could say that with authority, this being the Rue de la Paix—but they looked about the same, so far as he could see, as the green glass frankly exhibited in the Rue de Rivoli. He was not an expert like Cutty, who could distinguish emerald from glass by instinct almost. Only recently Richardson had been presented to the fact that an emerald was really a green beryl. It was like saying that the watermelon belonged to the pumpkin family. But there was one thing he could swear to, and that was color. He had seen and fondled the Drums of Jeopardy, their history going back to the loot of Delhi by Nadir Shah. And this one shade of green was nearly as hard to find as an ectoplasm in a mummy.

But it was tough that the old boy had lost his chrysoprase. Without those green stones he would be like a fiddle without a bow.

As he turned away from the jeweler's window he saw a brown taxi coming out of the Rue des Petits-Champs—and Olga's white face inside! He was dumfounded. Olga, out alone in a taxi? There was a dark cherry-colored taxi loafing toward the Opéra, scouting for passengers. Richardson darted for this, climbing inside while it was still in motion.

"Follow that brown taxi! A hundred francs an hour, and not too near!" were his first instructions.

The cabby had the Parisian eye. You were somebody or you weren't. This handsome young man, correctly tailored, would pay his bid. But a hundred francs an hour reminded the cabby of the day the war broke out and crazy Americans gave their jewels to get to the railway terminals. Nevertheless, this young fellow had a sharp look.

No weapon, thought Richardson. Bad. Not even a pocket flash light. Bad. Not even the time to telephone inquiries, to set his compass right. He would have to go it blind. Olga, contrary to orders, was alone in a strange taxi; there was nothing else to do but follow wherever the chase led. Something was wrong—vitally wrong. Olga would be the last to break the iron-bound rules of the war camp in the Rue de Valois. Well, there she was, just ahead of him, and it was his business to find out why. He was confident that she had embarked upon some kind of adventure unknown to Cutty, but it would be an important adventure; and if he rolled up alongside with a how-de-do the possibilities were that he would send her game tobogganing. So he would follow, feeling that her journey's end would answer the major portion of his clamoring questions.

When he saw her change from the brown taxi to the black limousine, there was nothing visible in her actions to indicate that she had been forced to change. He saw the brown taxi wheel and drive back to the Boulevard des Italiens. So he cautioned his cabby to keep the limousine in sight—no nearer than that.

Olga had run away; that part of it was certain. But how had she got by Kitty and the vigilant Jap and the *Sûreté* man? No one was with her. It was not the limousine the two girls used in the afternoons. He must change too. If things were wrong the chauffeur ahead would soon enough observe the persistence of the cherry-colored taxi; and besides, that limousine could go two kilometers to his one. One thing he was afraid of: Beyond the barrier—the Octroi—the limousine was likely to break into fifty miles the hour.

He called a halt, paid the astonished cabby the promised hundred and got out. His glance roved quickly and he discovered a gray taxi loafing at the curb.

"Free?"

"*Oui, m'sieu.*"

"How much petrol have you?"

"Enough for eighty kilometers."

"Follow that black limousine, a thousand yards to the rear."

"*Oui, m'sieu.*"

"One hundred francs an hour."

"*Bien!*" Here was a crazy American. Eh, well!

The barrier was passed. The limousine started off at thirty kilometers the hour and the gray taxi followed discreetly.

Nothing very exciting so far. But after a few miles it occurred to Richardson that shortly he must change to another taxi.

Ten miles beyond the city limits Richardson rolled into a filling station. Luck was with him. An empty cane-patterned taxi, on the way to town, was getting gas. He made a bargain with this cabby and three minutes later they were after the limousine, now just visible, but still going leisurely. This lack of hurry kept the puzzle foursquare to the pursuer. If Olga was being abducted the car would be whizzing along this wide magnificent highway at top speed. Instead, it might have been going up the Champs-Élysées at teatime.

Every little while a small hill rose up and hid the limousine temporarily.

It was three o'clock. At any time the limousine saw the necessity of it, the cane-patterned taxi would be left hopelessly to the rear.

Richardson had planned better than he knew. The chauffeur of the limousine had been watching the road behind. He had seen a cherry-colored taxi, a gray one and now this cane-patterned one. He was thereby lulled into the belief that there was no pursuit.

They were approaching Chantilly.

Suppose—came into Richardson's head—that Kitty had been indisposed and that Olga had gone out alone under the care of the dependable chauffeur, and Chantilly the objective? No. The brown taxi broke down this theory. He must follow till the black limousine reached its destination. He was right either way. If Olga was just riding about the country she would eventually return to the Rue de Valois. In trouble, he would be on hand to help her. But once again he cursed his thoughtlessness in wandering about at any time unarmed. He had his two good fists and his fighter's eye, but small potatoes in the presence of an armed man—an armed man who would be without compassion or compunction. He explored the side pockets of the taxi, but there wasn't even a small monkey wrench.

Killing time. At these words Richardson's imagination leaped to the truth. The other car was simply killing time so as to reënter Paris at dusk. Olga was caught in some kind of net, but willingly. The loyalty of Olga was as stout as the Rock of Gibraltar; he was as positive of this as he was of the hat on his head. His imagination went further. She had trusted the *Sûreté* man to follow, and he had, for some inexplicable reason, failed her. Well, there was a certain Yankee who wouldn't.

The sun drew to the west, a ruddy ball, then a half ball a rim of orange. Paris was visible in the distance. At the barrier Richardson was only a hundred yards behind. Then he saw Zinovieff get into the limousine, and the riddle was a riddle no more.

How and with what cunning Olga had devised this game he was not to know for some days, but it was now clear to Richardson that she had drawn the enemy, expecting the *Sûreté* man to follow. And where was

Continued on Page 34

"So!" Zinovieff Spoke in English. "I'm to be Hanged, am I?"

SWIFT

Special delicacy and lightness in your baking—with "Silverleaf."

Used for years by women famous for their frying—"Silverleaf"

Carton design copyrighted 1928 by Swift & Company

From every angle, the new "Silverleaf" carton is so distinctive that you can make sure of getting the lard you want!

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

To help you identify a famous food . . . *this new carton*

Self-measuring! Just score the print as indicated on the new "Silverleaf" carton and cut the exact amount needed without bothering to pack a measuring cup.

FOR your protection, a new package for this famous food! A distinctive new carton, copyrighted, to guide you in your shopping!

For many years, thousands of women have chosen one particular lard for all their cooking—Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. So great is this public preference that numerous ordinary products are being packaged in direct imitation of "Silverleaf's" old carton. Naturally some women have been imposed on.

But now, in a flash, you can make certain of getting the lard you want! See the unique design, the brilliant colors of the new "Silverleaf" carton reproduced here. So easy to recognize! Just a moment's glance now will identify the genuine "Silverleaf" and repay you with better results in your baking and frying.

Rendered exceptionally sweet and pure from choice pork fat, "Silverleaf" adds appetizing richness to your dishes. Creamy and smooth, just the right consistency to mix well with other ingredients, it gives exceptional lightness and tenderness to all baked foods. And in frying, because of its purity, "Silverleaf" heats evenly and fries thoroughly to the very center underneath a crust of golden brown.

More convenient to use, too! The new "Silverleaf" carton is self-measuring like the old one — an exclusive "Silverleaf" feature. Just cut what you need!

To be assured of special richness in your baking and frying, ask for "Silverleaf" by name and look for the new carton! It comes in one and two pound sizes. You can buy "Silverleaf" also in 2, 4 and 8 pound pails.

Swift & Company

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the man? But for the merest stroke of luck Olga would have disappeared without anyone knowing whither. Much as he loved Kitty, Richardson knew that she would not have plotted this. The boy, the boy, always the boy; she would have gone pell-mell to the boy, without, as they say, preparing any exit.

Richardson wavered for a second; to dash up alongside and pluck Olga out of the limousine, to summon the police—and there were always two or three within calling of the barrier—and arrest Zinovieff. But second thought dismissed this plan. The Karlovna's nest would still remain in obscurity, and Kitty's boy wouldn't be worth a kopeck. He must follow the limousine to its destination.

A good point in his favor was the descending darkness. All taxicabs, like cats, were gray in the dark.

Into the Boulevard Poissonnière, up to the Gare de l'Est—on the route to the Place du Combat or somewhere near there. When the black limousine rolled leisurely into the Rue de Meaux, Richardson wisely paid his cabby and dismissed him. Then he sought the nearest doorway. So far he had played the game like a policeman *par excellence*.

From the doorway he was able to note where the limousine came to a stop. *En silhouette*, he saw Olga and Zinovieff enter a house. Only a quarter of a mile from the Place du Combat! Richardson knew this district better than the police did. He had patrolled it for weeks.

He travels fastest who travels alone. But to every rule there is an exception. And this, unfortunately for Richardson, was the exceptional episode or intervention. He slipped out of the doorway and crossed the street. When he came opposite to the house he knew instantly the possibilities of making his way to the rear of it. A man came out of the house. The chauffeur turned over the car to this stranger and entered the house, while the other man drove off with the limousine, the license number of which at no time had Richardson been able to see.

The way clear, Richardson hurried his steps, pressing his light gray fedora firmly upon his head. No man likes to lose his hat, warm weather or cold; bare-headed, for some reason nobody has been able to discover, he becomes an object for ridicule. Richardson would have exchanged the pearl-gray fedora for any coal heaver's cap. Even in the dusk, with this light hat he would be as visible as a lamp-post. Still, he did not care to lose it.

So there was the nest, and he had found it by the sheerest accident. To rescue the little grand duke on his own, himself to place the boy in Kitty's arms—the grandiose gesture of a young man in love. There were two logical procedures—to telephone the apartment or the police or both. Richardson did neither. His conscience stirred uneasily, but he left its queries unanswered. Cutty or the police behind him, his risks would have been nominal. But Cutty and the police would have shared the honors. Thus, luck, his temporary partner, had led an ace, and trump it he must forthwith.

Richardson, casting common sense to the winds, raced back, remembering a carter's alley. Into this he plunged and began scaling walls till at length he stood in the dim backyard of the house into which he had seen Olga pass. He slunk to the cellar window and was pleased to note that the window was open and that three bars were missing. He slid down into the cellar so quietly that he could hardly hear any noise himself. He had neither pistol nor flash light—not the healthiest situation in a house of anarchists—but he had a brain which, by its alertness and bold thinking, had drawn him out of worse pits than this promised to be.

He did have his cigarette lighter. This he struck into light, and on tiptoe he moved about, at length coming upon several crates under the stairs. Oranges. He smiled grimly. He would sit on one of these crates till the men left the house, it being likely that they would dine outside. He heard sounds, faint human actions, but none came directly from overhead, where the kitchen should be.

He was under the cellar stairs, sitting upon what he knew to be many thousands of dollars' worth of cocaine. Absorbent cotton, probably, powdered with crystals. The whole shooting match, if there was no slip-up. Well, this consignment would never fuddle the brains of anybody in the United States. Some satisfaction in this thought. Perhaps it would be wise to forage for some kind of club. The cigarette lighter flared again and he began to prowl about stealthily, in the end coming upon an ax helve, next to a pistol the handiest weapon he knew of. He returned to his queer roost, where he would have a signal advantage over anyone coming down the stairs. So far as time went, that was on his side.

The luminous dial on his wrist watch marked the seventh hour. If they went out to dine, the house was his, even if they left someone to guard the boy. Resolutely but regretfully he proceeded to unbutton his gaiters and to take off his shoes. He was already a sartorial wreck; fifteen British pounds gone to pot, for the Paris branch of a famous London tailor had turned out this suit but two weeks ago. But with that boy in his arms, the coronation robes of Napoleon —— He heard a door slam and he raised his glance thoughtfully. Front door, probably. Well, quarter of an hour later he would start up the cellar stairs, and no Sioux Indian could beat him for noiseless steps.

Fifteen minutes passed. He rose, turned and began the ascent of the stairs, cautiously testing each step as he mounted, one hand gripping the ax helve, the other stretched out before him. When his finger tips touched the door he laid his ear against a panel. Silence. Slowly he began to turn the door knob.

Malakoff and Martinoff stood in the hallway, holding their breaths.

Fate had given Richardson his chance, but because he chose to ignore the logical procedure attendant she went next door.

A well-meaning communist lived there. In the evening, now that the weather permitted, he liked to lean over the window sill, smoke his pipe and stare at the cabbage patch he had planted. Thus he saw Richardson's progress from the wall to the cellar. He duly notified Malakoff that there was a burglar in his cellar and slept soundly that night. Property should be equally divided, but there was still some question as to the right of any man entering any cellar not his own.

When Richardson opened the door he received Malakoff's boot heel in the chest, causing him to cry out as he toppled backward, down the full flight. Before he could recover, the two rogues were on top of him, the one viciously kicking him and the other savagely pounding the bewildered head with a pistol butt. When Anna Karlovna came down with a candle, Richardson, bound and gagged and bloody, had all the semblance of a dead man.

XXXII

CUTTY was deeply depressed and as deeply puzzled. There was something in the back of his head striving for expression, for articulation—something relative to Olga's act that he could not reach. She had acted upon the assumption that, in a play like this, Kitty was not to be trusted, that Kitty's every act would be mastered by the thought of seeing her boy, that she would have flown away without counting the hazards, without any plan—blindly. It had not been a question of bravery but of bravery and caution. But for that one mischance out of a million chances—the four minutes' absence of the *Sûreté* man—Olga would, in all probability, have brought about the conclusion of this adventure. She might have paid rather hardily for it; indeed, she might have paid the extreme price, but she would not have wasted her life. And now, only God knew!

Something back of Olga's act, and he could not lay a word to it—that was the puzzle. And yet her purpose was perfectly clear.

Cutty paced the living room, for once in his life unable to smoke. He had never lacked confidence; the supposition that all would come out right in the end had never been remote. Now he could see nowhere. Every weapon knocked out of his hands, the enemy unseen, triumphant.

Something in the back of his head he could not get hold of—the little grand duke was not so important as his aunt! So long as she had been safely housed in the apartment, he had not had a perspective, and now he had one which seemed to skewer him.

Olga Mikailovna—how vivid she became to him suddenly! From Moscow to Warsaw neither she nor the varied actions of their flight had left more than an impression of thrilling

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She Drew Close to His Chair. All Along She Had Known She Would Do Whatever He Wanted Her to Do

Over an ocean or over a continent there is no substitute for Mobiloil

Quality

When you count up your year's total mileage, you too cross continents of space. Did you ever think of that? Do you want oil less dependable than that used by so many history-makers who have crossed continents and oceans in record time? Their oil was Gargoyle Mobiloil.

AGAIN—When Miss Amelia Earhart flew across the Atlantic, her three Wright engines were lubricated with Mobiloil—the same oil which Colonel Lindbergh has used in his flights.

AGAIN—When Cannon Ball Baker drove a Franklin Airman automobile twice across the continent in 157 hours and 23 minutes, his oil was Mobiloil. And he broke all previous records for the trip by 10 hours and 36 minutes.

AGAIN—When Gerry Bouwer drove his Chrysler "72" from Cape Town, South Africa, through Cairo, Egypt, and on to London, England, it was Mobiloil that lubricated his engine every mile of the way.

* * *

You will probably drive from 5,000 to 10,000 miles during the year ahead. Your cost per mile, and carbon per mile, and wear per mile, and all-round satisfaction per mile, will depend largely on the lubricating oil you use. You are always sure with

The World's Quality Oil

Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

GARGOYLE Mobiloil

Look for the red Gargoyle trade-mark on the Mobiloil container

Fair retail price—
30¢ a quart
from bulk, except "B" and "BB" which are 35¢ a quart. (Prices higher in Southwest and Far West.)

From the Far East comes this Quaker-Felt motif, Design No. 4590—an Oriental effect that can be had in three different colorings. Sizes from 18 x 36 in. to the large room-size rugs, 9 x 15 ft.

Armstrong's Quaker-Felt RUGS

They *Look* costly

...Yet their surprisingly low price keeps even SLIM *budgets smiling*

YOUR own home can now boast rugs of rich beauty . . . fresh in design . . . sparkling and bright in coloring . . . at but a fraction of what you *expect* such rugs to cost. For local merchants are today offering genuine Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rugs at prices that keep even slim purses smiling.

These new-type, smooth-surfaced rugs appeal particularly to the woman who has an eye for value—to the woman who does her own housework.

First, Quaker-Felt Rugs really do *look* expensive, for they are the creation of artists long skilled in designing beautiful Armstrong's Linoleum Floors. Actually they're low in price. Even the large 9 x 12-foot size costs little more—perhaps no more—than you'd pay for a good pair of shoes or a new hat.

Low-priced—yet has Accolac finish

Then, too, Quaker-Felt Rugs offer you the labor-saving feature of Accolac—a tough, dirt-resisting lacquer finish you can *dust* clean.

Accolac adds to the beauty of the rug design. It protects the clear colors . . . keeps them fresh and clean . . . even doesn't stain when grease is spilled on your rug. And as for tracked-in dirt and mud—a damp cloth will flick all trace of soil away jiffy-quick!

New booklet tells thrift story

If you'd like to have beautiful rugs in your home—and still *save* money, write for "Rich Beauty at Low Cost." This new booklet shows in full color the wide choice of designs in Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rugs. Free.

Simply address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's Quaker-Felt also comes by-the-yard in 6-ft. and 9-ft. widths. Thus if you prefer, you can completely cover an old floor with a brand-new floor quickly... and inexpensively, too.

Made by the Makers of Armstrong's Linoleum

On the face of each Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rug is the numbered certificate shown here. It guarantees you satisfactory wear or a brand-new rug FREE if you're not completely satisfied.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

(Continued from Page 34)

haste to get out of a nightmare. And now, as he paced, little details and high lights returned, demanding his attention. Her readiness in that drunken scene in the streets of Moscow; her instant obedience to his every command; her amazing vitality, plodding along with him through the mud and the rain and the fog; a daughter of the Cæsars on two sides, the Russian and the Roman; the quiet heroism of her when she had stepped into Samson's airplane, death giving her a hand up, as it were; the confusing gayety of her actions, once they were safe and sound in Poland. Olga Mikailovna—more important a thousand times than Kitty's boy! It was because only the little boy's body would suffer, whereas Olga's mind would suffer far more than her body. In the hands of the Wolves of Chaos!

His loyalty to Kitty remained untouched. It was his knowledge of Olga's capacity to suffer that tore his heart.

Nine o'clock. Where was Dick? He hadn't thought of this absence till now. Cutty stepped quickly to the telephone. But Dick had not been seen at the hotel since morning. Nine o'clock and no word from Dick, who was as punctual as a well-regulated clock. A sinister silence. No matter what trail he had stumbled upon, somewhere between times Dick would have telephoned or left word. His anxiety growing, Cutty called the *Sûreté*. Monsieur Richardson had not reported that day. There was this news, however. A fiddler at the Moulin Rouge, Malakoff by name, had been seen in Prunier's with a woman who answered to the description of the Stankévitch, or Karlovna, woman. No way of following up. Malakoff had quit his job four days ago.

Dick! Cutty ceased his pacing and sat down. They had got Dick too! It was written in letters as high as the Eiffel Tower.

Kitty stood in the doorway, the effect of Garnier's narcotic having worn itself out. She was still pale and disheveled, yet lovely. Kitty and Olga—no matter how they were dressed, no matter what they had been through—always lovely.

"No news?"

"No, Kitty. Do you want anything to eat?"

"No. Where is Dick?"

Dick? So it wasn't the formal Richardson any more? "Dick hasn't turned up yet," he evaded.

"Cutty, Olga—we didn't get on very well. And now I want her. She took my place. . . . She is very beautiful, Cutty. And she will suffer dreadfully. What have I done that all these things should happen to me?"—like a bewildered child.

"God is inscrutable, Kitty. I don't want to chide you in this hour, but if you two had gone to Garnier's house ——"

"But, Cutty, I had to stay here! Something told me to stay here. Can't I make you understand?"—despair in her voice.

No, she couldn't make him understand. Something was going to happen in this room, in this apartment of his. What this thing was going to be, not even she could see, but she knew. It was all over his head and all his marshaled facts could not stand up against this prescience. She knew that something was going to happen in these rooms.

He wanted to take her into his arms and comfort her, but tonight there was a mysterious invisible repellent. He could not define this repellence. Dick's love for her? It did not seem to be that. Some other reason, obscure and provocative; a small voice forbidding him. Or was it because he suspected that, without being aware of it, she was being drawn to Dick?

"Better go back to bed, Kitty." How empty his voice sounded.

"Sleep? Cutty, I'm cracking up!"—with a wild gesture. "I've hung on till now." She groped for a chair, flung herself into it and the storm broke.

Which was exactly what Garnier, as a physician, would have asked for more than anything else. Many a time, in his experience, tears had stopped the breakdown of the mind.

But Cutty wasn't a physician and naturally exaggerated the situation, bad as it was. Repellents vanished, invisible barriers, and he ran to her side, kneeling and throwing his arm across her heaving shoulders.

"Kitty dear!" He loved her; he would go on loving her till the end of time, hopelessly if he had to, but always. Molly's girl!

But Molly's girl thrust him aside. "Please!" she cried. "I don't . . . want to . . . be touched! . . . I want to be alone! . . . Please, Cutty—please!"

Hurt and astonished, he released her, rose and stepped back. Hysteria. He had not been privileged to witness at close range this feminine phase, but instinctively he knew as much as the average husband, and that was to get himself out of her way as quickly as possible. His natural inclination was to get out-of-doors, but Kitty was in an extraordinary as well as in a dangerous state of mind. She might take it into her head to go out if there was only Kuroki to watch her. No use bothering Garnier. Kitty just wanted to be alone; didn't want a witness to her breakdown. In a little while she would be calling to him. So he caught up his pipe and pouch, took the key out of the door and went into the dining room. Kuroki, hearing these movements, appeared.

"Dinner, sair?"

"Bring me a pint of champagne and one for Kitty."

"Yess, sair. Champagne ver' good."

Cutty finished his pint in vulgar haste. If a man did have such an ailment as hysteria, then certainly he was edging toward it. The last of the wine gone, he lit his pipe and stared at the black window, the tension of his nerves having dropped considerably. Dick and Olga gone, Kitty's nerve giving out, his own not worth much; and all this after Sturm was adroitly got out of the way. Three or four minutes by the clock, that noon; a pack of cigarettes for that poor unlucky devil of a *Sûreté* man who had been vigilantly on guard for more than three hours. Chance medley, against which no human being could defend himself.

The world went round, thought Cutty ironically, and he, being attached to it by the laws of gravity, must go round with it; but sometimes it was a nuisance.

After two pipes he silently approached the living room. Kitty was curled and asleep in her chair, her hysteria gone with the champagne Kuroki had placed beside her chair. If only he could carry her to her room without waking her, he thought. Instead, he turned out the lights. Poor girl—the innocent bystander, the victim of Lenin and Trotzky; a ripple that had widened thousands of miles to the door of a lonely cow ranch in Dakota.

His musings were broken in upon by the sound of cautious steps in the hall. He waited. The knuckle of a finger struck the door four times. The taxi *Sûreté* man was outside with news.

Cutty stepped out into the hall, his finger laid warningly against his lip.

"What is it?" he whispered, suppressing his excitement.

"About an hour ago, monsieur, I espied a man dressed as a mortarer watching your windows. He stood across the street for ten minutes, then walked away rapidly. I followed in the cab."

"What was he like?"

"He was a tremendous fellow, monsieur."

Samson, thought Cutty. "Go on."

"At the corner he got into a cab and drove toward Montmartre. At length he stopped and entered a house in the Rue Pigalle. I summoned assistance and we have the man in custody, but still in the house. It is strange, but those living in the house are all Russians of a high-class—*les émigrés*. None of them has a police record. The big man asked to see you."

"I know him. He is hunting the same woman. Wait till I get my hat. The man is a great aristocrat. He is the man who aided me to escape out of Russia."

"So he said, monsieur. But we had to have you to verify the fact."

Cutty stole back to the kitchen and instructed Kuroki, giving him the dining-room key. Kitty was still asleep.

Thank God! thought Cutty; movement, action, a man to talk to. Samson had come to see him and had suddenly changed his mind. Probably had wanted to find out how far he, Cutty, had gone. Not far; in bitter truth, nowhere.

"Why didn't you come up?" asked Cutty later, having seen to the dismissal of the police.

"A whim took me to you. A whim took me back here," said Samson. "I got as far as the hotel in the Place du Combat. Then the trail became utterly lost. But patience."

"Patience? Olga Mikailovna fell into that woman's hands today, and so did my assistant. Both may be dead."

Samson frowned. "Bad, bad. But I have found one of the cabbies who took Anna Karlovna away from the Place du Combat. He is Russian. He may surrender to a large bribe. But there is much to be done. A ticket to America, immunity from the police and ten thousand American dollars. But before he tells me where he took that woman he must stand on the deck of the ship, either at Cherbourg or at Havre. The passport is the real difficulty. I shall have to depend upon you for that. Once he is in New York, he can easily lose himself."

Light. For the first time Cutty saw light; not very clear, but it would grow. In the meantime, Olga and Dick ——

"How long?"

"The hour you manage to get the passport. But have patience, I say. Anna Karlovna is mine."

"But she is a madwoman; there is no telling what she will do."

"She will wait for me, my friend. It is written. You and I, together, when the hour comes." Samson pressed Cutty's hand. "Do you know what fear is?"

"Yes."

"So do I. That is what makes us men."

Richardson was a young man, endued with that peculiar electric vitality which is seen in the pugilist who continues to fight when in fact he has been knocked out on his feet. Explain it? Nobody can. It is an accepted fact, but science mumbles some vague terms and goes on.

The moment Malakoff's boot struck him in the chest, Richardson knew he was in for immediate death, or a terrible beating, with death to follow. When he reached the foot of the cellar stairs his body was numb; in a few minutes this numbness would give way to intolerable agony—that is, if he wasn't dead. But his mind was clear to the last moment. Before the war Houdini had taught him the principles of the rope trick a contracting and a relaxing of the muscles.

When the two men leaped down upon him he was out, but like the prize fighter he kept going and for a minute or two controlled his muscular actions. It was the last crack of Malakoff's pistol butt that finished the episode. The pearl-gray fedora was still on Richardson's head, perhaps miraculously. The hatband had stuck. And a man hates to lose his hat.

They rifled his pockets of everything, even to the tailor's labels. Then they roped him, while his muscles were still rigid. The Seine would lift him gently to the top some day and his body would go the way of the unidentified.

Upstairs there was a flurry. This was the man who had followed Sturm frequently; the contents of his pockets identified him. Malakoff knew Paris best. After midnight they would take the body to Billancourt, west, where there were wide spaces between the Seine bridges. Self-preservation demanded the life of this young man. Zinovieff particularly insisted upon this point. One more death on his ticket was too inconsiderable to argue about. Anna Karlovna agreed. But she wished this victim had been the other man, Clay, whom the Central Committee demanded of her. She could have departed for Russia on the morrow. She knew, through information gathered by Zinovieff, that she could not leave Paris by train, that she could not pass the frontier with the boy. Malakoff would take the boy for the Swiss barrier. She and Zinovieff and Martinoff would proceed to Italy in separate motors. Their new forged passports were ready. They would all meet in Geneva. But the Soviet Central Committee would not welcome her without definite news of the man Clay, and definite news was a hyperbolical pleasantry, signifying death. So she must have Clay and avenge the death of her brother Boris.

The situation was clear to her regarding the prisoner in the cellar. He had seen Olga Mikailovna and had followed. His discovery of the house was purely accidental. But unless he died ——

Human beings perform acts which, to medical science, are impossible, which defy all the laws of anatomical and physiological teachings. The great war proved this fact many thousands of times, when the theoretically dead got up and walked and eventually returned to the trenches.

The call to life in Richardson was loud and full. No thought of Olga, of Kitty or of Kitty's boy accounted for his subsequent acts. Life; it was still in him and persisted. Theoretically Richardson was dying when a policeman discovered him crumpled grotesquely on the sidewalk not far from the Café Terrace in the Place du Combat. Naturally the policeman thought that here was a drunken man who had been severely mauled in a street fight. So he lifted Richardson and shook him.

"Rue de Valois," said subconsciousness thickly.

"What number?"

It was given, almost inaudibly; then the policeman felt the weight of a dead man. He blew his whistle. Another policeman and a taxi presently came racing to the point of sound.

"Robbed and beaten."

"The hospital?"

The pocket flash light revealed the cut of Richardson's fashionable clothes, but it also revealed a bloody face.

"His home. We must know who he is. Plenty of blood, but no signs of knife or pistol. He will be better off home. In with him, but gently."

Kitty awoke in the dark. For a space she did not know where she was. Then her mind cleared. A peculiar sound had awakened her—heavy footsteps in the hall.

"Cutty?" she called.

The lights came on suddenly with a snap, and she saw Kuroki, a pistol in his hand, his lithe Oriental body tense, standing before the door.

"Who is there?" Kuroki asked in his peculiar French.

"The police. Open the door."

"The next door," said Kuroki.

More heavy steps, accompanied by a dragging sound. Kitty ran after Kuroki. Cutty—something had happened to Cutty, and she had repulsed his kindness! The door

(Continued on Page 90

Created for Those Who Seek the Ultimate in Fine Motor Cars

New CADILLACS

New LA SALLES

New FLEETWOODS

WITH the new Cadillacs and La Salles—powered with the famous 90-degree, V-type, 8-cylinder engines—the Cadillac Motor Car Company has once again shown motordom that only in a Cadillac or La Salle can the ultimate in fine motor cars be obtained. For, in these new models are all the desirable qualities that have made the name Cadillac world famous, plus a number of remarkable new engineering achievements that result in still finer performance, greater safety, more luxurious comfort and riding ease, and that add greatly to facility of operation.

1.. The new Cadillac-La Salle Syncro-Mesh transmission enables one to shift gears easily, instantly, at any speed, without the slightest bit of clashing.

2.. The new Cadillac-designed Duplex Mechanical four-wheel brakes are powerful, but effortless—they respond to the lightest touch and stop the car with amazingly little pedal pressure.

3.. The steering gear is so designed that it takes the strain out of steering, and makes the car seem light as a toy.

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5.. The famous Cadillac ninety-degree, V-type Eight-cylinder engine is refined, improved, and made quieter, smoother and more powerful.

6.. The beautiful luxurious Fisher bodies have been designed and built in accordance with the principles of Pneumatic Control in engineering, thus assuring maximum quietness.

7.. All doors and windows, as well as windshields, are equipped with Security-Plate glass for greater safety.

8.. All exterior nickel parts are Chromium Plated, the new treatment that preserves indefinitely the original sheen.

9.. And the smart, distinctive Cadillac-La Salle body design that has created today's vogue in motor car styles is made still more appealing in these new models by a richer, newer beauty and style in outward appearance, and by more exquisite and harmonious upholstery, appointments and fittings.

In addition to 23 refreshingly beautiful Fisher bodies for the new Cadillac and the new La Salle, there are 14 exclusive and exquisite custom models, Fleetwood designed and Fleetwood built, that vie with the most expensive European cars. These new Cadillacs, La Salles and *de luxe* Fleetwoods are now on display at all Cadillac-La Salle showrooms.

La Salle $2295

La Salle is now priced at $2295 to $2875 Cadillac at $3295 to $7000—all prices f. o. b. Detroit. General Motors time payment plan permits you to pay out of income.

A casual examination of these new Cadillacs and La Salles will convince you of their outstanding superiority. But to ride in them or drive them, to revel in their brilliant performance, remarkable handling ease, and wholly satisfying comfort and luxury, is to discover that only in a Cadillac or La Salle can you obtain the ultimate in fine motor cars.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan *Division of General Motors Corporation* Oshawa, Canada

THE YOUNGER MORTGAGES

By Boyden Sparkes

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

IT WAS a real-estate development of considerable size and offensive architecture. About thirty houses had taken form in what, last year, had been a cornfield. Beyond the completed structures of mustard-toned stucco, polychrome shingles on peaked roofs and foolish gables, stretched a gridiron pattern of raw clay, streets in embryo, that represented a speculative builder's suburban gamble.

Planted in the weed stubble along the concrete highway for more than a quarter of a mile, the frontage of what used to be fertile farm land, were many banners with many strange devices. One of crimson flaunted a boast in white letters that read: Copper Gutters. Another with a field of gold proclaimed Free Refrigerators. A blue flag, starred at the corners as if for an admiral, was embroidered so as to advertise Finished Attics. Every banner in that long column was a selling argument, except for the largest, which heralded the new name of the property. The new name floated from a flagstaff tall enough for Doorn Castle, planted beside an ornate little structure covered with pink-and-white icing that was labeled Office. There I stopped the automobile.

All I wanted was some water for the radiator of my car, but the real-estate-development salesman was as cordial as if he had been the chairman of a Lindbergh reception committee receiving Colonel Lindbergh. In the salesman's eyes I was reflected as a much more important figure than Lindbergh. To him I was a prospect, a man with a family. The family was in the automobile. Since I had a family, he reasoned, I ought to have a house, so he started in to sell me a house. All that would be required of me, he said, was $250 on the day I signed the contract and $250 more on the day I chose to move into one of those won'erful houses.

The price of one of the houses, I learned from a gigantic signboard that stood beside the office, was $8000. The $500 down payment would leave a balance of $7500. How was that to be paid? I did not ask the question. The salesman asked it himself, so that he could answer it and get on with his story, which was, I must admit, simple enough as he told it.

There was a first mortgage of $3500 on each of the houses and the speculative builder was prepared to take back a purchase-money second mortgage of $4000 on each house sold on the $500 down-payment plan. Both mortgages were to earn, the salesman said, 6 per cent annually. The second would be amortized, he said, at the rate of 1 per cent a month.

"Amortize," he explained as gently as if I had been his little grandson, "means demortgage. You would pay forty dollars a month against the principal of the $4000 second mortgage and at the end of one hundred months it would be paid off." He was fairly candid about taxes, water rent, fuel and depreciation; and we were able to agree that twenty-five dollars a month would be a fair charge for all of these. He did not, of course, trouble to remind me that there was an interest-bearing possibility for myself in that $500 down-payment equity which was scheduled to increase at the rate of forty dollars a month. He just airily presumed that any prospective home buyer would fritter it away anyhow and went right on figuring out loud.

At last he announced that it would cost me $102 at the end of the first month and less each month thereafter by the sum of the monthly interest on forty dollars.

"But just think, brother," he implored, "at the expiration of that short time ——"

"How many years is that?"

"Years?"

"Years."

"Why, that would be a little more'n eight years. At the end of that time you would own this house, except for the first mortgage."

Up to this point I honestly believe that if I had manifested a whimsical desire to jam the salesman's straw hat with its colored band down around his ears, he would have considered this attention as a mere gesture of playfulness. The jinni of the lamp was no more stern in his acceptance of that part of the creed which insists that the customer is always right than this salesman. Aladdin asked for the roc's egg and tried the jinni's patience, and I, too, asked the salesman one question too many.

"Are these houses," I asked, "worth $8000?"

He was a pop-eyed little man to start with, and this question seemed to bring him to the verge of apoplexy. He stalked stiff legged over to the side of the nearest house, completed except for sod and shrubs lying in neat mounds against the side wall. Tenderly he slapped the drain that led from the copper gutter.

"At $8000 this house is a bargain," he declared impressively. "This house at such a price is almost a philanthropy; this house ——"

As I slipped the lever forward into second gear and escaped to the highway his mouth was still open, but I felt no sense of guilt for being rude.

Most of us are agreed that home ownership tends to give the nation a better citizenship. The obvious advantages of home owning, including the likelihood of an appreciation in value, are not subjects for dispute. The great majority of Americans who are contemplating the purchase of a house will profit by such a transaction; but it is just as true that if they undertake to buy that house before they are prepared to

(Continued on Page 54)

If They Undertake to Buy That House Before They are Prepared to Pay Down at Least a Fifth of its Value

KIDS IN THE COUNTRY

By MARGE

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

Dot Brought Him in the House and Put Him to Bed in Her Crib

IN SOME ways, living on a farm is a very sad life. When you live on a farm you naturally have a lot of pets, and pets will die. The harder you love them, the faster they die. My life has been just one funeral after another.

Our side lawn is the graveyard, and it is a very sad place, with all the little tombstones sticking up out of the grass.

Whenever one of our pets dies we give it a nice funeral, with a casket and flowers and a headstone with a poem on it—and mourners. I am chief mourner, as I can mourn louder than Betty and Dot. When we have a double or a triple or a quadruple funeral, we play music. We play the Funeral March on combs and a mouth organ. But first we always go down in the cellar and lay the body out, and mamma makes us a shroud—or shrouds, as the case may be.

Did You Ever See a Little Tiny Pony Colt?

Just One Good Cry After Another

I GUESS the reason why we have so many funerals is because we have so many pets. We have had ponies, dogs, cats, rats, mice, rabbits, guinea pigs, chickens, ducks, goats, snakes, squirrels, canary birds, crows, pigeons, hop-toads, caterpillars, all kinds of bugs, and a Mexican jumping bean. And there are lots of others that I can't remember right this minute.

One of our nicest pets was a little bantam chicken named Minnie. We used to take her to the seashore in the summer, and every day she walked down to the beach with us and made an awful racket until we dug a tunnel for her in the sand. Then she would go down in the tunnel and squat in the shade. She used to love to walk along the beach and eat the greenhead flies and mosquitoes off of people's legs. Just when we'd got so we couldn't do without her, Minnie got the pip and died.

Then we had a goat named Nick. He was always kind of a disagreeable goat, maybe because we played toreador with him a lot. It was very good fun playing toreador, only generally somebody would get butted in the stomach. That was the mean part about Nick. He always butted you in the stomach.

Nick used to get awfully mad when he saw himself in a mirror. Not that I blame him, because he certainly was an ugly old goat. One day he got into the dining room, and we caught him just as he was squaring off to fight his reflection in the china closet.

After a while Nick got old and rheumatic. So once when his rheumatism was bothering him especially, Dot brought him in the house and put him to bed in her crib, with hot-water bottles all around him. Gee, he looked funny with his whiskers sticking out over the counterpane! We had the shades pulled down so the room was kind of dark, and when mamma came in and saw him lying there she thought it was grandpa! Nick was not like other goats. He wouldn't touch a tin can. But he did eat part of a man's fur coat once, and he loved the Sunday pictorial section.

When Nick died we wanted to have him stuffed, but mamma said no. So we had to dig him a very big grave, because he was a very big goat.

Then there was Pluto, the crow. He was quite crabby. One day he got a-hold of my nose and wouldn't let go. I pretty near choked him to death, but still he wouldn't let go. So Dot had to beat him with a broom. My nose never recovered. Neither did Pluto, I guess. He died too. We have had a couple of trained dogs. One dog we trained to run and pick up anything we threw away and bring it back to us. We had a lot of trouble with that dog on the Fourth of July. He pretty nearly got me blown up a couple of times.

Things like turtles and toads aren't so much good as pets. You have to be so careful about not stepping on them. And flies—Betty had a pet fly once, called Joseph, that she generally kept in a match box. But sometimes she would let him out in the house for an airing, and then we had a heck of a time keeping from swatting Joseph along with the other flies.

Remember when there was a plague of seventeen-year locusts? Well, we raised some very nice seventeen-year locusts. One pair especially, Hansel and Gretel, had awfully sweet dispositions. But they died too.

Funny thing about those locusts. They came by the millions—just sort of popped up out of the ground anywhere and any time, and gave you a big surprise if you weren't looking for them. One day grandpa was sitting on our lawn in a chair and trying to take a nap, but he couldn't do it because these locusts kept popping up out of the ground and walking up his leg. So he told Betty and Dot and me that if we would watch and grab every locust before it started to walk up his leg, he would give us a penny for each locust we grabbed. So we sat and watched, and darned if a single locust popped up! Here we had a chance to make good money, and it was going to waste.

A Girl With the Business Instinct

SO AFTER a while Dot went down in the field where the locusts were popping up all over the place and brought back a bucketful and let them loose under grandpa's chair. By the time he woke up we had made quite a lot of money.

Whenever we get any money we buy some more guinea pigs. They are seventy-five cents apiece for the good ones,

One Day He Got a-Hold of My Nose and Wouldn't Let Go

but worth it. Guinea pigs are very satisfactory pets. They are lots of fun to take to bed with you—that is, if you can keep them from talking all night. Once we smuggled about twenty guinea pigs into the house and took them to bed with us. I had eight in with me, and I didn't sleep much, I'll tell you. Those pigs acted like a bunch of aunts getting together after not seeing one another for a couple of days, and they certainly had a lot to talk about.

Maybe you don't know it, but guinea pigs have a regular language. They say "Oink-oink-oink! Doitll-doitll-doitll! Creakll-creakll-creakll! Neekll-neekll-neekll! Jeekll-jeekll-jeekll!" and something that sounds like "Aspheekll-aspheekll-aspheekll!" And then they begin all over again.

One night a weasel got into the guinea-pig house

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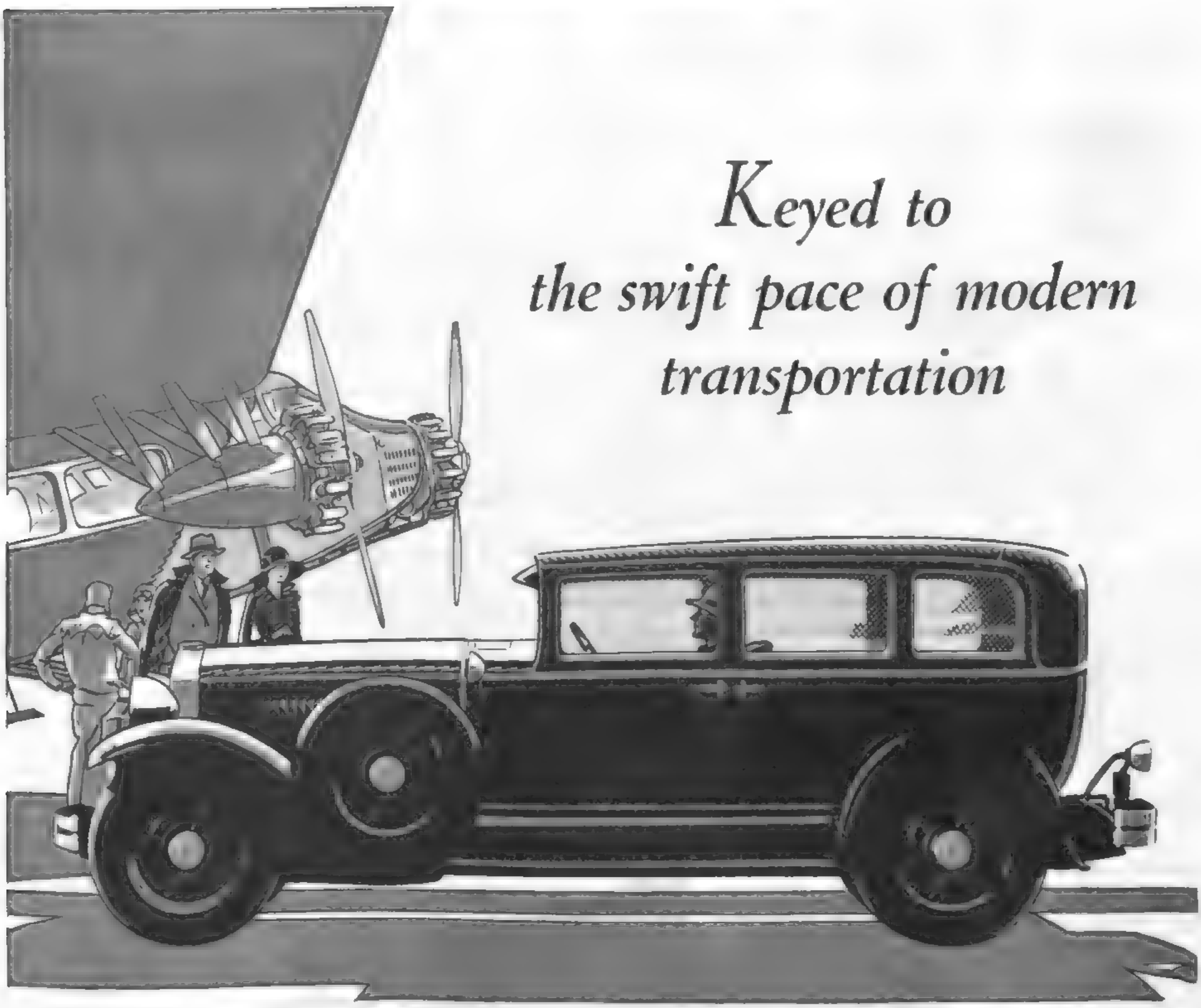
He Was Always Kind of a Disagreeable Goat

Keyed to the swift pace of modern transportation



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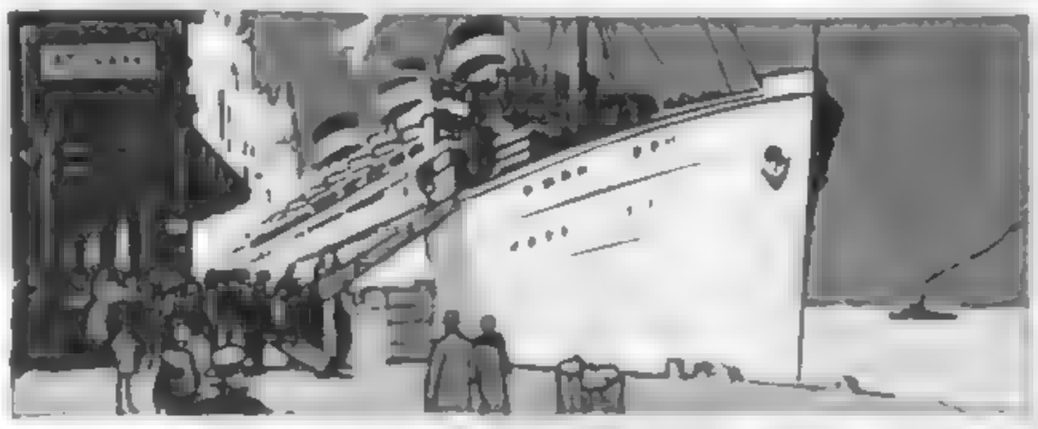


HUPMOBILE

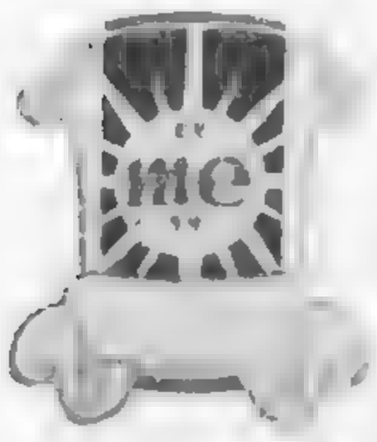
1929 CENTURY

SIX AND EIGHT

BE YOURSELF

By GILBERT SELDES

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



"BE GOOD," ran a dear motto of the unenlightened Victorian Era, when goodness was still considered a virtue "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever." The author of that popular bit of advice somehow suspected that you couldn't be both good and clever and, in keeping with the opinion of the time, he voted for goodness. It is an unfashionable attitude of mind nowadays. The sharp slangy command to "Be yourself" is not the current counterpart of the Victorian exhortation. As slang it is merely an invitation to all of us to take off the high hat and act our age. We say it to Cousin Phyllis who has come back from three weeks in Paris and finds America "intolerably crude," and we say it to a gold digger who suddenly goes innocent and says she prefers a ham sandwich to the Ritz; it expresses the American reaction to bunk and does it with brusque contempt even more effective than "So's your old man."

Mediocrity—the Keynote of Epitaphs

BUT it happens that in another sense the same phrase does represent our contemporary substitute for all the "Be goods," of a few generations ago. In that other sense the phrase is not "Be yourself"—that is too simple. Instead we have: "Assert your personality," and "Express your individuality," and "Trust your impulses," and "Never suppress a desire," and a dozen other forms of the same thing. It is a new morality, a new cult, a new science almost a new religion. And perhaps the queerest thing about this religion is that it contains two orders of high priests, neither of which knows that the other is practicing in the same church; each of them would excommunicate the other as a heretic. On one side are the professors, who develop your personality in twelve lessons by mail—$120 asking price, but if you wait long enough you can have it for $48.65—and on the other side are the radical moralists, amateur psychoanalysts and assorted intellectuals. Each group despises and rejects the other with an instinctive rivalry. They started from different points and traveled by separate routes; they are standing back to back and neither is aware of the other's presence. But the commercial dealers in personality and the professional self-expressionists are selling the same wares.

One of them appeals to the suckers, and one of them to the highbrows; and the fact that the two are related is an amazing commentary on both classes of victims. In order to make the relationship clear, it is only necessary to retreat a few steps to make a better jump over the hurdles At the beginning they seem to have nothing in common; at the end they are virtually identical.

The personality cult is the native development—which may account for the fact that it is rather silly than vicious. It is based on the democratic virtue of ambition. To say, in 1928, that a man lacks ambition is to offer an insult, but there were times, not so long ago, when ambition ranked somewhere between bad form and a penal offense. In Plutarch's Lives of the great men of antiquity, ambition is the last infirmity of noble minds; it brings assassination, exile, poverty, ruin. Shakspere, who could not help admiring men of terrific energy, warns against vaulting pride and ambition, and gives us Iago and Macbeth as dreadful examples, ascribing ambition to the work of the devil.

Coming closer to our own time, we find the great desire of intelligent men was to be as like all other men as they could: to exceed meant to be excessive—too frivolous, too pious, too rich, too good, too clever. They avoided all these things as they avoided enthusiasm, which was also considered a vice; the early revivalists in America were frowned upon because they were enthusiasts—which meant in that time that they were given to frenzy. People wrote on their headstones that they were exceptional in nothing—and considered it the highest praise. People still clung to the older Greek standard: Nothing in excess. They looked for the golden mean between extremes, and the word "mediocrity," which we use to express contempt, was a term of laudation. It did not mean stupidity; it meant rightness and proportion and balance. Mediocrity was opposed to the genius and to the dullard alike, and gave praise not to the man who asserted himself but to the man who controlled himself and concealed his virtues.

Ambition and the desire to impose one's own personality were certainly not virtues in a society governed by the upper classes. "Let the shoemaker stick to his last" was more than a bit of professional advice; it signified the opinion of the time that each man should remain in the position to which his birth had called him. But when the American Revolution broke down the class system and when Napoleon followed up the French Revolution with his plan of opening careers to men of talent, ambition took the place of contentment as a virtue. The political situation had its effect on the thinkers of the time, and the next step in the business of selling personality comes oddly from a man who would have despised all its manifestations—Ralph Waldo Emerson. He himself was not an adorer of personality, because he lived in the era when character was considered more important.

Making a Mystery of Bluff

HE UNDERSTOOD character and lectured on it and had it himself; but his followers, who seem to have read him only in scattered sentences on calendar pads, took a word here and a word there and made up the system of self-assertion. Emerson had said "Trust thyself," addressing it to thoughtful men; in time it became "Let yourself go!" as an appeal to the world at large.

It was a highly optimistic era; America meant opportunity. And Margaret Fuller announced that she accepted the universe. "By Gad, she'd better," said the dour Carlyle when he heard it. She was expressing the affirmative attitude of mind, as it came to be known; and a few generations later, hundreds of little philosophers running around the outskirts of New Thought were advising everybody to affirm everything, especially health and wealth and their own personality. "Assert that you are what you want to be!" they cried, apparently unconscious of the fact that they were only putting into mysterious phrases the good Yankee principle of bluff. If you assert your personality, they said, nothing can resist you, because the stars in their courses and the whole moral order of the universe—which they discovered—fight on your side. Slowly the faint traces of philosophy disappeared from this system of thought and it became a business. It kept the overtones of a sort of religion, giving queer names to God, and pounded in the precept of self-assertion and self-exploitation. "Trust yourself" became "Assert yourself" and "Assert yourself" became "Impose yourself"; and presently ways and means were found to give people short cuts to

(Continued on Page 185)

DE SOTO SIX

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DE ROUGEMONT'S YANKEE

By Beatrix Demarest Lloyd

ILLUSTRATED BY W. D. STEVENS

Rudgy Started Up and Sally Turned. Peter Noticed a Decided Family Resemblance in the Little Rise of Color in Their Cheeks, in the Ripple of Their Smiles

IT MIGHT be supposed, by anyone who knows how cannily the terrace of the hotel at Piedimonte gets itself directly into the glow of the June sunset, that the background against which Peter Bliss first saw the girl had somewhat to do with his thinking her the least repellent being so far created. But however much her gold hair and peachblow cheek owed to the evening light, she could very well have done without it.

Checked in the act of entering the courtyard for the first time, Peter stood and drew a deep breath of fulfillment, as might one who has satisfactorily disemboweled the kitchen clock during the cook's absence and now knows what makes the wheels go round.

He had been wondering, ever since he had settled the business that brought him to Paris, why he should suddenly have wearied of his beloved aeroplanes, stabilizers and fuels; tired even of the cordiality of his French brethren at Le Bourget; why he should have been seized with a whim to become a mere undistinguished tourist. It was crystal clear to him now that destiny had had a hand in it.

The approach of the padrone, one vast substantial welcome, reminded him that the world was not going to stand still while he fell in love; but he merely gestured the man to silence, as he watched her move away from the balustrade into the *albergo*, casting him one passing glance and taking all the salt out of the Mediterranean with her.

Mr. Bliss followed the reception committee into the office quite mechanically, in a thorough daze, but was roused promptly by catching another glimpse of the girl through the window. She had gone straight through the hotel lounge and out a farther door, and was now crossing a small garden into another house. He didn't like this.

"Is that part of the hotel?" he asked. His Italian was good, though his concern was shameless.

"*Nossignore*, that is the Villa San Severino," explained the man. Then, because he was no fool, he added: "The young lady is an American signorina whose mother rents these several years an apartment in the villa. Sometimes the family takes breakfast, luncheon, dinner—what they will—here on the terrace. . . . How long will the signore wish to engage his room?"

"I may stay several years myself," said Peter calmly.

"In that case," said his host, "we make the reduction, but it will be necessary for the signore to pay the tax of sojourn."

Peter Bliss was not interested in his expenses.

"It is permitted to ask the name of the American family?" he inquired with what show of disinterest he could muster, as he filled in the usual quiz card.

"The name is Redilla."

Peter nearly laughed. "My friend," he said cordially, "my father is an inventor, I am an inventor, as I write myself in this moment." He finished his scribbling and tossed down the decrepit pen. "But you beat the Blisses."

"*Scusi, signore?*"

"As for what room you are planning to give me, I have little interest, because for the present I shall live exclusively on the terrace."

He almost made good this program in the next forty-eight hours, hanging hopefully about the hotel instead of going off like any proper sight-seer to the ruins of the Roman amphitheater.

Unfortunately, the family in the villa, unconcerned with mere tourists, drove out to dine elsewhere, affording him mere glimpses of the girl, of her lace-swathed mother, who somehow gave the impression, for all her youthful look, of being delicately fragile, and of a contrastingly sturdy boy with American freckles

"Something," said Peter Bliss to himself on the third morning—"something drastic must be done about this."

His windows faced the blue bay of Naples, an outlook considered the most desirable in the world, yet one affording him no happy knowledge that already his affairs had begun to march with his desires. For when he wandered forth in search of any breakfast at all likely to be obtainable at the un-Latin hour of eight o'clock, he found the terrace not utterly deserted.

There at a small table, some two hundred feet above the azure sea, oblivious of the miracle of light shining through a translucent mother-of-pearl atmosphere, and totally unconscious that, as her brother, he shed an aura of his own, sat the boy from the villa. He was rather despondently regarding the attendant waiter, whose rumpled appearance strongly suggested a sleepy magpie with feathers as yet unpreened. From this individual to Peter the youngster's look passed with easily comprehensible pleasure.

For Mr. Bliss had no touch of Natale's frowstiness. He was scrubbed, tubbed, shaved, groomed and glowing, and one could see at a glance that any tailor must have delighted to clothe the flat surfaces of his lean, long, graceful frame in that excellent white flannel. The boy found himself cheerfully unwinding his brown legs from the intricacies of his chair as this man took a few more long strides in his direction, held out a friendly hand and inquired, "D'you mind if I sit with you?"

"Would you?" urged the lad, more than politely. "I've just come out myself."

The waiter, with an accession of alertness, pulled out the opposite chair.

"*Due colazione, signori?*"

(Continued on Page 46)

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Freight and Equipment Extra.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

(Continued from Page 44)

"Have you ordered?" asked Peter, as one man to another.

"But there is never anything to order," explained his young vis-à-vis. "It's a good thing you make your own coffee. My mother says it is not at all what is called coffee at home."

"How do you know I make it?" smiled Peter.

"Well, of course, the whole hotel talked about it," said the boy, with a shy laugh.

"The signori will take eggs to drink?" suggested Natale. It was his one culinary possibility.

To the newcomer's surprise, his young friend leaned forward with a sudden eagerness. "Do say you will."

"All right, I will. *Due uove da bere, a tre minuti-mezz'*," said Peter obediently, adding, as the waiter moved away, "Now, why?"

"I'll tell you later. Let's get acquainted."

The man lighted a cigarette and blew the smoke toward Vesuvius as perhaps a challenge.

"It begins like the catechism, doesn't it?" he said seriously. "My name is Peter Bliss, and if yours is Redilla, I owe myself a nickel."

"They call it that," said the boy. "It's Redhill. My name's Rudgy."

"Rudgy Redhill? Short for Roger?"

"No," said the youngster in an odd tone, and left it curiously at that. "My sister's name is Sally. She was named for our Great-aunt Sara. My mother is Mrs.-Carroll-Redhill-of-Virginia." The way in which he strung this into one word assured Peter he had so often heard it as to accept it in its entirety. But he was so much more interested in hearing about Sally—Sally Redhill—Sally Redhill ——

"You've been here quite a while?"

"Going on four summers," said Rudgy. He gave an involuntary glance about the terrace, then valiantly added: "It's not been so bad, you know. There are the Lauritano twins and the Serracafriola boys. We get along pretty well, but they don't really seem to get what I mean by a game."

Peter gave him a fleeting look. Here was an expatriated chip of the old block, wanting baseball, football, and not too old for prisoners' base, chafing for lack of material.

"They kind of just run around," said Rudgy Redhill somberly.

"No sustained interest," said Peter, nodding.

"That's it," Rudgy agreed. "They don't take it seriously, you know."

As a large black tray interposed itself between them, they drew back. Natale put down the signore's coffee equipment, yesterday's boiled milk, some Stonehenge bread, no butter, a dish of durable fruit, and four eggs looking, as well they might, superior to their surroundings.

Rudgy regarded this collation—as, indeed, did Peter Bliss—without enthusiasm, though upheld by a certain secret interest of his own. He found himself looking into Peter's eyes, which expressed a patient fatigue. Rudgy faintly blushed under an appreciation of the shortcomings of his land of adoption.

"You know, Mr. Bliss, they simply don't understand a breakfast. I know you have jolly ones at home. Sally's told me."

Peter put an egg into a dimple of a cup and with one stroke of his knife sheared Humpty Dumpty clean off about the brows.

"It is certainly no way to eat these things," he said absently.

Rudgy, neglecting his own plate and watching him as he skillfully scooped the shell clean, spoonful by spoonful, leaned forward as the very last bit disappeared and sat back with a happy sigh when Peter lifted the empty ovoid, turned it bottom side up and staved it in.

"That's what I wanted to know," he said almost breathlessly. "Natale told me you did it. . . . Why?"

Peter glanced up at him and into his plate, genuinely puzzled. Then he shifted in his chair and laughed.

"It is not, as you might suppose, to insure its being non-refillable. I had it on good authority, years ago, that the witches went to sea in any stray water-tight eggshells, and put in their time scuttling ships. It may not be true, for all I know, but I've never overcome the feeling that it doesn't do to leave a navigable shell about."

Rudgy beamed at him. "I'll always crock mine after this," he said. "I've been simply all tuned up to know why you did it."

Peter looked at his other egg without affection, and suddenly inspiration descended upon him.

"Tell you what," said he, tossing down his napkin. "Is your sister awake so early? You go and get her, and I'll crash the gate of this kitchen and wangle a breakfast."

"No, really?"

"Watch me!" said Peter. He summoned the attendant Natale with a toss of his head, loaded the entire *colazione* upon his tray and took him gingerly by the cleaner lapel. "Give me twenty-five minutes," he said as he led his appalled captive away. "Lucullus only knows what I shall find to make it of."

The boy darted off through the dim chill foyer of the hotel. When he came back, he found the table newly set with virgin linen, a small bunch of yellow roses nodding at one side, and a small plate with a pat of iced butter at each cover.

Peter Bliss, looking a bit flushed, popped his head out of one of the glass doors of the dining room.

"I'm doing as well as could be expected," he said, and vanished.

Rudgy sat on the edge of his chair and fidgeted. But presently there came out through the hotel a figure of a calm eclipsing that of Vere de Vere. It was Sally, dressed from clavicle to French *talon* in the snowiest of white, very self-possessed and without any amazement. Even the unusual clashing of equipment in the distant kitchen could not disturb her.

(Continued on Page 166)

"It's All Right," Everyone Was Assuring the Others as They Got Themselves Into the Boat

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(8035)

MIXED BAGS—By Hal G. Evarts

HUNTING for jacks in a country where they were so few was a thankless task as a rule, and one might spend days of tramping the most favorable territory without sighting one. It was only when the snow was on that one could hunt them with a fair prospect of success. Then it was a matter of locating a track and hanging grimly to it until its maker was jumped.

That in itself was no easy task: The jack rabbits of that locality were inveterate travelers, perhaps for the very reason that their numbers were so few and their wanderings were conducted with a view to locating companionship. In any event, it was seldom that we followed the tracks of a jack for many miles in the snow without discovering that it had met one or more members of its clan at various points during its rambles.

By what means of jack-rabbit wireless these meetings were arranged it is difficult to say, but they had far less difficulty in meeting one another than we found in meeting any one of them. Save for our tracking them in the snow, this trait would have remained unknown to us. Sometimes two jacks, after meeting in this manner, would travel together for varying distances, only to separate. Sometimes they would remain in the same general vicinity, bedding a few hundred yards apart. Their travel habits made it not too difficult to locate a track, but made following it to the end a matter of endurance. On occasion, I believe that I followed jack-rabbit tracks almost as far as in later years I toiled on the trail of some traveling mule-deer buck.

A Walk in the Country

THOSE who live in jack-infested localities will wonder at this perseverance, but those who maintain packs of wolfhounds in the West and think nothing of a thirty-mile ride in search of a coyote will understand something of what jumping a jack rabbit meant to us. Coyotes in fact outnumbered the jack rabbits in that locality. I once saw three coyotes just at dawn on the outskirts of town, but I cannot recall seeing more than one jack at a time, and never more than two in any one day. Also, this jack coursing served to fill in a gap that otherwise would have been pretty much of a complete void.

The community was quite positive in its convictions as to how the Sabbath should be observed. There were, of course, both Sunday school and church to be attended of mornings. The afternoon was left open—if one chooses to call it that. All games and recreation were taboo and one was hard pressed to find amusement in town. Hunting, of course, was unthinkable. However, walks in the country of Sunday afternoons were permissible, with the presupposition that one was to walk with a certain pious dignity and indulge in no frivolous horseplay. One's dog naturally accompanied him on such tours. If one walked along a jack-rabbit track, it seemed as harmless as walking in any other direction, particularly if one pretended not to notice it: and if the dogs should pursue and capture a jack, who could blame them? On the whole, jack rabbits, scarce as they were, became an important feature in planning our week-ends.

Tracking birds in the snow is not particularly unusual, though perhaps few bird hunters, usually equipped with excellent bird dogs, have resorted to it. I have tracked grouse, both the ruffed and the big blue fellows, particularly the latter, on numerous occasions. On one occasion, when hunting deer on a new snow, I encountered the tracks of half a dozen blue grouse and proceeded to follow them for about two hundred yards. Then I saw a grouse in a spruce a few feet ahead and dropped it with a .22 pistol. A second met a like fate and its fluttering downfall through the branches startled the others into flight. Within half a mile a similar cluster of tracks was encountered and followed and a ruffed-grouse cock was bagged with the long-barreled pistol.

Still a third line of tracks, those of a single bird, crossed my path. Following them out to where they joined a covey, I bagged three big blue grouse. Numerous other lines of grouse tracks were encountered during the day, and several grouse sighted, but I had all the birds that could be used for the present, so did no more shooting.

A Deer in Covert. At Left—The Last Stand of a Doomed Coyote

Tracks in the Snow

WHETHER tracking grouse would be feasible in the East I cannot say. Ruffed grouse are hunted there over the dogs, as they are in some parts of the West, a sport in which I have never engaged. In the localities where I have known grouse, throughout the Rockies and clear into Alaska, they are essentially trustful and a .22 pistol is the only weapon needed in hunting them. Under such circumstances, tracking them in the snow is entirely feasible. One seldom follows a grouse track more than two hundred yards without finding the game or the abrupt end of the trail where the bird has taken wing. It is therefore not so strenuous as other tracking.

Raccoons, skunks and opossums usually go into semi-hibernation when the weather is cold and the snow is on the ground, but on warm nights they come forth occasionally and leave their tracks in the snow. The skunk does not travel far, as a rule, on such winter excursioning, and on several occasions I have tracked skunks and opossums to dens that proved quite productive of fur.

Though the cottontail was the chief objective of all winter hunting in those days of mixed bags, one usually

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The Height of the Hunting Season

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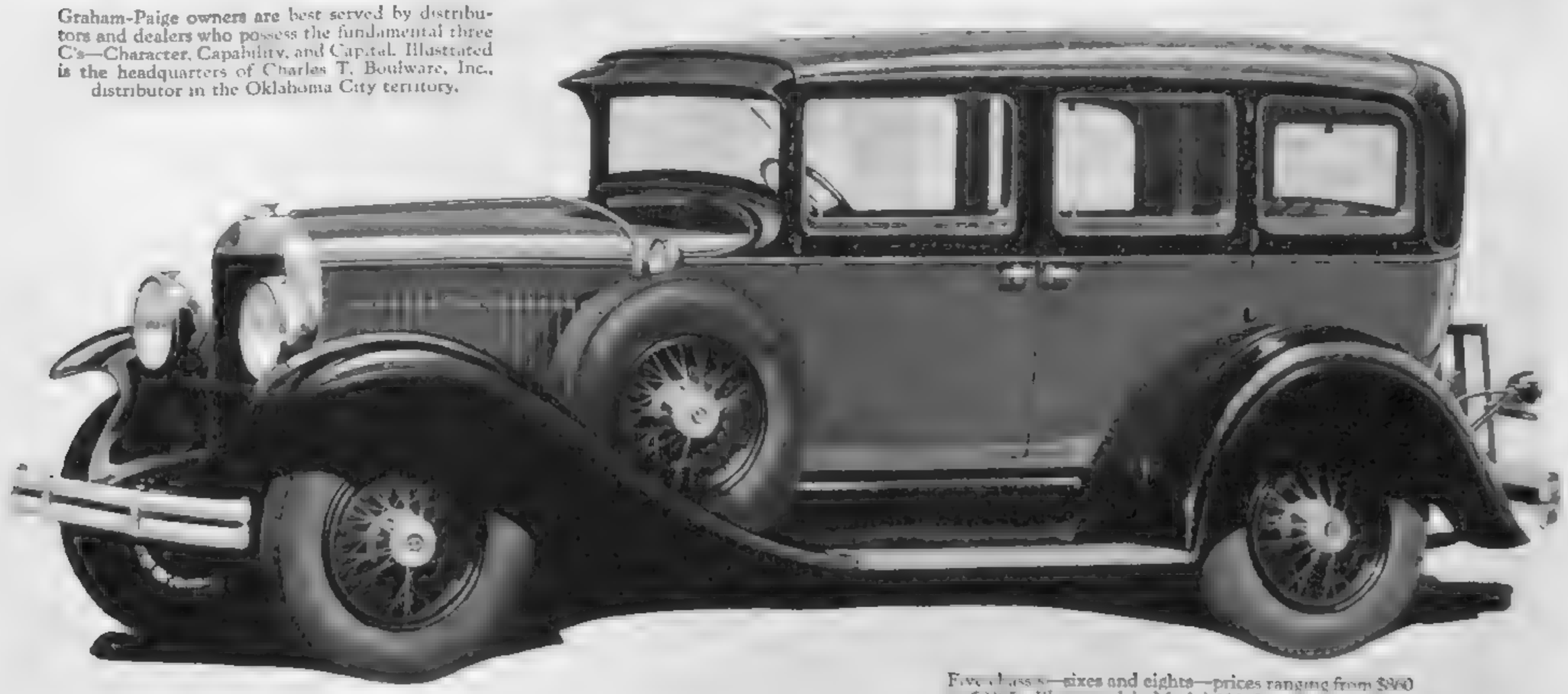

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GRAHAM-PAIGE

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

BEGINNING now and continuing through the Fall and Winter, I ask you to focus your attention on Universal picture-productions, which, in my estimation, will establish a new standard of excellence in entertainment. We have spared no pains or expense to make them pre-eminent. We have bought the best stories—secured the best players—have had the pictures produced by the best directors and clothed them all with beauty. I sincerely believe they will answer the wishes expressed by the countless thousands of readers of this column. —C. L.

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Universal's fine production of *"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"* the American classic by Harriet Beecher Stowe, which has survived the storms of 75 years. All-star cast.

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Laura La Plante "The Magnolia of SHOW BOAT"

"The Michigan Kid," starring CONRAD NAGEL and RENEE ADOREE. Author—Rex Beach. Director—Irvin Willat

Barbara Kent in "Lonesome"

"Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" starring BESSIE LOVE and TOM MOORE Author—Leigh Jason A William Wyler production.

"Night Bird," starring REGINALD DENNY, supported by BETSY LEE, SAM HARDY, CORLISS PALMER and JOCELYN LEE Authors Frederick and Fanny Hatton Directed by Fred Newmeyer

"Grip of the Yukon," thrilling drama, starring NEIL HAMILTON, FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN with JUNE MARLOWE. Author Wm. McLeod Raine Directed by Ernst Laemmle

Mary Nolan in "Foreign Legion"

"Foreign Legion," starring NORMAN KERRY LEWIS STONE and MARY NOLAN Author—I A R Wylie Directed by Edward Sloman.

"Freedom of the Press," starring LEWIS STONE and MARCELINE DAY, HENRY WALTHALL, MALCOLM MacGREGOR Author—Peter B. Kyne. Directed by George Melford.

"Lonesome," a charming romance of a boy and girl of today, starring that different comedian GLENN TRYON and that beautiful girl BARBARA KENT Director—Dr Paul Fejos

Keep close track of these picture masterpieces and ask your favorite theatre to get them. If you don't know where they will be shown, ask me. I'll tell you.

Carl Laemmle, President

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Thousands of people are making collections of photographs of big scenes from Universal Pictures. To meet this demand Universal will send photographs of scenes from *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"* as follows. Set of 5, 50c; Set of 9, 90c; Set of 18, $1.80; Set of 25, $2.50.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

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returned with a goodly assortment. Either ducks, geese, prairie chickens, quail, squirrels or occasional fur bearers were, oftener than not, added to the bag. I have shot a fair number of muskrats and skunks, one raccoon, three minks and a number of coyotes when hunting rabbits on the snow.

It so happened that my first shot at a coyote occurred on the same day that I bagged a mink on the ice, and there was considerable similarity in the manner in which the shots were obtained. On both occasions I was stalking a flock of ducks, with no thought of either coyote or mink, when those two animals put in an appearance.

It happened during a month's visit, which included the winter holidays, in another part of the state. Gun and traps, of course, accompanied me on all such visits, and my trap line was soon strung out along a prairie creek and the shores of the river into which it flowed, thus affording about a ten-mile loop. And that loop was so well stocked with game that one could hunt the length of the trap line with certainty of success

Cottontails were so abundant that I seldom shot them, since the people at whose home we were visiting did not care for rabbits and there was no market for them in that locality. Jack rabbits were so numerous that it was not unusual to jump a hundred or so on a round of the trap line. A bounty had not yet been placed on their scalps, however, so there was small use to expend ammunition on them. Quail swarmed in the thickets and tall slough grass, and there were flocks of belated ducks and geese lingering in the vicinity.

There was a heavy fall of snow and a resulting cold snap that froze creek and river and drove the ducks and geese southward. As the cold weather moderated, open rifts showed in the ice of the creek. Some of the more exposed fields had been scoured free of snow, exposing the green sprouts of winter wheat. The geese that had gone South ahead of the cold snap now drifted back to feed upon these tender sprouts. There were thousands of them, and for two days I had been busily engaged in unsuccessful stalking of these fine big Canadas.

I started out one morning after a fresh skift of snow, only an inch or two that had not been followed by subsequent drop in temperature, to find that mallards had come swarming back to join the geese. A flock made a landing some distance ahead on the creek, which made many bends at that point. There were several traps to be visited before arriving at the spot.

Better Than Mallards

After that matter had been attended to the ducks were cautiously approached from behind the cover of a fringe of slough grass that flanked the bend of the creek where they had been marked down. It happened that there had been a miscalculation of one bend, or perhaps the ducks had sailed that far after disappearing below the grass. At any rate it was a fortunate error. Lifting my head cautiously to peer above the grass, it was to find no ducks in sight; but suddenly a mink, unaware of my presence, came bounding gayly along the snow-covered ice of the creek and ducks became of minor importance. The shot that stretched the mink on the ice flushed the mallards from round the next bend, but their departure held no sting.

Another flock pitched down to the creek while I was still admiring the mink, and these were successfully stalked and a single greenhead brought to bag. Rabbits jumped on all sides as I progressed along the trap line, but the fact that there were ducks in the country and there was a possibility that a flock might be raised from any bend added weight to the general undesirability of rabbits previously outlined and enabled me to suppress the desire to bombard an occasional cottontail

Not another shot was fired at anything for a considerable distance. Then a flock of eight or ten mallards made a landing some distance ahead. The country there was quite flat and the creek made a big horseshoe bend, the interior of which had been mowed for prairie hay. Down the center of this flat there was a narrow swale, its floor bare of vegetation and padded with snow. The tall grass had been left standing in a swath some ten feet wide on either flank of it—an ideal lead to the point of the loop where the ducks had landed.

Down this I started, crouching. The heavy matted slough grass on either hand was weighted down with new snow and my feet made no sound on the soft snow that carpeted the floor of the draw. Attaining to within easy range of the creek, I cocked my gun and lifted my head. There was a threshing of slough grass and a flurry of snow as a coyote jumped from the grass before my very nose. I was all primed to shoot and blazed away point-blank at twenty feet.

The coyote went down in a threshing heap in the snow. He was up again almost instantly, only to fall again. He made a series of spasmodic leaps, falls and recoveries across that snow-clad hayfield, gaining only one short jump at a time.

Down But Not Out

This was in the days when my most effective weapon was the old original single-barrel shotgun. The shell, though factory-loaded, refused to extract. To make it worse, the extractor slipped over the flange and behind the head of the shell. There was no semblance of a sapling that might be used as a ramrod anywhere in sight. But I was not alarmed. There was that coyote bouncing round right out in the open prairie within easy shotgun range and apparently unable to make any headway. He was my coyote—or I thought so then, and was filled with vast elation.

Presently he left off his crazy efforts to put distance between us and stood wabbling on his feet, regarding me over his shoulder. He made another tentative and less violent effort, progressed a few steps and fell again on his nose. After all this commotion there was still less than thirty yards between us, but in his next effort he achieved a wabbling style of locomotion that carried him twenty yards farther without a spill, and he was doing better and gaining in speed.

Elation turned to apprehension within me as he passed out of range while I still struggled to extract that shell by a rearward pressure of my pocketknife behind its flange. The blade snapped. Then, overwhelmed by a great fear that this prize would escape me, I did what I should have done long before—started out in hot pursuit, intent upon overhauling that coyote and knocking him on the head with the now useless shotgun. By that time he was some seventy-five yards away and going strong. I was unable to gain on him.

I had shot too quick and too low, the compact load of shot almost severing one hind leg some six inches above the foot and badly damaging the opposite front leg equally low. Had the damaged legs been on the same side he would have been helpless. As it was, he was helpless for the first brief span of minutes. But while I was congratulating myself, he had learned what to do with his remaining sound feet. I wanted that coyote desperately. He was mine by all the rules of the game, so it seemed; but it has since been impressed upon me by numerous examples that a coyote makes new rules to fit every occasion in whatever game he happens to be a participant.

For perhaps half an hour I kept within sight of that coyote. Running until completely exhausted, I stopped at a patch of willows, cut a sapling and rammed out the empty shell, then struck out on the tracks, following them with a sort of grim desperation. It someway seemed impossible that that coyote could be lost to me, but lost it was, and the homeward road seemed long and weary when night finally pried me loose from that trail.

Many years later, when more than double the age at which I had that first brush with a coyote, I had an experience that was almost identical in certain aspects. Rabbits were extremely plentiful in that part of the country and they lived largely in burrows during cold weather. After a new snow they would come out and sun themselves before the mouths of their burrows. There were sage hens also, and, higher up, grouse. A .22 rifle was the most satisfactory arm and it was not unusual to bag twenty or more cottontails with it in half a day of hunting.

There had been a heavy fall of snow that added more than a foot to that already on the ground from previous storms when I set out one day about noon after rabbits. Perhaps a dozen had been bagged when I came out on the rim of a valley and a coyote spurted across it and disappeared in the brush on the far slope. The snow stood deep on the brush and an occasional flurry of falling snow was the only indication of his route, until eventually he appeared in a tiny opening, not more than six feet wide by twice that length, and paused to peer warily about him. The distance was too great for the little rifle, but I held it in a line with him and well elevated and pulled the trigger. After a considerable period the coyote gave a convulsive jump, his tail snapping aloft, and the one bound carried him out of sight.

Half an hour later, while coming round high on that sidehill, I found the tracks of three coyotes that had been traveling together and followed them for a short distance for no other reason than that they had chosen easy going. Another track led up through the brush and joined them. That would be the one I had shot at. Within twenty feet from the point where that track joined the others the four of them crossed a narrow opening.

Twenty feet beyond it I noticed that there were but three tracks, separated by a few feet. That seemed curious. I retraced my way to the little opening, but a few feet across, and stood looking round. Four coyotes had entered it, their tracks showing some two feet or more apart, and but three seemed to have left it. Downhill, in the brush, a coyote's tail showed above the snow. That little .22 pellet had found its mark and killed him deader than a herring. He had made that one wild jump and pitched headlong some six feet down the steep slope to land in deep snow beneath heavy brush that was also blanketed with snow. It was a freak shot that had killed him, and an even greater freak chance that had led me to find him when I was not even looking for him.

Stumbling on Game

A big mountain coyote and a dozen or so rabbits furnished about all the weight I cared to pack in deep soft snow, so I started for home. A big flock of sage hens flushed soon thereafter and landed on a far sidehill. Gauging the distance, the uphill grade, taking my load and the snow into consideration, it did not seem worth while to follow, so I soon came out into the flats. A narrow, relatively deep ditch meandered across this flat, its banks supporting a heavy growth of tall rank grass, and the heavy snow had bent this down until in some places it formed almost a complete canopy over the ditch. Save for this one ditch, there was no cover in any direction for two hundred yards.

Prospecting for a place to cross, I kicked the snow from the bent-over grass and landed in the bottom of the ditch; and as I jumped into it from one side a coyote jumped out the other, and not ten feet from me. He had been cruising down the bed of that ditch and I had almost jumped astride of him. Letting slip the feet of the coyote that reposed on my back, I started to work on the one that was running in a straightaway. The first shot struck him somewhere near the tail and he whirled to snap at it, presenting a broadside shot and

(Continued on Page 52)

SOMETHING TO GRUB FOR

PERHAPS this is a nation of money grubbers, as we have so often been called. Certainly no other people has ever produced so much individual wealth

Yet we do not grub for the sake of money alone . . . for Americans are the greatest spenders as well as the greatest earners in all economic history

It would be interesting to know how we have become The Money Grubbers

* * *

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There was neither a leisure class nor an organized serfdom. Everybody worked. Being people of intelligence, resource and courage, they soon made their brains do for them what hands had always done before. Labor-saving devices were born and manual workers were freed for the more difficult problems of education, government and defense

Schools were established so the children of these ambitious people could reach cultural standards their parents had never known

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The necessity for labor has made us want labor-saving devices. The application of mechanical power to manufacturing has made them available to us. The use of the printed page in the disseminating of information has permitted the picture of their rewards and benefits to be held constantly before us Our national ability to *read, think* and *reason* completes the cycle. We want these machines which will ease our burden and improve our living . . . and we are willing to work harder for them. Advertising has stimulated more work . . . more buying. By creating more manufacturing, it is providing work for those who would *buy* the machines they are helping to make

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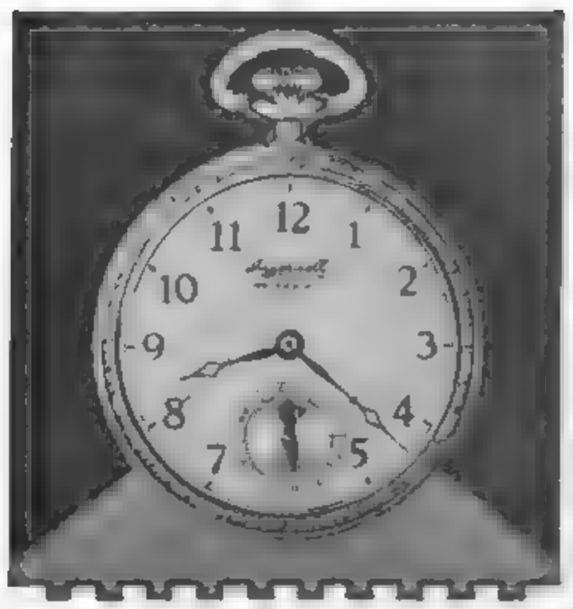

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A Dependable Alarm Clock for $1.50

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Ingersoll
TYPE-T

(Continued from Page 50)

I planted a pellet in his ribs. Then he was on his way again and I was working the slide-action rifle swiftly as possible. His actions indicated that the two other pellets reached him, but he held on and the gun had been emptied by the time he crossed the fifty-yard line.

At a distance of perhaps a hundred yards he halted, swayed unsteadily and pitched down in the snow. That was that, I thought. It looked like my day for coyotes. When the gun had been reloaded, the coyote sat up on his haunches and seemed to be surveying the neighborhood. I pulled a few inches high on his chest and he failed to move at this shot. A second shot produced similar negative results. Then he decided to take another rest and reclined on the snow, facing me. A third shot brought him up, this time to his feet.

After having tagged him at least three times running, probably four, at close range, it seemed impossible to hit that coyote standing at a hundred yards. The soft snow gave no evidence of where the bullets were striking, so it was necessary to experiment and hold the gun higher to try to get the proper elevation. Then I tried shooting point-blank, thinking that perhaps the shots were going high; all to no avail.

One Coyote Keeps His Pelt

Meanwhile the coyote presented one side, then the other, sat down facing me, and finally, as if disgusted with the entire proceeding, once more reclined flat in the snow when the second magazine load had been expended. Never have I known a coyote to seem so indifferent or to make so little effort to escape. Deciding that the shooting earlier in the day had fouled the barrel to the point where the bullets were keyholing and flying wild, I reloaded and allowed the coyote five minutes in which to die, then shed my hunting coat—full of rabbits—and made a spurt for him. He emulated my example the instant I appeared over the side of the ditch and spurted faster than I could, so I stopped and began to shoot, with similarly negative results. The coyote stopped also—perhaps a hundred and fifty yards away this time. He moved on when I did, but was not averse to taking a rest whenever his pursuer seemed inclined to stop.

I followed him clear down to the river and back again across the flat, back into the hills whence I had come and on beyond. Of course there was no such anguished desire to bag the animal as had assailed me on that first brush with a coyote so many years before, but nevertheless I wanted his pelt, which was worth probably twenty dollars that year, one of the highest priced fur seasons in history.

But it was not to be mine. I hung on his track until night. He was never more than two hundred yards from me and I was never nearer than three-quarters of that distance to him. At first I hoped to overhaul him as each ridge was topped; but while he stopped often, he chose his own stopping points, always on the crest of one ridge from which he waited for me to appear on his trail, then moved on. He may still be wearing his pelt about in the hills. Certain it is that he declined to let me collect it.

Shortly after graduating from the single-barrel to a pump gun, which occurred between my twelfth and thirteenth years, two of us entrained on a night freight for a station some eighteen or twenty miles from town on a little branch railroad. Arriving some three or four hours prior to daybreak, we plodded through the deep snow for a mile or more, selected a steep, bare cut bank that was free of snow, scraped the snow from a spot at its base and succeeded in kindling a fire. With the bank at our backs, an indifferent and smoky fire at our feet, we weathered somewhat miserably the interim until dawn, then started hunting up the timbered bottoms of a creek that is a tributary of the Wakarusa River.

A year or so before, while on a summer camping trip with two men friends, I had discovered that this stream was wonderfully productive of catfish and large bullfrogs, but had never hunted it before. The leafless branches of the trees overhead, the vines of ivy, bittersweet and wild grape that clung to them in festoons, all presented a lacy network of frosted silver, as the wind had not yet dislodged the snow. It had been a wet snow at the outset—big, soft, clinging flakes that adhered easily. A subsequent drop in temperature had frozen it in place. The thickets of hazelnut and buckeye in the rough brakes at the edge of the timber were similarly decorated, and the hardwood hills were never more beautiful. The first red rays of the rising sun tinged this lacy white tracery to pink and coral hues. Occasionally a cascade of snow slipped from its perch on some overweighted limb, which, thus freed of its burden, whipped up to strike the one above, resulting in a series of such upward lashings that filled the air with a silvery spray of white crystals.

Tracks were relatively few. Apparently the cottontails had not stirred much after the cessation of the storm at midnight. Shooting through snow-capped leaf nests with a long-barreled .22 pistol was productive of only one squirrel. Five quail flushed unexpectedly from a hazelnut thicket and each of us dropped a bird. It was while searching for the survivors of this quintet that a big flock of mallards put in an appearance and circled round a rough bit of pasture land.

They banked and wheeled to move against the wind as if about to light, only to wheel again, repeating this maneuver a dozen times. Presently a scout pitched down, followed by three others, the flock circling to follow them. The single bird made a landing, and the three others, after a preliminary circle, joined it. Twice again the big flock tacked back against the wind to flutter above the spot, but eventually departed.

There was nothing in that snow-bound expanse of landscape to indicate a desirable landing site for mallards; but it was in a depression, which led us to suspect the presence of open water. This surmise proved correct. A little spring-fed brook cruised through that hill pasture, its course flanked by tall slough grass, now weighted down with snow, and several small areas were free of ice, the open water being of insufficient dimensions to recommend it to so large a flock. We walked to within twenty feet of the four mallards before they flushed with the usual startled and startling quacks, and in the ensuing ripple of gunfire three of them collapsed and pitched to the snow, burying themselves deep in it.

Back From the South

The rabbits had not been in evidence in the woods, so after securing our ducks we struck out across the pastures to prospect for them in the sumac thickets. After perhaps a mile we came out upon a high ridge in time to see a line of birds flying straight toward us. Down we went upon our knees in the snow, motionless. At first glance we had mistaken the birds for low-flying ducks, but the scattered nature of the formation and the manner of their flight rectified that error.

"Chickens!" we announced. On they came with that unmistakable alternating of swift wing beats and sailing. They passed a hundred yards from us and held on for a mile before lighting. We marked them down and headed for the spot forthwith. A half hour's plodding through deep snow, then they flushed wild, fifty yards or so away, and during a concentrated bombardment we scratched two, wing-tipped only, but easily captured in the snow and dispatched.

Two flocks of mallards had passed high overhead while we were traveling toward the chickens—evidence that a thaw was in prospect, for these birds were returning from the South. There were some big cattle feeders in that country and the mallards remained there throughout the winter save during very severe cold snaps. They congregated round the feed lots where the stockmen hauled fodder, hay and corn to their cows. Three mallards detached themselves from a flock and made a landing on that same spring creek, so back we went. It had been impossible to mark them down accurately, so we dipped into the head of the depression and followed it down, one on either side. They sprang into the air and we bagged the lot.

We had started out to hunt rabbits and by noon had bagged squirrel, quail, ducks and chickens, without having accounted for a rabbit. It began to look like a great day for birds and a poor day for rabbits, but this ratio was not to prevail. For three hours or more we hunted the pastures with indifferent success, bagging a very few rabbits, perhaps two or three, and no feathered game whatever. Swinging back toward the siding where we expected to catch the night freight for home, we encountered the first rabbit sign in any abundance that had fallen under our observation. Numerous rabbit tracks pointed toward the wooded bottoms of a little branch creek, and we followed them.

The bottoms were tracked up also. On the far side of the stream stood a big old white farmhouse and its owner came out to view our operations. A score or more of cows were standing about the bottoms and the owner informed us that some town hunters had sprayed valuable cows with shot on occasion. These rabbit tracks led right through his premises. Could we hunt?

"Sure, boys," he said. "Only don't shoot my quail. There's been a flock wintering with my chickens right in the yard. There's so many rabbits they're a nuisance. You'll find 'em in the berry patch over there. Go clean 'em out. Then come back and have a hot meal before you start for the station."

Forty Acres of Rabbits

Off to the right of the house there was a patch of perhaps an acre of raspberry, gooseberry and currant bushes, a sizable melon patch and a small orchard, all of it grown high with last autumn's weeds, the whole tangle now blanketed with a foot of snow—ideal cover, all of it. First a covey of quail flushed at the very edge and flew to the safety of the barn lot. Then the engagement started.

A brace of cottontails spurted across the snow and we dropped them. That whole berry patch, melon patch and orchard, the hazelnut thicket beyond, the old stone fence that inclosed the forty-acre pasture, flanked on either hand by a ten-foot strip of brush, must have housed all the cottontails for miles around. It is not unusual for many rabbits to congregate in some particularly good bit of cover.

The shooting was ragged but sustained. There were more spurting cottontails than we could handle. That area simply erupted rabbits that faded across the snow-clad landscape in every direction. The farmer advanced to the stone fence and stood viewing the proceedings, while his wife watched from a window. Whether there were seventy-five cottontails or twice that number in that forty-acre tract it would be difficult to state. Probably the latter estimate is nearer the mark, for it seemed to me at the time that, once the bombardment was under way, there were ten fleeing rabbits in sight for every one that we shot; and when it was all over we had accounted for more than thirty rabbits.

Those hunts represent instances culled from literally scores of similar trips. There were so many places to go and such a relative abundance of game. It is the ambition of most small-game hunters to try their hands some day upon big game. In those days that was my ambition too. Since then I have indulged in a fair amount of big-game hunting and enjoyed it. But it is doubtful if any variety of shooting could excel or even equal the sheer sport of my small-game hunting when the snow was on and mixed bags were the order of the day.

Hard-Boiled Brown

The man "who couldn't be sold anything"—until Jack Butler shattered the myth

HARD-BOILED Brown, the trade called him. Old-time salesmen never went near him. "A waste of time," they said.

Young Butler used to listen, and wonder. True, he was no salesman—simply a clerk in the sales department. But he reasoned that Brown must buy from *somebody* . . . why not from Powell & Company—the house that Butler worked for?

Soon Hard-boiled Brown began receiving sales letters—the kind that somehow "got under his skin." Gradually he came to believe that Powell & Company's prices were right and that the house would handle his business promptly and well. Then the great unexpected happened. A salesman from the house dropped in to see Hard-boiled Brown one day and found him waiting with a fat order. That was the beginning of Jack Butler's rise to the top.

Business today flows logically to organizations that invite business by paper contacts—sales letters, follow-up systems, bulletins, reports, all sorts of support to help salesmen bring in orders.

And in organizations where sales letters are used extensively, the choice of paper ceases to be a small item. The questions of quality and price must be given consideration. That is why Hammermill Bond is the paper so often decided upon. Its surface invites use; typewriter or printing press registers cleanly and clearly. Multigraph copies come out crisp, clear and legible. At the same time, standardized volume production at the mill keeps the price of Hammermill Bond considerably lower than you would ordinarily expect to pay for such quality.

Let your printer help you get better letterheads and printed forms by standardizing on Hammermill Bond. Available everywhere in twelve standard colors and white. Bond and ripple finishes, with envelopes to match all colors and both finishes.

HAMMERMILL BOND

Look for the watermark

—it is our word of honor to the public

A Service Offered Without Charge—The new edition of the Hammermill Working Kit contains many specimen letterheads and printed forms, suggestive of ways to increase business. Samples of Hammermill Bond in all colors are included. For Working Kit, attach coupon to your business letterhead. Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pennsylvania.

Name_____

Position _____

Tip-Top

the only moderately priced wrist-watch with Krack-proof Krystal and silver dial

$3.50

Radium dial $4.00

Copr. 1928, N. H. C. Co.

Tip-Top is a fine wrist-watch at any price—*it costs only* $3.50

TIP-TOP has many features you'd expect to find only in high-priced watches—octagon design, back and crown of chromium plate, silver or radium dial, sunken second dial, artistic hands and numerals. Its dial is set at an angle, an exclusive feature, making it possible to wear Tip-Top on either side of the wrist.

Tip-Top is made for service. Has a genuine Krack-proof Krystal, dust-proof case and pigskin strap that's made to last. Silver dial for $3.50 or radium for $4.00.

There is also the standard Tip-Top Pocket Watch for $1.50, radium dial $2.25. It has many refinements such as octagon design, silver dial and Krack-proof Krystal.

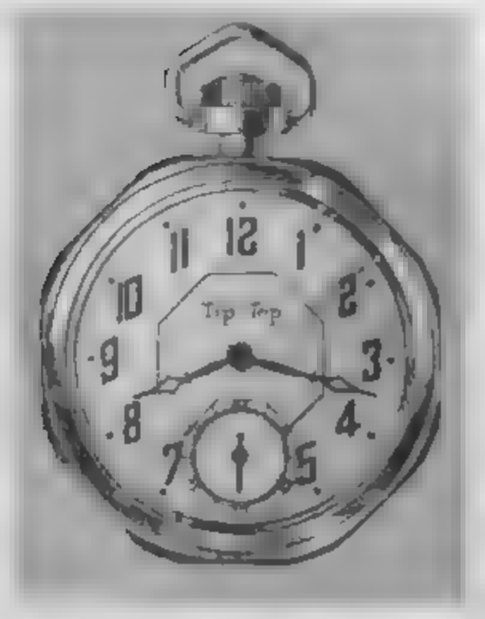
The new Tip-Top Quintet, shown below, is a watch you'll be proud to own. Has a handsome chromium-plated case beautifully chased on front and back—silver dial with either raised or radium numerals and a Krack-proof Krystal. Costs only $2.00 with raised numerals, or $2.50 with radium.

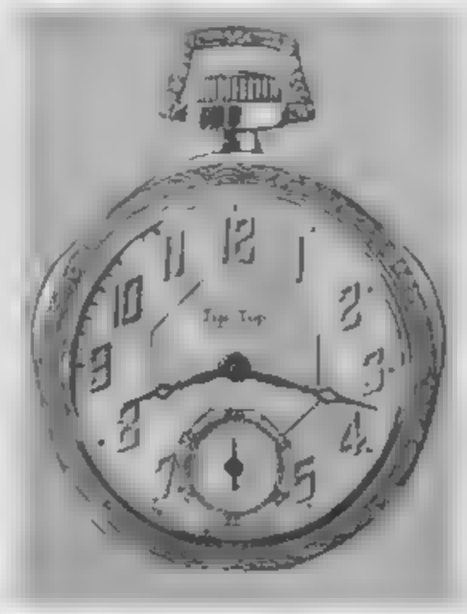
Prices slightly higher in Canada

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.

New Haven, Conn.

Makers of good clocks and watches for more than five generations





$2.00 Tip-Top Quintet with silver face, full chromium plated case, raised numerals and Krack-proof Krystal is the handsomest pocket watch anywhere near its price. Radium dial $2.50

$1.50 Tip-Top Pocket Watch, octagon design with silver dial, Krack-proof Krystal and all its other refinements, costs only fifty cents more than the ordinary dollar watch. Radium dial $2.25.

THE YOUNGER MORTGAGES

(Continued from Page 39)

pay down at least a fifth of its value, they will pay high for the cost of the risk they are creating for a lender to whom they become indebted. That lender will be the owner of the second mortgage.

In the first place it is improper to pretend that a second mortgage is as valuable a security as a first mortgage preceding it. Obviously, since the claims of the holder of a second mortgage are junior to the claims of the holder of a first mortgage, the junior security is less secure. Therefore in any market such paper is worth less than the first mortgage on the same property. Nevertheless, in many states of this country second mortgages on homes bear on their face a rate of interest which makes them pretend to be as good as their betters. But it is only pretense.

From the proceeds of a foreclosure sale the first mortgagee receives up to the amount of his claim, and no more. After that the second mortgagee is entitled to receive the amount of his claim—if there is any money left. Certainly no one given a choice would accept a second mortgage bearing interest at 6 per cent when he might have a first mortgage earning an equal amount. Yet in many states of this country there are laws which obtrude into this field, forcing borrowers and lenders to pretend that a second mortgage is as safe and sound a security as a first mortgage.

These unwise restrictions are the usury laws which fix statutory maximums for loan charges upon lending organizations in the majority of the United States. In New York and eleven other states it is illegal to charge any individual more than 6 per cent. Other states have maximums ranging from 7 to 12 per cent. There are a few states which have, in practice, no maximum.

These laws were designed to protect helpless borrowers from rapacious lenders, but the makers lost sight of the fact that not all borrowers are helpless and that not all lenders are rapacious. In the opinion of some well-posted students of the usury laws the most potent factor in keeping them on the statute books has been the feeling among farmers that they ought to be helped by legal measures to borrow capital upon as favorable terms as are granted to industrial concerns.

A Mortgage of Ancient Egypt

Mortgages are as old as the most ancient civilization of which men have any record. In one Eastern museum there is a clay tablet, hard as a brick, that records a transaction that occurred nearly twenty-five centuries ago in Nippur. Translated, the wedge-shaped impressions on its surfaces read:

> Thurty gur of dates are due to Enlilnadin-Shumi, son of Murashu from Bel Bullitsu and Sha-Nabushu, sons of Kuibti and all their bow tenancy. They shall deliver these thirty gur of dates in the month of Tishri—in the thirty-fourth year of the reign of Artaxerxes—and in accordance with the measure of Enlilnadin-Shumi in security for payment of the dates. No other creditor has power over it.

That was a first mortgage. It was prime security then as it would be today. Our own mortgage law and practice, students hold, traces back to the lending forms of the Anglo-Saxons. One was known as the *vif-gage*, or live pledge. Under this form the lender held title to the property and enjoyed all its benefits until he had recovered the amount he had lent. The other form was the direct ancestor of what we call today a mortgage, a dead pledge. This name meant then, as now, that when a certain act had been performed or an obligation fulfilled, the pledge was dead—canceled.

Down the centuries men have been inclined to regard the holder of a mortgage as a double-distilled villain. When they have wanted to borrow his money they have been willing to rate him a good fellow of generous impulses, but once he has parted with his money and taken in exchange a bit of writing that has guaranteed repayment of his loan and interest for its hire, the attitude has changed precisely as a chemical solution is changed by the addition of a quantity of acid.

The people of New York made an effort in 1921 to discover why there was a shortage of housing in New York City. The investigation of the housing difficulties that afflicted the people of the largest city in the land was conducted by members of the legislature, who had as their attorney a skillful examiner, Samuel Untermyer. What Mr. Untermyer discovered during that inquiry into the housing shortage convinced him that New York's usury law was one of the blighting influences on the house-building industry. He advocated its repeal.

Many witnesses were examined by Mr. Untermyer, who had a thoroughly good time exposing the methods employed by mortgage lenders to violate the usury law without great risk of incurring its savage penalty. That penalty in New York is this: A borrower who is successful in pleading usury against a lender is excused by law from repaying either interest or principal. Corporations may not make such a plea.

Ways Around Cheap Money

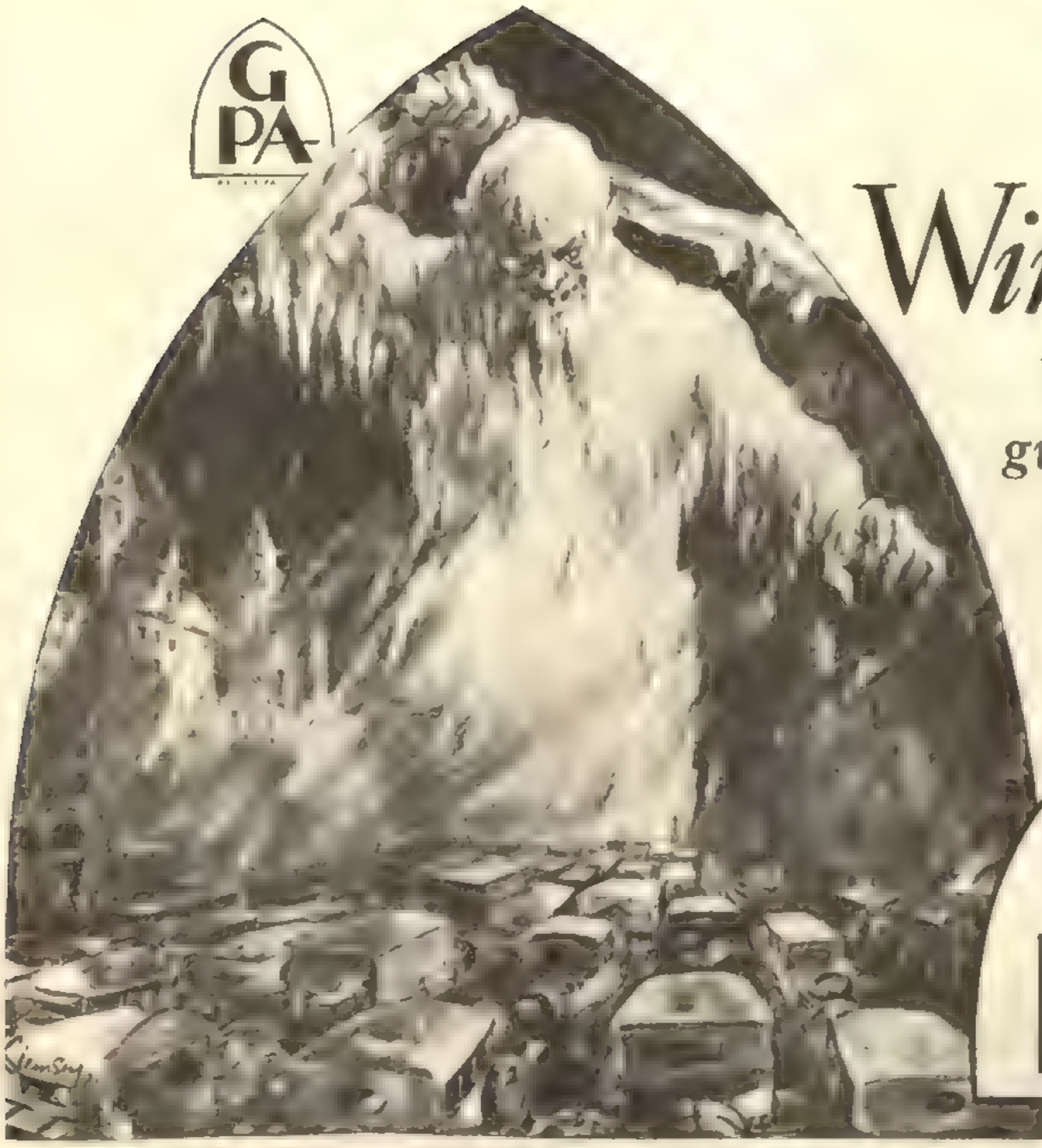
Through that inquiry a curious underground business was brought out into the light of day where all the people could have a look at it. Witnesses who were under oath admitted that they had participated in mortgage transactions in which, to keep within the letter of the usury law, the face of the mortgage read "interest at 6 per cent," but when, actually, the interest ranged from 20 to 50 per cent. The usual pattern of such lending, it was disclosed, was for the borrower to grant a mortgage on his property for a sum considerably greater than he actually borrowed. If he borrowed $2000 he connived with the lender by pretending that he had borrowed $3000, on which he was to pay 6 per cent interest. A man who borrows $2000 and pays back $3000 with interest at 6 per cent has certainly not been helped by a usury law.

The investigation of the Lockwood Committee of the New York Legislature showed that a great deal of money had been kept out of this market. It was kept out because many reputable people with money to invest preferred to put their funds to work in fields where they did not have to stultify themselves in order to earn a legitimate profit on the risks to which they were subjecting their capital. This created a scarcity of money in the second-mortgage market, and when there is a scarcity of any commodity the price of that commodity is forced upward. Consequently second-mortgage money rates for individuals mounted higher, although lenders and borrowers together continued to phrase the documents which they signed without regard to the truth. In spite of usury laws, borrowers have to have money and when they need it they get it on the terms offered by the lenders. If the market rate of money is more than 6 per cent lenders are going to get the market rate or else refuse to lend.

Borrowers were found who had been obliged to incorporate themselves so that they could not by any chance plead usury after they had consented to hire money at interest rates above the legal maximum for individuals. Other witnesses admitted that they had bought lots and tenement houses at more money than the properties were worth from certain persons. These strangely involved transactions were but the normally hidden parts of a lending transaction calling for interest at 6 per cent plus some other consideration.

One mortgage broker was found during the investigation who had received mortgages amounting to $2,102,357 on which he

(Continued on Page 58)



Winter ahead!

Your car—do you *guess* it's protected or are you SURE?

GPA

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

This seal protects you against substitution. It appears only on standard glycerine solutions vouched for by the Glycerine Producers' Association.

Give your car this permanent, safe, anti-freeze protection.

No evaporation, no odor, no constant worry. Harmless to car and finish.

Does not boil away.

RADIATOR Glycerine

THE SAFE ANTI-FREEZE

It can't evaporate—one filling NOW ends freeze-worries all winter

Why gamble with an anti-freeze that evaporates? "I guess it's safe" has cost motorists many thousands of dollars. For unless you use *a permanent* anti-freeze you never can be sure of safety. You can't see evaporation. That's what fools you. Silently, stealthily, your protection slips away without your realizing it. Then a sudden cold snap and you're caught—radiator frozen, perhaps a cracked engine block or broken pump.

With Radiator Glycerine you *know* your car is freeze-proof all winter long.

Put it in your car NOW

It is a simple matter to make your car freeze-proof for the winter with one filling of Radiator Glycerine. It is far simpler than the constant worry and replacement that ordinary radiator solutions require. See that your car is properly serviced with Radiator Glycerine now and you can leave the tea kettle in the kitchen and stop running to the garage for more solution every time you have a cold snap.

Radiator Glycerine means permanent protection but, better still, it means safe protection. You know what glycerine is. You know it is so bland and harmless that it is even safe to eat. You take no chances with electrolytic corrosion, blistered car finish, inflammability, or unpleasant odors.

Radiator Glycerine is merely this old friend glycerine adapted for radiator use. Amundsen used it in his flight to the North Pole. Motor car manufacturers recommend it in their instruction books. It meets the requirements of an ideal anti-freeze set forth by the U. S. Bureau of Standards.

See that your car is serviced for Glycerine

Remember that Radiator Glycerine is a "one-shot" anti-freeze—it should last at least one whole winter without replacement. Obviously it is a sensible precaution to make sure that you do not put it in a leaky cooling system, or that it is not wasted by carelessness. That's why we ask you to have your car properly serviced—a cleaning and tightening of the cooling system is all that's necessary. Make sure this is done—our servicing instructions tell how. Then enjoy your car this winter as you never have before.

Send for this book

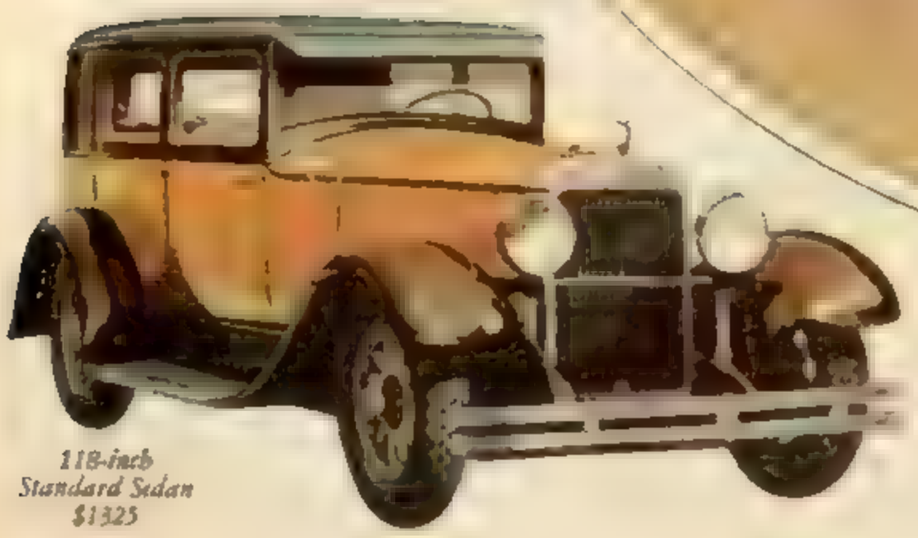
If you drive a car in winter, be sure to send for the Radiator Glycerine booklet. Be free to enjoy your car without worry this year. This booklet will show you how. Write for it today and it will be sent immediately.

GLYCERINE PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION
45 East 17th St., New York City.
I'd like *real* anti-freeze protection for my car this winter. Send me the booklet.

Name

Address

Glorious



118-inch Standard Sedan $1325

Illustrated above, the Landau Sedan, $1650

Other Models are

Coupe, $1265 (rumble seat $30 extra), Roadster, $1295; 127-inch Standard Sedan, $1450, Victoria $1650; 7-pass. Sedan, $1650.

f. o. b. Detroit

Coach $1250

Performance

IN EVERY SUPER-SIX

Thirty minutes behind the wheel of the improved Hudson Super-Six will add you to the thousands who declare it the supreme performer of their experience.

And in all its brilliant repertoire there is effortless performance ease. There is no motor labor—no sense of the mechanical. Its riding ease seems scarcely conscious of the road. And whether in city driving or fast sustained going over country roads, its action and comfort are the very luxury of motion.

New riders and new buyers are saying:—"There is no performance like it in the world."

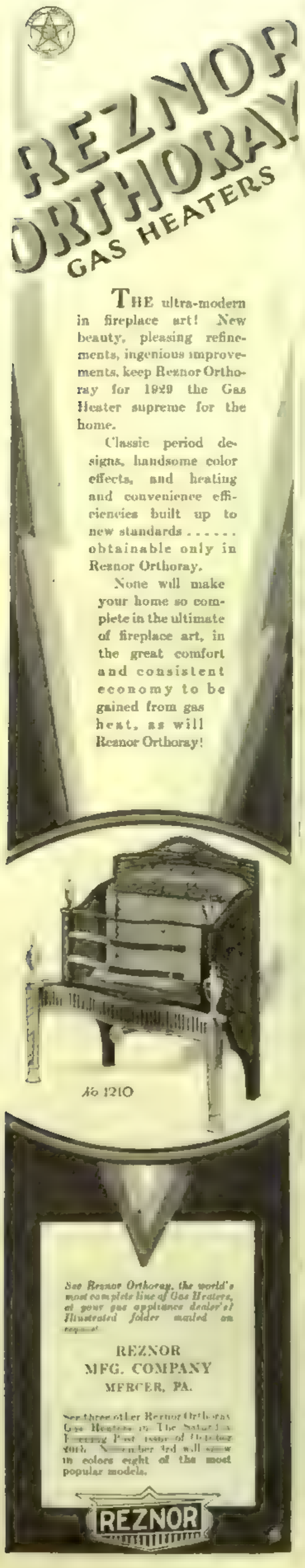
Hudson's fuel economy is unequalled in cars of its weight and power. Fifteen to eighteen miles per gallon is the average of many thousands of tests. Your own dealer is equipped to visibly demonstrate a like economy, when you take your ride.

Hudson performance supremacy is based on two exclusive patented features—the Super-Six principle and the high-compression F-head motor which combine to make today's car the peak of Hudson achievement.

From the moment you take the wheel you will be conscious of a performance that is entirely distinctive from any motoring you have known.

HUDSON

Super-Six


REZNOR ORTHORAY
GAS HEATERS
THE ultra-modern in fireplace art! New beauty, pleasing refinements, ingenious improvements, keep Reznor Orthoray for 1929 the Gas Heater supreme for the home.
Classic period designs, handsome color effects, and heating and convenience efficiencies built up to new standards ..... obtainable only in Reznor Orthoray.
None will make your home so complete in the ultimate of fireplace art, in the great comfort and consistent economy to be gained from gas heat, as will Reznor Orthoray!
No 1210
See Reznor Orthoray, the world's most complete line of Gas Heaters, at your gas appliance dealer's! Illustrated folder mailed on request
REZNOR MFG. COMPANY
MERCER, PA.
See three other Reznor Orthorays in Gas Heaters in The Saturday Evening Post issue of October 20th. November 3rd will show in colors eight of the most popular models.
REZNOR

(Continued from Page 54)

was receiving 6 per cent interest. But the makers of those mortgages had only received from him a total of $1,745,044.

As a result the New York Legislature exempted certain classes of new houses from taxation for a period of years. This resulted in a building boom in the counties around New York. Hundreds of thousands of new houses have been erected and the great majority of these are still encumbered with second mortgages.

There was an excess of money available for first mortgages on these structures. Appraisers representing the savings banks, the insurance companies, title-and-trust companies and other financial institutions were generous in their estimates of the values of the new houses. They were not jeopardizing their money even when they loaned up to 65 per cent of the actual value. In the usual way, as each of these houses became a rough inclosure, approximately 40 per cent of the first-mortgage money was advanced to the builder; an additional 15 per cent was advanced to pay laborers and material men, with the application of brown plaster; another 15 per cent was surrendered, with the application of white plaster and trim. The final 30 per cent of the first-mortgage money was turned over to the builder when the house was completed. At this point the builder—the speculative one—was confronted with a dual problem.

Getting Out With a Profit

Suppose he had built a row of twenty houses. All of his capital was tied up in them and he could not proceed with his vocation of house building until he had disposed of the houses he had finished. He had to find buyers for those houses, and as he began his search he came to the edge of a financial precipice. That precipice was one side of the chasm that marks the separation between the amount of first-mortgage money that can be raised on an average American home—usually between 50 and 65 per cent of its value—and the amount which the average family can accumulate to pay down on its purchase price when taking title. Let us suppose this builder was the proprietor of that development with which this paper was concerned at the beginning.

The salesman for that enterprise has already explained that the price of a dwelling in that group was $8000. There was a first mortgage on it of $3500.

The builder of these houses had, it may be assumed, a burning desire to close out his interest in that property, gather up his capital and a decent profit, and to proceed on to some other suburban farm land that is at least half ripe for development. Since he had been able to get but $3500 on first mortgage, how had he arrived at $8000 as the selling price of the new houses? Well, there is at least $2000 of his own capital and credit tied up in the premises, above the sum of that first-mortgage money, which had likewise gone to pay for land, labor and building materials—a total of $5500. At such a price, that $8000 house would be, indeed, a great bargain. But the builder is not in business merely because he enjoys building houses. He wants a profit and he is entitled to a profit. At $6000 he could hope to emerge with some profit and at $7000 a good profit. The trouble is that there are too few families willing to become the owners of his new houses who possess any considerable amount of cash. Experience has taught him that for one thrifty family that motors along the highway willing to listen to his salesmen, there are hundreds that are not so thrifty. The number who could afford to buy one of his houses for cash above the first mortgage is so few that he would risk bankruptcy if he waited to sell to them. His capital is limited. So he fixes the price of his new houses at $8000; first mortgage $3500, down payment, $500, and the rest, $4000, on second mortgage.

If you are the purchaser you part with $500, sign your name innumerable times, pay certain fees which need not be considered here, and move in. No usury law has been violated. You are simply going to pay the legal rate of interest—6 per cent—on $7500. Who is going to be the holder of that second mortgage? Not the builder. He cannot afford to have that kind of frozen paper in his possession.

The builder then takes the second mortgage on your house, carries it to a second-mortgage broker or to one of the second-mortgage dealers. No investor in his right senses would think of paying its face value for such a second mortgage. If he was likely to be content with a bare 6 per cent on his money he would buy first mortgages. The trading between the builder and the second-mortgage buyer is not, ordinarily, prolonged. As a rule the money lender has made his own appraisal in advance, so as to be prepared for this expected visit from the builder.

"Give me $3200 for this $4000 mortgage," invites the builder.

"I'm weak-minded—is that your idea?"

"What will you give? This is the last house unsold."

"How about $2500?"

"I'm in a hurry. Make it $3000."

"Here's my check for $2900."

On that basis the deal is closed. The builder has recovered his capital. He has a profit. He is ready to start out to build more houses. The second-mortgage buyer has, without openly violating the law, succeeded in lending his money at a rate so much greater than 6 per cent that it would take some time to work it out precisely. But if you are the purchaser of that house on a $500 down basis you will have plenty of time to work out the interest rate. You will have many interest-burdened years in which to solve the problem, which is a serious one for tens of thousands of American families who get their sole experience in real-estate buying when they start out to acquire a home.

The real-estate men of the country are awake to the seriousness of this matter, which touches their pocketbooks and their patriotism as well. I talked with one of them recently—Charles G. Edwards, a former president of the National Association of Real Estate Boards.

"The greatest problem that faces the family that wishes to own its own home," he said, "is that of sound financing. The crying need is that of helping the purchaser to bridge the gap between the first mortgage and the amount which the average family can accumulate to pay down. The excessive cost of second mortgages increases the cost of a home, very often, to a point where it is out of reach of many who would otherwise be home owners."

Financing Home Owners

A study of home-ownership statistics shows that Philadelphia has a home-ownership ratio as high as the average for the entire country, in spite of the fact that it is one of the country's largest cities; and the reason is not far to seek. One answer is to be found in the presence there of an abundance of money that can be borrowed at reasonable rates on second-mortgage security. The Philadelphia family that wishes to borrow some of this money does not have to go any farther, as a rule, than it would have to seek for a drug store or a delicatessen. This capital is held by 3500 Philadelphia building-and-loan associations, scattered all over the city, and which are exempt from the restrictions of the Pennsylvania usury law in their real-estate lending operations to individuals.

There the law of supply and demand operates with almost complete freedom in the second-mortgage market, because each of those 3500 coöperative banking organizations is competing with all the others for the business of borrowers. The result has been that the average rate for money loaned on second-mortgage security is reasonably close to the rate for money on first mortgages. According to George W. Cliffe, the secretary of the Pennsylvania League of Building & Loan Associations, the rate for second-mortgage money in Philadelphia today is about 7 per cent, on the face of the mortgages. However, since the borrowers are generally required to pay interest on the full loan until the debt is discharged, although they make a payment against the principal each time they make a payment of interest, this makes the real rate somewhat more than 7 per cent. As it works out they have the use of but half of the money upon which they pay interest for the life of the loan. Even so, they seem to be paying only the market rate for their money.

"Some borrowers," Mr. Cliffe says, "may be asked to pay a bonus, but if they will shop around they can find a building-and-loan association that will be glad to lend the money without charging a bonus."

In Pennsylvania the building-and-loan associations have at their command a capital in excess of $1,200,000,000, a supply amply sufficient to meet the demand for loans on second-mortgage security. All together in the United States there are more than 13,000 building-and-loan associations in possession of more than $7,000,000,000. They have a vast membership of millions, who are practicing thrift and benefiting immeasurably thereby. These organizations are furnishing money for the needs of more than 600,000 home owners every year, and the institution is growing tremendously. Yet it is chiefly in Philadelphia that the second-mortgage-money need is met by this capital supply. Elsewhere these organizations are permitted to lend on real-estate security—sometimes up to 80 per cent of the value of the property involved, when there is no senior mortgage. But it is only in Philadelphia that these neighborhood coöperative banks have felt that there is a field both for service and for profit in second mortgages.

A Commodity to Sell

This surprisingly vast capital is the accumulation of savings of all kinds of people who have one thing in common—a nurtured instinct for saving. In a typical institution of the kind, shares cost fifty cents each a month and have a par value of $100. Shares are paid up and the money distributed, share and share alike in some of the well-conducted ones, in about eleven years. Any rise or fall in the cost of money—that is, in the interest rate which it earns—has a direct influence on the length of time it takes for the shares to run out, or mature. The theory of the building association is an old idea, imported from England, and made its first appearance in this country in Philadelphia in 1831. The overhead cost of operating a well-conducted and truly mutual organization of the kind is, on the average, less than one-half of one per cent. Sometimes every member of a family is paying for shares in the same association. Many business men create their reserve by paying for shares in a building-and-loan association. Some of these pay as much as $500 and $1000 a month for their shares, but their large accumulations do not seem so dramatic as those of the families of limited resources that pay faithfully year after year until they have saved enough to justify the purchase of a house.

All over Philadelphia these little organizations have their offices, and significantly enough, most of them are housed inexpensively above the first floor. Sometimes the secretary is a bookkeeper by day and performs the paper work of the association in his home at night. Sometimes the secretary devotes his full time to the work and has an assistant. But in Philadelphia an association that permitted its overhead costs to grow would have a difficult time competing with its cheaply operated rivals, since they all have but one thing to sell—money.

The building-and-loan associations are not conducted by great minds. There are, I think, no unsung Morgans or Rothschilds engaged in running these thrift clubs, although when you come to inquire into the

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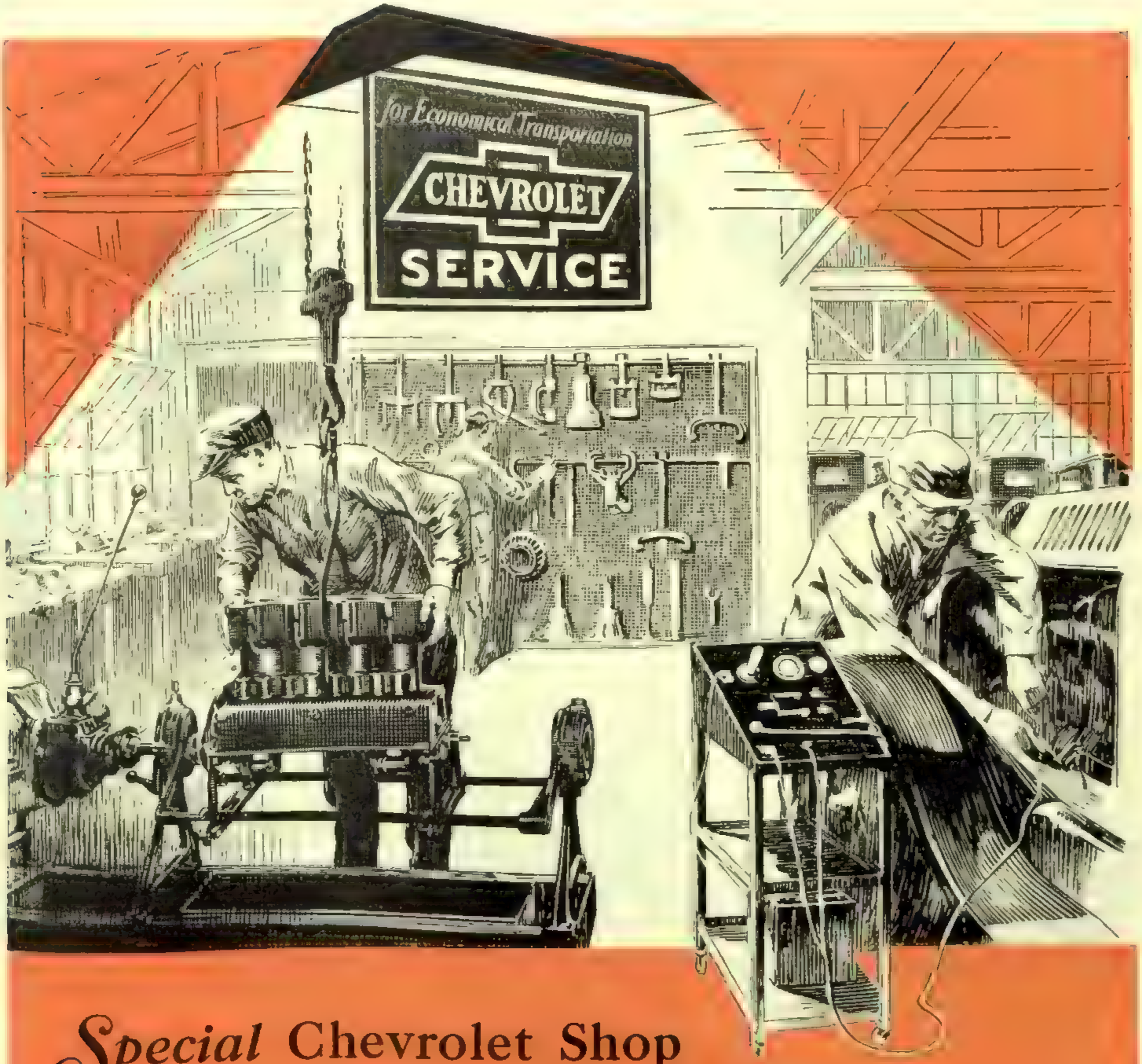

Special Chevrolet Shop Equipment *assures* Better Service *for* Chevrolet Owners

GENUINE CHEVROLET PARTS

The Chevrolet Motor Company maintains twenty five large parts-distributing depots strategically located to furnish genuine Chevrolet parts to dealers and owners everywhere.

One of the finest features of Chevrolet ownership is the "after-sale" interest maintained in every Chevrolet car—not only by the Chevrolet Motor Company, but by every Chevrolet dealer throughout America.

A notable instance of this is found in the special shop equipment provided for servicing Chevrolet cars. Designed under the supervision of Chevrolet factory engineers—this special equipment enables Chevrolet dealers to perform every service and repair operation with maximum efficiency and speed, and makes possible the same close limits of precision employed in the building of Chevrolet cars.

And combined with this highly specialized equipment are the skill of factory-trained mechanics . . . the quality of genuine Chevrolet parts . . . and the economy of a flat-rate system of charging—all provided to assure the utmost satisfaction and convenience for Chevrolet owners everywhere.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Q U A L I T Y A T L O W C O S T

How much did they offer for your used car?

WHEN you first saw the new models, when you took your own car around for an appraisal, how much did they offer in a trade?

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DUCO Authorized Auto Refinishers

(Continued from Page 58)

motives that prompt men and women to devote their leisure to this hobby, you may discover something in defense of such a theory. You may discover that, had these storekeepers, clerks and mechanics been started in other channels, many of them might have woven vocation and avocation into a tighter fabric that would have clad them as frock-coated financiers.

One institution that I visited recently in Philadelphia had assets of about $2,500,000. Its full-time employe had a desk in a second-floor office where the rent was nominal. It has a board of directors whose vocations are: Bookkeeper, clerk, contractor, secretary, haberdasher, estimator, plumber, storekeeper, lumber dealer, junior bank officials—two—and a hardware merchant.

Three of those directors constituted the loaning committee. They are paid $200 a year each for their important services. Each of them has a shrewd understanding of property values in the region in which their association operates. When anyone wishes to borrow money from their association these three men go to look at the property which is being offered as security. If the borrower wants $2500 and his property is worth $10,000, subject to a first mortgage of $5000, they are usually quick to approve the loan. They grow more cautious as the cushion of equity is thinner. A borrower whose proposed loan would narrow his equity in the property to a bare 15 per cent would have to offer exceptional proof of sound character and might also have to pay a bonus.

"Any man who wants to borrow up to the last dollar of his property's value ought not to borrow," a loan-association official said to me. "He should sell."

Paying the Penalty

It is the firm belief of many building-and-loan officials that a family that wishes to buy a home will be guided by its best thrift instincts if it postpones such a purchase until it has accumulated at least a fifth, or better still, a quarter of the total purchase price. According to their reasoning, risk of lending is so great when the security offered is the last 25 per cent of value in a house that such borrowing is extravagance.

"Suppose," suggested one of these officials, "that a family has never saved any money but wants to start saving by purchasing a house. If they attempt to get possession of a house without making a substantial down payment, nearly always they will have to pay so heavily for the privilege in financing costs that several years will have elapsed before they actually begin to save. During those first few years they will simply be paying, as a penalty for their previous lack of thrift, a premium to the man who holds their second mortgage. On the other hand, if they continue to pay rent for a house and begin to make regular deposits in a savings bank or take shares in a building-and-loan association, their saving program will have been started from that minute."

Within the past six or seven years a number of concerns dealing in second mortgages have come into existence in many parts of the country. A few that were primarily stock-selling enterprises did not survive, but one of the outstanding successful ones is now operating in nine states and has plans for extending its activities into many other states. The head of that concern has evolved a set of principles that are essentially like those that govern the lending operations of the well-conducted building-and-loan associations.

"If there is a baby carriage on the porch and clothes on the line it's a good risk," this mortgage banker tells his men, and there is a wealth of mortgage wisdom in that advice, for clothes on the line in the back yard usually mean that the house is a home. That is not always true.

Because mortgage lenders are prejudiced in favor of occupied houses when they are besought to make a loan, speculative builders sometimes set elaborate traps for them. There is one lender in the East who recently found himself with six empty houses on his hands in place of six heavily discounted, income-producing mortgages.

When invited to appraise the half dozen new houses as a preliminary step to making a loan, he found all were occupied by foreign-born families. In the back yard of each the clothesline sagged beneath the burden of a week's washing. Smoke rose from the chimneys. Children were squabbling in the yards. Even chickens had been introduced into this elaborate stage setting. The mortgage lender was new at the business. What he was lending was inherited money and he therefore lacked the canniness that guards the capital of most lenders.

He examined deeds, insurance papers and contracts until he was weary. In the end he made what he thought was a good trade. He discounted half a dozen purchase-money second mortgages for a total of $18,000, paying for them to the builder only $14,000. These were to be amortized by monthly payments against the principal, but when the next month was five days old he had not received any checks from the six mortgagors. Angrily he drove out to the raw suburb where the houses were, and found no washing on the back-yard lines, no squabbling children, no chickens, nor any smoke rising from the chimneys. The six houses were quite uninhabited. The six "owners" and their families had departed.

After considerable detective work the lender located one of the missing families. The husband spoke little English, but he grinned with understanding. The holder of the mortgages, with the aid of a couple of lawyers, finally rounded up all the absent families and persuaded all of them to deed over to him their houses. He paid them for this just about what it would have cost him to foreclose on each dwelling.

He knows now that he was the victim of a trick. The "owners" of those houses had paid nothing for them. They had moved in because it had been explained that they could get a couple of months' free rent. The builder, a native of their homeland, had even offered to cart their furniture for them. The lender knows these things, but he cannot prove them in court. The cheapest way, he determined, was to face the real situation. What he had bought, instead of six mortgages, was six houses, which was precisely what the builder had wanted to sell.

Ten Thousand Mortgaged Homes

In those states where the usury law fixes the interest rate to individuals at 6 per cent the responsible company referred to dares not deal directly with the home owner. The transaction has to be completed through a third party, which necessarily adds to the charge it must make for its loans. As a rule the agencies of this concern buy at a discount mortgages that are already in existence. This discount is standardized.

A great many of its transactions are with builders. When a builder has placed a mortgage for half the value of a house and has received a down payment of at least one-fifth of the selling price, this company will consider buying from him the purchase-money second mortgage. If the second mortgage is for $4000, the builder can get $3400 for it. The sale at a discount of a 6 per cent mortgage already in existence is not deemed to be in violation of the usury law. Suppose this $4000 mortgage was to be amortized at the rate of sixty dollars a month.

In that case, at the end of three years the company's $3400 investment would have earned $1131, which is considerably better than the law contemplated. But the second-mortgage corporation does not stop there. It deposits the mortgages it buys with a trust company, sells mortgage certificates against this trusteed security to investors who get about 6 per cent income for their money. The company has then recovered its capital and proceeds to discount more mortgages. At the start of its career this concern was buying about $20,000 worth of mortgages each month. Today it is buying about $500,000 worth.

According to the head of this large Eastern second-mortgage company, it started by charging a discount of 20 per cent. The discount rate is now 15 per cent of the amount stated on the face of the mortgage, and the officers of the company believe they can profitably reduce this still further. Their goal is a discount rate of 9 per cent for three years.

No one disputes that the second-mortgage business is not so safe as the first-mortgage business, assuming that both are conservatively managed. Some kind of loss reserve is necessary for the safe conduct of a large second-mortgage business. One of the largest companies in the field has arbitrarily fixed this reserve at 2 per cent.

As a general thing, it may be said that when such a loss ratio has been established, this, added to the basic interest rate for first mortgages, should give a fair cost for second mortgages.

Why should there be any loss if the business is conservatively conducted? Recently there came into the second-mortgage markets of the East a great bundle of such securities. These were pledges against more than 10,000 homes in an industrial city with a population of about 100,000. The owners of those homes all had a substantial equity in them. The first mortgages had been placed after conservative appraisals. Still the head of a concern that was invited to purchase the securities was curious. He went to the chief of the largest enterprise in that city—one that employs a great many thousand people. He asked some straightforward questions and received some straightforward answers. The big company was transferring one of its departments to another city. About 14,000 employes were to be moved with it. Such a change meant that a tremendous migration was going to occur. Those employes would take with them their dependents. Instead of a city of 100,000 people, they would leave a city of considerably less than 85,000. Indubitably that change would lower real-estate values. There would be thousands of vacant houses, with a consequent sharp depreciation of local real-estate values. The mortgages were declined. It is in anticipation of such occurrences being unforeseen that a loss reserve is vital. When that loss reserve has been established on as sound a basis as the calculations of insurance actuaries, then it will be possible to fix a fair rate for conservative second-mortgage lending.

There are gigantic reservoirs of capital loaning freely on the first 50 per cent of value in all city real estate. Mortgage companies, insurance companies, national banks, state banks, savings banks and individual investors are all eager to release a flood of money into the unexcelled securities which we call first mortgages; but the second mortgage, covering the third quarter of value in real estate, remains an illegitimate child of finance. Because this is so, the business suffers from a lack of adequate capital. When this lack has been overcome home owners, actual and potential, will profit through reduced rates on second-mortgage loans.

IN THE HOUSE OF WA LEE

(Continued from Page 9)

but we can never catch him out. He's plausibility personified, but I wouldn't put anything past him."

II

THE Chinese New Year dawned in all the splendor of roast sucking pig, crackers and rockets and colored paper lanterns. Chinese crackers were let off all through the day and night for many days. Wa Lee being a rich man, let bombs off by the dozen and crackers by the barrelful, and in the derelict palace out by the little lakes the night was very jubilant and hideous with noise. Maung Maung, Vital Das, failed B.A., Simon, and the two children watched from the steps of the palace, and David Wa Lee was too sad to enjoy the noise, because tomorrow he had to go down and begin to be a merchant in his father's office.

He had arranged a corner of the big palace as his very own, and spread his sleeping mat there and put his books in a row against the wall, like the books of Alec Jones. The next day Wa Lee called him. Together they drove down to Merchant Street.

III

THE days that followed were a nightmare to David Wa Lee. A hundred times he felt like throwing the books away and running out into the street, telling his father he would have nothing more to do with it. He did not quite understand anything, and this not quite understanding made it almost worse, his fears were so great. He did not understand about the houses in the Lower Poozendaung Road, but like a horrified echo in his mind came the assurance that presently he would understand. And all his terror and his distaste battled with what they had taught him at school—to respect his father and mother, and defer to his elders; to think no evil of anyone.

There was only one thing Wa Lee did that David felt sure about. That was the shipping of vast consignments of pumpkins up the coast. On this David concentrated, for it at least was just what it pretended to be. You cannot finesse with a pumpkin. There was nothing wrong about that. Whereas these diamonds and silver dishes, these masses of clothes and motor-car tires, and oddments that went through Wa Lee's office and on to an unknown destination where did they all come from? Often they were marked with other people's names.

He could not ask anyone about it, for part of his initiation had been the oath of secrecy.

"Outside the office, you never speak a word of what you see or hear. The first rule of business," said Wa Lee. And hadn't they taught David, at that mission school, to respect his elders and keep his word?

He knew there was something wrong, and as months went by the conviction grew on him. He longed to tax his father with it, and he dared not. He was afraid of the old Chinaman with his parchment face and the angelic smile. But there grew between them, at this time, a coldness. David, looking up from his bookkeeping, sometimes found his father's eyes fixed on him, and in them there was no smile. Did Wa Lee sense what passed in the boy's mind as he sat watching him, his hands tucked into the wide sleeves of his silken Chinese coat? David never knew.

About this time Mary Wa Lee came to her brother with a secret.

"Listen, David. I am going to marry John Cheng, the doctor. But he is a Christian, and so I am going to become a Christian too. I shall not tell Wa Lee until it is finished. He would certainly make trouble. I shall go and live near the hospital and you can come and stay with us sometimes."

It made everything easier if Mary was going to get away. He knew that inevitably he would come to understand things that he now merely dreaded. One day he

(Continued on Page 64)

Inside . . Outside

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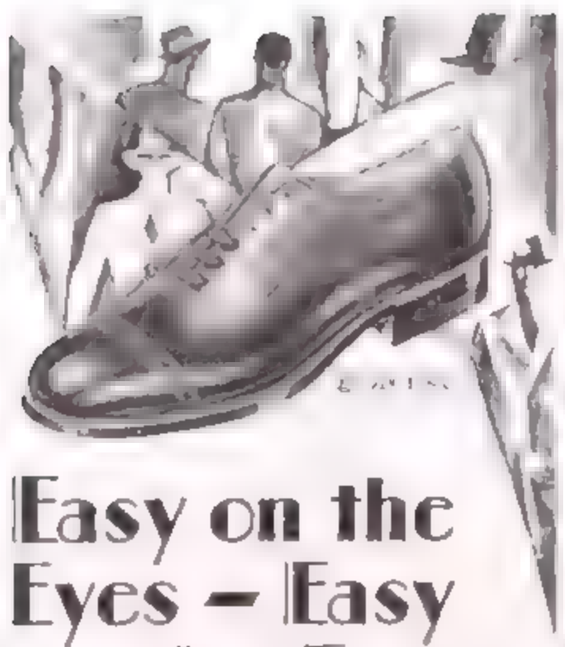

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(Continued from Page 61)

would know the horrors he only guessed now, and that would mean a break with Wa Lee. If he had Mary to go to, it would make things easier.

The only thing he liked about his work was going down to the steamers, supervising the stowage of the cargoes on the dirty salt-caked coasting steamers on which Wa Lee shipped pumpkins down the coast. He liked the fresh air that blew up the river, and the voices of the gulls, and the white ships riding at anchor there, and the creaking of the sampans going to and fro across the face of the water. The customs men let him come and go with a passing joke and a kind word. At first they had searched him as he came and went, but now that they knew him they let him by. Many people talked about Wa Lee's son and how he might have done brilliantly at school if his father had let him remain there.

One morning, as David departed for the wharves, Wa Lee entered the office with a basket. It contained four large pumpkins.

"Take these along with you, son," said Wa Lee, smiling his genial smile. "Present them to the captain with my compliments and these words: 'From the garden of Wa Lee.'" David took the basket. "Be very sure of that, David. You are to use those words: 'From the garden of Wa Lee.'"

David went out into the dust and the heat. The customs officer saw him come.

They said, "What have you there, David?"

The boy held out the basket to show them. "Pumpkins—a present to the captain from my father, Wa Lee."

"Fine ones too," said the customs officer, taking a look into the basket. "Pass through with them."

So David boarded the dirty little steamer, where the captain, a bearded man, dirty as his own craft, awaited him.

"A present from my father, sir, and he bade me say they come from Wa Lee's garden."

"Aha," said the captain, and he took the pumpkins and looked at them, and slapped them with his hand and laughed and laid them on his bed. David thought little of that at the time, and finished his work of seeing to the stowing of the cargo. Then he returned to the office and found a note from Alec Jones awaiting him. The young policeman was in Rangoon and asked the boy to spend the evening with him at his bungalow.

The cool veranda, with the fan going overhead, was like another world. David sat on the floor, looking up into his friend's face, almost in tears. So lost, so muddled was he.

"I wish very greatly, sir, that you had not gone away."

"I shall be here for a week, David. You must come and see me whenever you like and as often as you can. I've got some new books for you, just out from home. I may be in late sometimes, but if I am, you can wait for me. I'm round here on special duty."

"Is that good work?" asked the boy.

"It's trying to find out who these blighters are who are running opium down the coast, David. There is a huge trade going on at the moment and we cannot find out where it is all coming from." The tips of David Wa Lee's fingers suddenly grew icy cold. "Those tramp steamers are doing it. We know that much. But we have searched them a hundred times and can find nothing. Your own wily race are the worst offenders, too, David." He laughed down at the boy affectionately and said, "But be bothered to all that now. You tell me how you are getting on."

"I hate it," said David Wa Lee—"I hate it. Oh, what shall I say, for I am indeed sick at heart."

"Poor old fellow. But perhaps later you will get used to it."

Wasn't that just the horror that beset David night and day—that one day he would get used to it?

He sat, staring at his own yellow hands, and suddenly said, "I shall come tomorrow evening, sir. I shall have something to tell you."

For now his suspicions of the past months had taken sudden shape. And now he nearly knew what all along he had feared to know for certain.

He went back to the derelict palace at the lakeside. He sat on the floor in his own special corner, where he had spread his sleeping mat and stacked all his books like the books of Alec Jones. He held his head in his hands and saw clearly the meaning of those vast sums of money paid for pumpkins which grow in any garden; the meaning of the entries in his father's books that had baffled him.

Now Wa Lee always walked in his garden in the cool of the day. The boy straightened his shoulders and went to look for him. But the hour of sunset was past and the garden was empty. Only at the end of the garden in a small shed a single light burned.

David went there and looked in through the window. By the light of an oil flare Wa Lee was at work inside, assisted by Vital Das, failed B.A. He had four pumpkins on the floor, carved open in one place very delicately, in the shape of a large dice. Vital Das was packing some dark substance into the inside of the pumpkin with his slender brown fingers.

David did not know that his father had seen him, until Wa Lee spoke.

"Come. It is good for you to learn how it is done," he said, without looking up. "A young hand is better than an old one at games of skill. You can soon learn to cut the dice out better than I."

David said unevenly, "I'll have nothing to do with it."

Wa Lee said, ignoring him with absolute amiability, "Make plenty money this way." He fitted the carved piece back into the pumpkin and held it out triumphantly. "Four, five, six these inside big cargo. Nobody ever finding them. No one know. Only Wa Lee and captain. You put away these stiff ideas, David. You my son. You got to work this good business. You grow lich."

"I won't touch it. I won't go to the office again. Father, let me go back to school. Let me make my own life."

Wa Lee arose and took the boy by the arm, leading him back to the palace.

"You talk plenty lot, David."

"I don't care. I am not going to work at a trade no decent man would have anything to do with. I won't. I won't."

"Plenty decent man do plenty strange thing for plenty money," said Wa Lee. "Listen. What you going to do? You go to police, I tell them you velly naughty boy. You making this business alone and I know nothing. I tell them you take pumpkins to captain, David. Captain, too—he give evidence. What you going to do?" Wa Lee laughed genially. He said "Have sense."

The boy stared at him, horrified. He had thought of life as a gentle thing and full of beauty, and now he met it for the first time face to face in all its nakedness. He raised his hand and struck his father in the face.

"I would rather be in prison than here. I would rather be dead than do this work. I shall tell the police what you really are. Now. Tonight."

He ran up the wide dirty staircase to his own corner of the big room, his thin shoulders heaving. He felt frightened and sick. In the half light he could see his sleeping mat and his row of books, neatly arranged like the books of the Englishman. He must be done with all this and with his father forever. He made a bundle of his books. Mary Wa Lee would be safe, because she would marry a good man, John Cheng, the doctor. He would take care of her. The derelict palace was a den of thieves. He saw it now. If he had had more sense, if he had not been so young, he would have seen it sooner. Now he panted to be gone.

He crept to the door. Footsteps came slowly up the stairs. Walking alone, came Wa Lee, his hands in the wide sleeves of his Chinese coat. The boy shrank into the doorway, terrified. But Wa Lee passed on into the upper room.

David's brain began to work fast. It struck him now that he might never reach Alec Jones' bungalow. His father would probably lock him up and prevent him from leaving the building. Quick as thought he tore a page from one of his books and scribbled on it wildly in the dark. He put it in an envelope and ran down to the room where Mary Wa Lee was.

"Mary, hide this. Tomorrow, when you go to school, post it, and say never a word."

She looked up astonished, saying, "David! What?"

"Never mind," he said. "But it is important, and tell no one."

He tiptoed upstairs.

She never saw him again.

IV

WA LEE himself was on the jetty when the police raided the salt-caked little coasting steamer bound for the coast with a cargo of pumpkins. They spent a whole day cutting open pumpkins and delving in their lush insides—and found only pumpkin.

"You have other storing places?"

"But, yes," said Wa Lee. "Come and see. I show you everything. I wish this thing made clear. I am very good Chinese merchant and wish to be understood in the eyes of the world. There is nothing to hide. No doubt I have an enemy." He smiled his sweet patient smile that lit up his face like a lamp turned on within. He said, "It is nothing to me. My conscience is clear."

They raided his gardens, they raided his outhouses and sheds. They found nothing. Wa Lee gave them all the assistance he could, and when they left they thanked him, apologizing, and wrung him warmly by the hand.

Alec Jones listened to them, dispirited.

"I can't understand it," he said. "The boy wouldn't have done it for a leg pull. He wasn't that sort. He was unhappy about something that last night. I must see him myself and find out, later on. Wa Lee must never guess he had anything to do with informing us."

He stood staring at the crumpled paper in his hand, with its pitiful message—a piece of paper pulled at random out of a schoolbook, for on the other side were the broken lines of a verse:

And find the windflower playing
winds at will,
But not the daffodil,

On the other side, scrawled wildly, as if written in the dark, were these words:

Sir: The opium is inside the pumpkins, in large ones, on the small steamers that go down the coast. I have just found out. Please look quickly.

He longed to talk with David, but dared not go to the palace himself for three days. He was afraid of embroiling the boy with his father, and it was for that reason he had not taken part in the search himself. On the third day, toward evening, he went, with his dog, past the big carved gates of the palace.

Wa Lee was walking in his garden. It was toward sunset and the waters of the little lakes lay like liquid opal down below.

"Is David about?" called Alec Jones over the fence.

Wa Lee smiled his beautiful smile, his hands in the wide sleeves of his coat.

"David," he said, "he go to China for a tlip. Two fliends of mine going, so I send David. That boy getting plenty naughty boy here, so I send him for tlip."

His eyes met the policeman's and he smiled, bland, impersonal as a piece of carved ivory.

Alec Jones said, "When will he be back?"

Wa Lee slowly surveyed his derelict palace by the fading glory of the setting sun.

"Pelaps one month. Pelaps two. China very long way. Who can tell?" said Wa Lee gently. "Pelaps never come back any more."

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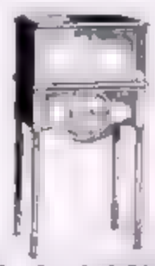
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22 years in business — world-wide service — 50 million dollars in resources — 4th successful radio year

How often those words strike home with a note of real tragedy!

You hear them more and more frequently, now that good shoes cost more and lesser-priced footwear has so little staying power.

They sum up today's shoe problem in every family where there are men's work shoes to be bought and children to be shod.

The simple and economical way to solve that problem is to wear Goodyear Wingfoot Soles—

GUARANTEED BY GOODYEAR TO OUTWEAR ANY OTHER KIND.

Waterproof, they protect the health of the wearer and prolong the life of the shoe—make any good shoe a better shoe.

Tough enough for the toughest service, they are *good-looking* enough for company best.

Do not let anyone tell you anything else is "like" Wingfoot Soles. Do not confuse Goodyear Wingfoot Soles with any others. Look for the name Goodyear Wingfoot and the Wingfoot emblem on the soles you buy.

Made of scientific material developed and perfected for Goodyear Wingfoot Soles exclusively, the new Goodyear Wingfoot TAN Sole, for example, has merits no other can offer.

It will not mar floors.

It is the peak of Goodyear's experience in making more than 30,000,000 pairs of soles. It is the peerless walking mate of the world-famous Goodyear Wingfoot Heel—the heel that is preferred by 64% of all shoe dealers.

Since its recent introduction, more than 200,000 pairs of Goodyear Wingfoot TAN Soles have gone into all kinds of service. *And not one single pair has ever come back!*

When Goodyear started out to make a perfect shoe sole Goodyear became a shoemaker. Built and equipped a model shoe factory and shoe repair shop. Put one of the shoe industry's skilled experts in charge, and under his supervision made and tested and re-tested 10,000 soles, of all materials, to get this guaranteed longer-wearing sole.

You can get these *guaranteed* soles on new shoes made by America's leading shoe manufacturers, or have them put on by your favorite shoe repairman. On any shoes, they give a new standard of service, a new measure of foot comfort, and a real protection for your pocket. Try a pair!

Guaranteed to Outwear Any Other Sole

GOODYEAR

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WINGFOOT SOLES

THE TERROR

(Continued from Page 15)

At bedtime Josephine discovered the Terror asleep on the family's best laprobe in a corner of the pantry. She routed him out of that. Southworth and his dog disappeared.

A bit later Mrs. Brown found the Terror on Mr. Brown's second-best overcoat behind the furnace in the basement. She reported, after an investigation, that the Terror had fleas and careless ideas of personal hygiene. Mr. Brown banished the Terror to the garage. Grumpily, the Brown family retired for the night.

Southworth, feeling that the battle was as good as won, wrought delightful pictures in the darkness of his own room, pictures of what life would mean with the Terror by his side. He hurled challenges.

To Slimey Waters, an eighth-grade boy who had on Friday administered a Dutch rub with Southworth as the sufferer: "Just try that again. Come on, just try it. Just let the Terror see you lay a hand on me!" To the Below-the-Hillers, a juvenile gang which four days ago had chased Southworth and Bum Hildreth home: "Oh, you will, will you? Come on and try that again! Just start something. . . . Oh, you will, will you? I've warned you! Don't cross that line. Just come on . . . all right! . . . Terror! Go and get 'em, Terror. At their throats! . . . Well, I warned you. You can't say I didn't warn you." To Milk-eye Sloane, the village dog catcher: "Sick 'im, Terror. Get him! Take his legs, Terror. . . . Oh, so he's trying to hit you, is he? Go for his throat—his throat, Terror!"

From down the hall: "Stop that mumbling, Southworth, and go to sleep."

At midnight Southworth was awakened by voices in his parents' room. He listened. Then, above these voices rose an unearthly howl, a howl of volume and penetration which must be carrying for blocks. The Terror was baying the moon.

Mrs. Brown's voice: "You'll have to go down, Jim."

Mr. Brown's voice, out the window: "Stop that howling, Terror. Stop it!"

Southworth, in a sweat of desperate anxiety, scrambled into his clothes.

"You'll have to go down and stop him, Jim," said Mrs. Brown. "He'll have the whole neighborhood up in arms."

"I'll stop him," said Mr. Brown grimly.

The Terror's lord and master hurried down the stairs after Mr. Brown, through the kitchen, across the yard, into the garage.

"Stop that howling, you lousy cur!" Southworth heard his father say. Then he heard two heavy cuffs and the Terror's whimper.

Southworth fell on his knees beside the dog there in the darkness. The Terror recognized him, whimpered again, and licked his face.

Southworth said, "Don't howl, Terror. Oh, don't howl. They won't let you stay here if you howl."

He dug his frantic fingers into Terror's fur and hugged him, and liked the smell of Terror.

"Did you come down, too, son?" his father asked from the doorway. "Get along up to bed pronto before you catch cold. He won't howl any more. He'd better not."

The Terror howled no more that night.

But the next day was Sunday, a long day, a day pregnant with dreadful possibilities, and the list of the Terror's sins steadily mounted.

8:17 A.M. Caught by Josephine burying a ham bone in Mrs. Brown's tulip bed. 9:30 A.M. Attended St. Paul's Episcopal Sunday School with Southworth, in violation of strict parental commands, and frightened little Miss Olivia Jollice, aged five. Also seriously impaired the discipline of Miss Margaret Hinchey's class of boys. 10:45 A.M. Was directly responsible for Southworth Brown's failure to sing in the choir, Southworth having been ordered to take the dog home and return in time for church. For mysterious reasons, homegoing expedition was delayed until 11:17 A.M., too late for Southworth Brown's appearance in processional. 1:13 P.M. Chased the Misses Johnston's Persian tomcat into basement and upset four curtains drying on frames there. 2:36 P.M. Tracked up Josephine's kitchen floor second time. 3:47 P.M. Tore hole in Southworth Brown's best knickers during demonstration of ferocious attack, actually inspired by presence of partly eaten pork chop in knickers pocket.

The incident which sealed the Terror's fate occurred at 4:14 P.M., when James S. Brown, seated on the veranda, saw the Terror fail to show fight when rushed by the white pit bulldog, Rowdy, in front of the home of Brookfield Atkinson. Brookfield Atkinson himself hurried out to drag his bulldog away, while Southworth and the Terror beat a hasty retreat.

"Better keep that mutt away from here!" Brookfield Atkinson called out loudly. "This dog likes fresh meat!"

When Southworth and his dog arrived in the Brown front yard, Mr. Brown said disgustedly, "Thought you said that cur was a scrapper?"

Southworth was loyal, although his faith had been sadly shaken by the Terror's behavior.

"He's sick, dad," he declared. "He ate too much dinner."

"He's just no good," said James S. Brown.

That night the last straw was broken. The Terror bayed the moon again.

At breakfast Monday morning Mr. Brown, with the unanimous support of Mrs. Brown and Josephine, delivered his ultimatum.

"Son, you'll have to get rid of that dog today. Mother and I are going to the city and we'll see a show tonight. We'll be back very late. I don't want to see that dog around when I return." Then, to the triumphant Josephine: "I want you to see to it, Josephine, that he gets rid of the dog."

"I'll see to it," Josephine promised.

Southworth cried. He howled. He threatened running away from home. He declared there was no possible way of getting rid of the Terror.

"You can give him to one of your little friends, dear," said his mother sweetly. "I'm sure one of them would take him. And you can still see him sometimes. In fact, that little Hildreth boy you call Bum mentioned to me yesterday that if you were going to get rid of the dog he would be glad to have him."

His parents departed before schooltime, their ultimatum unchanged.

Josephine said to Southworth, who was sobbing on the living-room divan, "You just have time to take that dog somewhere before school. You'd better be doing it."

"Shut your old blabber," said Southworth, with the courage of knowing that Josephine was forbidden to administer any sort of chastisement. "I'll get rid of him when—uh-uh—I get good and ready. Keep your ugly old face out of this."

"You heard what your pa said, young man. That dog leaves today. He told me to see to it."

"You touch that dog and I'll go up to your room and cut all your dresses in little pieces, that's what I'll do," said Southworth.

When he departed for school he left the Terror securely tied in the garage. He wasn't going to let Bum Hildreth have his dog until the last possible minute. That would be the minute his father returned. But his father wouldn't be ready for action until tomorrow, so he'd have Terror one more day anyway.

At recess Bum said: "Your ma said you couldn't keep 'at dog, Pie-face. My ma don't care what dog I keep. She's never at home anyway. So you'd better give him to me this aft'."

Southworth said: "I don't haft to give you more'n a third intrust in him. You can keep him, but he's still mostly my dog. Two-thirds of him is my dog."

Coming home from school at noon, Southworth was hailed by Mrs. Jenkins, who lived next door.

"That maid of yours sent for the dog catcher, Southworth," she said. "The dog catcher took your dog away in his wagon."

Tragic words. Southworth sprinted for the garage. The Terror was gone, rope and all.

He raged in on Josephine, who was setting his lunch on the dining-room table.

"You go right down to the dog pound and get my dog," he yelled, "you—you—old ugly face, you! You go right this minute and make Milk-eye Sloane give me back my dog. If you don't you'll get fired when my mother comes home. She'll fire you, that's what she'll do! She'll have you arrested!"

"No, she won't," said Josephine. "She told me to see to it that you got rid of that dog. You didn't make no move to do it and you disobeyed your parents. That's what you did, young man. You better eat your lunch and not give me any more sass."

"I'll get him. I'll go right now and get him."

"You can't, smarty. It costs five dollars to get a dog out of the pound. You have to buy a license and pay Mr. Sloane two dollars besides."

Upstairs was his bank with $6.46 in it. Down in the basement were a hatchet and a screw driver. It took Southworth just seven minutes by the clock to get the redemption fee. Ignoring Josephine's commands to eat his lunch, Southworth took his bicycle and raced over to Bum Hildreth's house. Bum came to the front door, munching a slice of cake.

"Old Milk-eye Sloane got my dog!" Southworth yelled. "Come on down with me to get him out!"

The two boys raced their bicycles to the tar-paper shanty below the hill where Milk-eye Sloane stayed when he wasn't out collecting garbage, old rags and dogs. Behind the shanty was a chicken-wire run, covered at one corner with galvanized iron. This was the official dog pound of the suburb of Sunset Heights. Southworth and Bum ran to it first and Southworth spotted the Terror in the midst of an odd dozen curs of all sizes, breeds and colors. The Terror was the largest dog there.

"Hyar, Terror! Here he is, Bum! C'mere, Terror! Nice old fellow. Nice old dog. C'mere, Terror. See, he knows me, Bum. See, he's licking my hand."

Old Milk-eye Sloane came out to see what the rumpus was. He knew Southworth and Bum Hildreth well, but not favorably. He recognized Southworth as the son of Mrs. James Southworth Brown, who, not six months ago, had raised a row and nearly had got Old Milk-eye fired for selling impounded dogs to the medical school of the university in Sunset Heights. He recognized Southworth also as the ringleader of boys above the hill who, on occasion, chanted: "Old sly, Milk-eye—old sly, Milk-eye!" when he drove by in his dog-catcher's wagon. He remembered Southworth as the best shot with a snowball above the hill.

"What you boys doing here?" he demanded sourly.

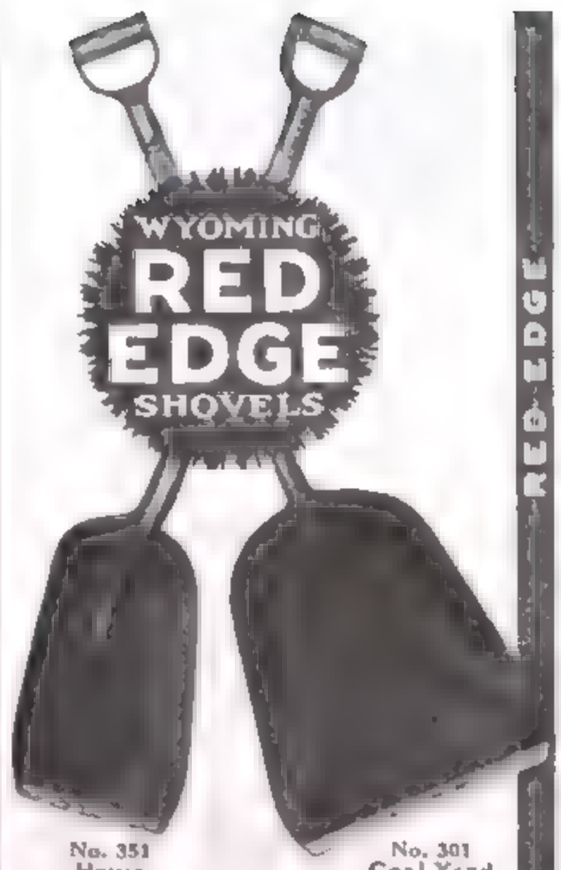
Milk-eye Sloane was an albino of indefinite years and very definite odors. He smoked corncob pipes and held his trousers up with baling wire and never, never washed.

Southworth and Bum faced him meekly.

"You've got my dog in there, Mr. Sloane," said Southworth, "and I've come to pay his license and everything. Here's the money. I'd like to get him out right away, because I hafta go to school."

"He's a third my dog," said Bum eagerly.

(Continued on Page 69)



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No. 301 Coal Yard Shovel

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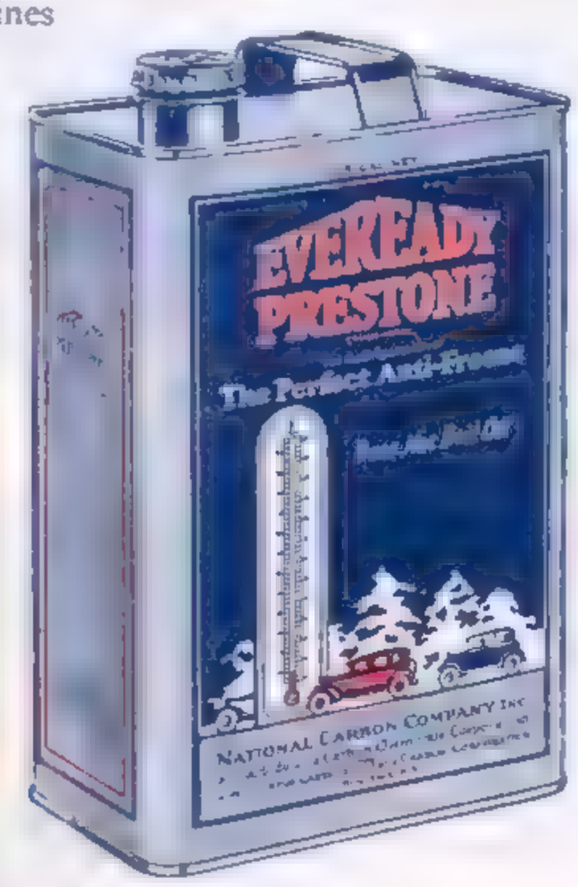
Eveready Prestone is different from any other anti-freeze. It never boils off. It never leaves deposits in the circulating system and never becomes sluggish with low temperatures. It is perfectly harmless to paint, metal and rubber.

Thousands of motorists used Eveready Prestone last winter under every test of winter driving and found it the perfect answer to the anti-freeze problem. Truck and bus fleet operators and automobile manufacturers use and endorse it. Eveready Prestone is used to protect the costly engines of dirigibles from the frigid temperatures encountered in cold-weather flying.



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1. Gives complete protection
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Each Eveready Prestone can is sealed with a special safety cap that protects the purchaser against the possibility of substitution or adulteration. Look for this cap.

Eveready Prestone does not contain any alcohol or glycerine

(Continued from Page 67)

The dog catcher eyed the handful of silver Southworth extended and said: "H'mph. You boys are minors. I ain't allowed to deliver no dogs to minors. You'll have to get your folks to come here and bail this dog out."

Crestfallen and too much awed by dangerous nearness to Milk-eye Sloane to argue, Southworth and Bum said, "Oh, is that what you hafta do?" and shuffled reluctantly toward their bicycles.

"Yeh, and you'd better hurry," said Milk-eye. "I don't like that dog. He's made trouble in the pen. Reckon I'll chloroform him tomorrey."

In the seventh grade of the Sunset Heights School that afternoon two boys were particularly inattentive. Southworth and Bum wrote notes to each other, rolling them up and down the aisle with the aid of friendly accomplices.

BUM: What are you going to do to Milk-eye Slone Pie-face?

SOUTHWORTH: He'll be sorry for this. My mother will get him areated and firred to

BUM: Do you think he'll klorofom Teror?

SOUTHWORTH: The old crook he'd better not

BUM: If I get Teror out this aft' can I have

SOUTHWORTH: Yes, if you get him out.

BUM: I ot to have ⅔ if I get him out. How about it?

SOUTHWORTH: No. Just ½.

Miss Cummings caught Southworth passing the last note and ordered him to stay one hour after school. He remained in an agony of anxiety for forty-five minutes of the time and then sneaked out, nor stopped to consider the dread trip to the principal's office he must make the next day for this crume.

Another breakneck trip awheel to the dog pound.

This time he could not find the Terror in the pen with the other dogs. He was sick with fear. Had Milk-eye chloroformed his dog? Nerved by the horror of it, he pounded on the door of Milk-eye's shanty and aroused the dog catcher from a nap.

"Did you chloroform my dog, Mr. Sloane?"

Old Milk-eye yawned.

"Nope, I didn't," he said, after an awful pause. "That skinny-faced kid who was here with you this noon came by with a young fellow. The young fellow paid for the dog and they took him away."

A dash to Bum Hildreth's house. Bum was not there. He finally found Bum over at his house.

"Have you got him, Bum?" Southworth yelled.

Bum swaggered forward importantly. "Sure. We got him out. Al Wilson and me went there and got him out."

"Where is he? In the garage?"

"Naw. I let Al have him. Al's gonna keep him a few days and then give him to me."

"You got no business giving my dog away, Bum. . . . Who's Al Wilson? Where does he live? I'm gonna go and get my dog. That's my dog, Bum, and you, had no business ——"

Bum waved a hand for silence.

"Wait a minute, can'tcha? And let me 'splain this. Al Wilson ain't a kid. He's a guy that goes with my sister. He was over to our house this aft', playing tennis, and I asked him to lend me the money to get Terror out. He wanted to make a hit with my sister, so he went down with me to get the dog. And he says I don't hafta give you any intrust at all in Terror, because he paid for him and he says Terror can be all my dog."

Southworth doubled his fists. "Is that so? Is he your dog? Is he?"

Bum backed away. "Well, I paid for him, didn't I? Besides, I ain't got him yet, have I? Al's got him."

"What's Al keepin' him for?"

"Al Wilson is a medical student. Don't-cha see, dumbhead? Allus wanting to fight. Al's a medical student out to the university. He says he wants ta use Terror a couple of days for some 'sperimenta."

Southworth stared. "Experiments? What kind of experiments?"

Bum shook his head at the denseness of his friend.

"He's gonna grow a couple of cancers on Terror and maybe take out his liver and maybe his stomich. But he ain't gonna hurt Terror. He says he'll bring him back before the end of this week, and he promised to feed him good. There ain't anything the matter with that, is there? Whatcha lookin' so sore about? Gee-whillikers, Pie-face, I'd think you'd be glad to get Terror away from Milk-eye Sloane!"

Southworth was much more widely read than Bum, and he had lived with his mother during her campaign against the selling of impounded dogs to the medical school.

He grabbed Bum's arm.

"Looky here, Bum, is Al Wilson gonna vivisecksbun Terror? Is he gonna vivisecksbun him?"

Bum pulled away.

"No, he ain't. He ain't gonna do nothing to Terror except grow a couple of measly little cancers on him and maybe take out his liver. There ain't no harm in that, is there? Gosh, don't be so partiklar about 'at old dog, Pie-face. He's a war dog and what's a couple o' measly little old cancers to a war dog?"

Southworth's eyes narrowed.

"You just wait till my mother hears about this," he said.

The next morning at breakfast Southworth's father and mother eyed their son with puzzled glances. Was this a deep and wordless grief upon his face? Had they perhaps been too harsh about the dog?

Mrs. Brown said, "Well, sonny dear, you must get busy and select the kind of terrier you want and make father keep his promise."

Mr. Brown said, "I'll buy you the dog, kid. Just pick him out."

Southworth sighed and shook his head.

"I don't want any more dogs," he said, and then sadly: "Not after all the terrible things that happens to dogs. They're just too terrible."

Mrs. Brown, as secretary of the Humane Society, felt it her duty to probe this statement.

"Why, dear, what terrible things have been happening to dogs? Have you seen anything terrible happen to a dog around here?"

"Oh, I don't guess it was so terrible," said Southworth—"I don't guess it was. Only, old Milk-eye Sloane kind of let on like he thought you might think it pretty awful, mom."

Mrs. Brown, as president of the Anti-vivisection Society, bristled.

"What has this Sloane person been up to now?"

Her son shrugged and took three gulps of cocoa.

"Aw, nothing much. He Josephine gave him that old dog I had."

"She did? H'm. Has Mr. Sloane been mistreating him?"

"Naw, Old Sloane hasn't, but ——"

The elder Browns exchanged glances. Mrs. Brown's eyes began to catch fire.

"Now, Southworth," she said, "stop gulping that coffee cake and tell me about this. What happened to the dog Josephine gave to this disreputable Sloane?" With an ominous glance toward the pantry door.

"Aw, gee, mom, Old Sloane said he'd get me if I told. He said he'd get me."

Mr. Brown cleared his throat.

"He'll not touch you, son," he said. "Tell us just what happened."

"Well, Old Sloane went and sold Terror to a medical student named Al Wilson that goes with Bum Hildreth's sister. But"—generously—"I don't guess Al Wilson will do very much to him. He said he was just going to grow a few cancers on Terror and maybe take his liver and stomich out and vivisecksbun him a little."

Mrs. Brown's lips were in a straight line and pressed firm. She opened them only long enough to say, "Oh, he is, is he? We shall see about that."

Southworth looked very sad and hopeless.

"I don't guess you can do anything, mom. I told Old Sloane that you'd get after him if he sold a dog to be vivisecksbunned, and he said you were just a big talker and always butting into his business, but you couldn't do anything about this. And this Al Wilson just laughed and said—uh—you'd better not try to get Terror back, because you didn't have any power or nothing and he'd show you he could do just as he pleased and vivisecksbun Terror all he wanted to and cut him up and make him suffer ——"

At this juncture Southworth burst into tears. Mrs. Brown stood up. She said Mr. Brown must drive her right over to the medical school. Mr. Brown said no, he'd wait at home, though, and if she needed anybody to talk to the mayor, he'd do it. So in the end Mrs. Brown and Southworth went to the medical school, with Mrs. Brown driving the car.

An hour later Southworth was riding home in the tonneau of the family automobile with the Terror on the seat beside him. He felt happy, but not yet fully triumphant. The Terror had been rescued unharmed from a very much embarrassed medical student and apologetic doctors. Southworth was sure that his mother would let him keep the Terror. He had been startled to hear her tell the doctors: "This dog is my little boy's pet. We wouldn't have anything happen to him for the world." She had told those doctors plenty more besides that.

"Gee, mom," said Southworth now, "you sure told those guys where to get off! You sure told them a mouthful. I bet they won't try to buy any more dogs from Milk-eye Sloane."

He hugged the Terror, who licked his face and tried to jump out the window. Mrs. Brown, in the driver's seat, swung around a corner into Sunset Boulevard masterfully. Seldom had her son spoken to her with so much genuine admiration in his voice.

But Southworth thought, "Will dad let me keep him? Will dad let me keep him?"

"I shall have Mr. Sloane discharged at once, Southworth," said his mother, as they neared home.

Southworth's cup was almost full.

But would Mr. Brown permit the Terror to remain? Or would he have to go and give the Terror to Bum Hildreth?

Turning into the driveway of the big front yard, Mrs. Brown slowed down. Just then the Terror saw something. He saw the greensward of his adopted home. And he saw in the middle of that expanse another dog. It was Rowdy, the white pit bull.

"Terror!" yelled Southworth.

But the Terror had scrambled through the window and like a streak was charging through the calm May morning toward the invader of his own stamping ground.

Mrs. Brown stopped the car. Southworth tumbled out and ran after the Terror. Mr. Brown hurried down the front walk, aroused by Southworth's yell. In the street in front, Brookfield Atkinson pulled his sport roadster to a halt.

With a snarl the Terror hurled himself upon the bulldog. He did not pounce. He dived close to the ground to get underneath his adversary. His long body looked like a torpedo. The bulldog, taken by surprise and on alien territory, had no stomach for the fight. His was a defensive battle.

Southworth, running up, misconstrued the situation. He saw Rowdy on top of the Terror, snarling and making the turf fly with bracing claws. He feared the Terror was being chewed to bits.

There was a bitter argument among four adult witnesses as to what followed, when the dog fight was discussed afterward. Mrs. Brown said Southworth had tried to separate the dogs. Mr. Brown said Southworth stubbed his toe and fell on the dogs. Brookfield Atkinson said Southworth had hit Rowdy with a stick and knocked him unconscious, thus permitting the Terror badly to chew up the bulldog. Mrs. Jenkins, the next-door neighbor, who watched the fight from a second-floor window and who did

(Continued on Page 72)

Office Easy Chairs

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X89½

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Perfect Posture Chair

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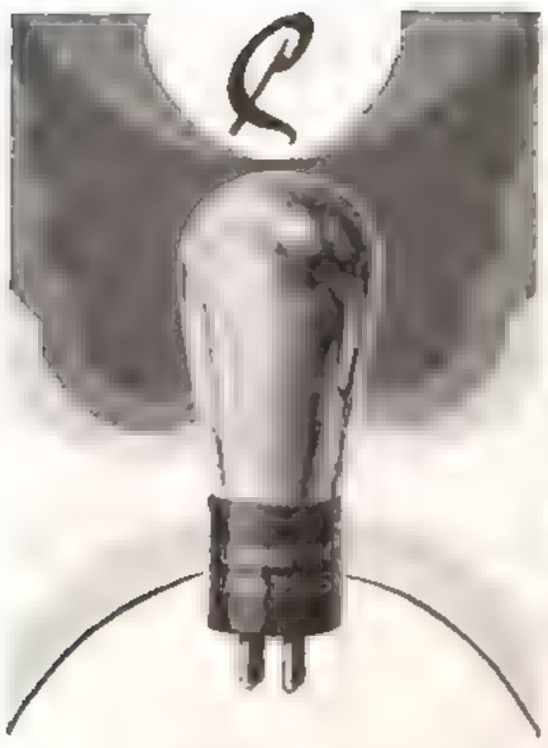

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Cunningham RADIO TUBES

(Continued from Page 69)

not approve of Brookfield Atkinson or his dog, declared that it was a perfectly fair fight and that the Terror merely licked the stuffing out of Rowdy.

James S. Brown and Brookfield Atkinson nearly came to blows over it.

"Your dog will have to be carried home, Atkinson," said Mr. Brown proudly. "And I'd advise you to keep him there after this. Our dog is more than his match. It's a wonder your famous scrapper got out alive."

Southworth, busy wiping scratches on the Terror's nose and body and legs with a dirty handkerchief, said nothing. The Terror said nothing. Rowdy said nothing.

There were claw tears in Southworth's shirt waist; there were long claw scratches across Southworth's ribs. On his hands were the bruises made by teeth. But they didn't seem to hurt at all.

"Is he much chewed up, kid?" asked James S. Brown, looking down admiringly at the Terror.

"Naw, not much," said Southworth happily. "I guess we'll keep this old dog a while, won't we?"

"You bet!" said James S. Brown. "We can't let a scrapper like that get away from us."

The veterinary who patched up Brookfield Atkinson's prize pit bulldog found mysterious scratches on the dog's eyes and on either side of his throat.

"That's funny," he remarked to an assistant. "Those look like finger-nail marks."

PLENTY OF PUTTS

(Continued from Page 21)

"Suffering catfish!" he exclaimed.

"Exactly," said Wills; "but now we've got it, what'll we do with it?"

"It opens up vistas," said Weevil.

"Dog-gone!" McWhinney's voice was tremulous. "She whiffed in front of the rocking-chair fleet."

"Let's go home quietly and cogitate," said Wills.

II

"LISTEN, Olney," said McWhinney, "she may look like a fluff and talk like a musical comedy, but she can play golf. Andy Gay taught her. And next week's the Women's Invitational."

"Do you mean she's got a chance in that—against Mrs. Trunkett?"

"She's got a chance against Mrs. Trunkett at golf; she can give Cleopatra strokes at her game and start Madame de Stael one up when it comes to brains. The child is a wow."

"All the same," said President Olney, "she looks like what she ain't and the women are agin her."

"But," said McWhinney, "if she trims the Trunkett catastrophe the women have got to string with her."

"If," said Olney, "this Mary Ann Perkins can lick Trunkett, Mrs. Olney would invite her to dinner if she knew the girl would come in tights, jumping through a hoop and riding on a pink elephant. That woman has won the Women's Invitational three years hand running, and she's as objectionable as a porcupine in a feather bed."

"To say nothing of her husband," added Mac.

"Mac, that man is a public nuisance. He's blocked my merger with the Tristate Power Company for a year. The question's coming up at their board meeting again on Friday—and he'll block it once more. If I could put that thing over, our stock would jump to two hundred in forty-eight hours."

"Hire somebody to kidnap him," suggested Mac.

"I'd like to get him in a secluded trap with a niblick."

"He's so darn proud of his wife's golf! If this flapper of yours can take the woman down a peg, I'll be for her even if she wants to frequent the club in step-ins."

"Done!" said Mac.

Whereupon he, in company with Weevil, went to call on Mary Ann. He took Weevil for protection, because he was a bit suspicious of Miss Perkins and averse to having anything put over on him if he could avoid it.

"Miss Perkins," he said as he sat on her pleasant porch and pretended that his interest in silk stockings was negligible, "here's the situation: If you can take this Trunkett woman they won't be able to keep you out of the club. Mrs. Olney will see to that. And she'll put you over in this village if she has to use knock-out drops."

"And Olney hates her husband," said Weevil.

"Why?" asked Mary Ann.

"Trunkett's been blocking a merger for Olney."

"Oh, yes, with the Tristate Power Company. I read about that."

"You what?"

"Read about it. I always read the financial page. It's so cunning."

Weevil scratched his head. "Cunning, is it? All depends on the point of view."

"And the board meeting is Friday?" said Mary Ann.

"Yes."

"And this Trunkett blight will kick over Mr. Olney's pot of flowers again?"

"Exactly."

"How perfectly exasperatious!" said Mary Ann. "Now tell me about the tournament."

"It's invitational—and how! You're eligible on your guest card, but other nonmembers must be invited and the invitations are engraved. The women's tournament committee hatch out those invitations and anybody who gets one is élite. If you can prove you've played in the Apple Tree Women's Invitational it's something like strawberry leaves to an earl. You're marked for life. You belong."

"How absolutely nifty!" said Mary Ann.

"If you won it you could run around biting people and it would be set down as charming eccentricity," said McWhinney. "You could steal a horse and have it called aristocratic kleptomania."

"I could," said Mary Ann, "even be myself—and get away with it?"

"My child, you'd be the rage. Sedate old ladies such as Mrs. Olney and Martin Tombes' wife would gash three feet off their skirts with the scissors and talk like the funny page of a college magazine. They would neck in autos and pet on benches."

"My friend," said Mary Ann, "I may be short on skirts and long on patter, but when it comes to necking you'll find I'm no giraffe, and the boy who tries to pet will think he's stroked the efficiency department of a bumblebee."

"My mistake," said McWhinney.

"It was," said Mary Ann distinctly. "I'm like a jeweler's window. You can look me over, but if you reach out the fingers the burglar alarm rings."

"I apologize."

"Then," asked Weevil, who was cursed with curiosity as to human motives, "why the scenery?"

"It's my line," she said; "but I reel it in when it comes to encroachments on the physique, if you get what I mean. And there's a barb on the hook. I'm a marrying woman—one hundred and one per cent. That's why I removed to your midst."

"To get married? To whom?"

"I've got him picked and he'll find it out. I pass from one swoon to another if you mention his name. Every time I see him I could explode like a toy balloon. And that's love, what I mean. So I moved here to get him for myself."

"Does he know it?"

"Is that necessary?" she asked.

"May one ask his name?"

"He's one of your loftiest youths. He's been brought up correct and he's so conservative he thinks a navy-blue suit of clothes is flashy."

"You'd be his ideal," said McWhinney with some irony.

"And his name?" asked Weevil.

"Is Mason Olney, Jr."

"Awk!" said Mr. McWhinney, and pretended to faint.

"Mum's the word," said Mary Ann. "I'll have no male gossip cramping my style."

"I'm no gossip," said Mac hotly.

"My mistake," said Mary Ann. "And so to business. Qualifying round Monday. First round Tuesday. That brings the finals between me and this Trunkett contraption on Friday."

"If you get that far," said Weevil.

"Has she big ankles?"

"So," said Weevil, demonstrating with his fingers.

"I'll love it," said Mary Ann. "Big ankles are my natural prey."

III

ON MONDAY, very much to the astonishment and somewhat to the consternation of the rocking-chair gallery, Mary Ann qualified in the first flight with a 92. This was not an astonishing score, but Mary Ann could be conservative when she desired, and she was not interested in the medal. She had no desire to stand under the spotlight on the first day, and so she was perfectly contented to see Mrs. Trunkett come through with an 88. That lady's self-satisfied air did not increase her popularity, nor did the fact that her husband invaded the locker house and offered even money his wife would win the event for the fourth time. He found takers. McWhinney and Weevil and Wills accommodated him to the tune of one hundred dollars each.

On the first round Mary Ann brought in her opponent two down, and found it necessary to shoot no better than a 95. Two was plenty. She was not a merchant to show her wares before market day.

On Wednesday Miss Perkins finished one up after what seemed a ragged day, and the general consensus was that she had won by the intervention of the evil one, certainly not of divine Providence.

"Mrs. Watts will beat her tomorrow," Mrs. Olney said confidently. "She really must be eliminated."

But on Thursday Mrs. Watts failed to carry out the trust reposed in her by society. Mary Ann defeated her by 3 and 2 to play, and so entered the final with Mrs. Trunkett, who had abolished her half of the bracket with savage mercilessness.

Thereupon Mary Ann became of interest to the dowagers. Be she what she might, she was their sole hope. Anything or anybody to beat that Trunkett woman! So Mrs. Olney summoned Mary Ann to her and issued sapient advice about a night's sleep and no dancing and not a cocktail.

"And I'll drive you home, Miss Perkins, very slowly, because the way you go about in that car of yours must rack your nerves. And my man will call for you in the morning to bring you to the club. You must positively be in bed by nine, and drink a cup of hot milk."

"Yes, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am," said Mary Ann so meekly that Mrs. Olney regarded her with momentary suspicion.

"Our hopes are pinned to you, my child," she said. "So I hope, for our sakes, you will restrain your natural tendencies until this event is over."

"And tomorrow," said Mrs. Martin Tombes, "I hope you will appear in more suitable golfing attire. Heavier shoes, for instance, and—er—skirts not so susceptible to the movement of the wind."

"I had thought," said Mary Ann innocently, "of playing in my bathing suit. It gives one such freedom of motion."

(Continued on Page 74)

Timken Steel for Timken Bearings

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Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	x	x	x		x
Cadillac	All	x	x		x	x
Chandler	65	x	x	x		x
	Big 6 & Royal 8	x		x		x
	De Soto	x	x	x		x
Chrysler	Plymouth	x	x	x		x
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
	80	x				x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x			x
Durant	4-M2 and 55	x	x	x		
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
	6-70	x				x
Elcar	8-78, 8-82	x	x			x
	8-91, 8-92	x	x			x
Falcon	All	x	x	x	x	x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	610	x	x	x		x
	614	x	x			x
	619, 629, 835	x	x		x	x
Hudson and Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	Century 6	x	x	x		x
	Century 125	x	x			x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x	x	x
Kissel	All	x	x	x		x
Kleiber		x	x	x		x
LaSalle	All	x	x	x		x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	8-70	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			x
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Std 6	x	x	x		x
	All	x				x
	8-69	x	x			x
Peerless	6-91, 6-69 and 6-80	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	81	x	x	x		x
	36	x	x			
Reo	Flying Cloud	x	x		x	x
	Wolverine	x	x			x
Rollin		x				
Stearns-Knight	All	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker						
and Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Velie	All	x	x	x	x	x
Willys-Overland	Whippet 4	x	x	x	x	x
	Whippet 6	x	x	x	x	x
	56	x	x	x	x	x
	66-A	x			x	x
	70-A	x		x	x	x

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HERE you have the world's easiest working jack. Try it at your dealer's and see! A few easy strokes of the handle, short or long, send the car up so smoothly and with so little effort that it is hard to believe the jack is operating!
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BLACKHAWK JACKS
INDUSTRIAL and AUTOMOTIVE

(Continued from Page 72)

"My child! It's not done. I'm sure there's something in the rules about it. You would be disqualified."

"I—I have my great-grandmother's wedding dress," said Mary Ann. "But wouldn't hoop skirts interfere with my back swing?"

"I think, Martha," said Mrs. Olney, "it would be as well if we left the child's clothing to herself. After all, winning this match is the thing, and we must not handicap her by our suggestions."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Mary Ann sweetly.

So, when Mary Ann stood on the first tee in the morning, she looked as if she were the ingénue of the Follies about to sing a naughty song about golf. Mrs. Trunkett did not look like anything from the Follies, but more as if she might be an extraordinarily severe matron from some penal institution. She was grim. Her husband was grim.

He said audibly just before the start, "Get it over quickly, Mattie. I've got to get to town."

"Of course," said Mrs. Trunkett severely, "you will not leave before the match is ended."

"Of course not, my dear—on no consideration."

"Indeed not!" said Mrs. Trunkett. "I should think not!"

"If I could catch the 12:07 ——" suggested her husband.

"I think you can safely figure on that. The match ought to go no more than fourteen holes," said Mrs. Trunkett, who had beaten all her previous antagonists by the ghastly scores of five or six up.

Mrs. Trunkett won the toss and sent away one of her fierce sizzling drives. Mary Ann addressed her ball, so slender and leggy and gauzy and silky that a gasp of despair went up from the Apple Tree contingent. But the gasp of despair became a grunt of astonishment when the ball came to rest some twenty yards beyond her opponent's. Mrs. Trunkett was short with her second, but Mary Ann sent her iron to the green and sank a 4 to her opponent's 5. The gallery plucked up hope. It plucked up more hope when Mary Ann took a 4 on the dog-leg second and was two up when Mrs. Trunkett missed a three-foot putt.

"I understand," Mary Ann said pleasantly, "your husband is anxious to get to town."

"He is," said Mrs. Trunkett shortly. "Your honor."

At the end of the nine she had Mrs. Trunkett four down and that woman of substantial ankles was in a state of mind. It was frightful enough to be beaten, but to be beaten by this creature who looked like a chorus girl—a frightfully pretty and expensive one, it is true—was more than ghastly.

"Buck up, Mattie," her husband adjured her.

"Mind your business," Mrs. Trunkett snapped.

"That's why he has to go to town, isn't it?" asked Mary Ann guilelessly. The gallery giggled, and Mrs. Trunkett topped her drive.

On the thirteenth tee Mary Ann had Mrs. Trunkett dormy. Apple Tree was jubilant. Six holes to go, and their champion need do no more than halve one hole to win. It was victory. Mrs. Trunkett was not only abolished but humiliated, and an air of elation prevailed. But there something seemed to happen to Mary Ann's game. Just what it was no one could tell, for she still drove well, hit her irons crisply and approached with some skill. But she could not score. Mrs. Trunkett won the thirteenth with a 5. She won the sixteenth and the seventeenth with a 5 and a 6. The gallery packed around the eighteenth hole, for there they were sure fortune must change. It was 3 par green, and the worst they might look for from Mary Ann was a half, which would bring victory.

Mrs. Trunkett, somewhat edgy, hit her iron shot to the left of the green. Mary Ann drove into the trap, with the result that Mrs. Trunkett won with a 4 to Mary Ann's 5 and the match was all level.

"This strain," said Mrs. Olney, "is becoming unbearable."

"And the match goes into extra holes," said Mrs. Tombes.

Mr. Trunkett walked to the first tee with his wife.

"Finish it here for heaven's sake!" he said. "I've missed the 12:07, but I've got to get the next one. I've got to be in town by 2:30."

"You'll be right here till this match is over," said his wife.

"But ——"

"If you dare to leave this golf course——" said Mrs. Trunkett.

"Then for gracious' sake end it up!"

It was to be seen that Mrs. Trunkett was not her steady, grim, determined self. She was ruffled, and when one is ruffled, one presses. When one presses, things of an untoward nature happen. She sliced her drive. Mary Ann's game seemed to have returned in all its beauty. Her drive was a lovely thing, and her second was ten feet from the pin. Mrs. Trunkett was on in four and the match seemed over at last. But Mrs. Trunkett sank her 6 and Mary Ann took four putts. They were very careful putts. The last one she missed was not more than six inches long. And the nineteenth hole was halved.

Mr. Trunkett's face became apoplectic.

The dog leg was troublesome to Mrs. Trunkett, who found the trap, failed to get out, reached the green in five, and once more all seemed over. But Mary Ann once more took four putts for a half.

"What ails the child?" asked Mrs. Olney. "I'm sure I wish it were the mode to carry smelling salts. My heart is positively palpitating."

On the third tee, the twenty-first hole of the match, Mary Ann turned to Mr. Trunkett. "Have you the time?" she asked.

"It is 1:14," he said in a choking voice. "I've missed the second train." Then he turned to his wife. "Mattie, I positively must go. I've got to be at that meeting."

"You—will—stay—right—here!" she said, spacing her words and bearing down on each one of them grimly.

"I tell you ——"

"You heard what I said!"

Mr. Trunkett mopped his brow. "I could just get there by driving and breaking the speed limit," he said.

Mrs. Trunkett did very well on this hole. It was a 5 par and she holed out a 6, but Mary Ann, if she could have putted, would have made a 5. Another half.

"I'm so sorry," Mary Ann said to Mr. Trunkett. "It's too bad to keep you when you want to get away so badly. But really, I can't help this match going so long. Now can I?"

Mr. Trunkett uttered words under his breath.

On the next one Mrs. Trunkett tried to drive the green, which was three hundred and forty yards away. When one makes an effort to achieve such a feat in the game of golf he wishes invariably that he had been less lusty. Few people are gifted with a three-hundred-yard drive and Mrs. Trunkett was not one of them. Her ball came to rest in a sort of jungle of high grass around an apple tree, and she was stymied by the tree trunk. Before she reached the fairway she lay five, and was seven on the green. Miss Perkins was nicely on in three, but again, by some miracle, contrived to putt back and forth long enough and numerously enough to give her opponent another half. Twenty-two holes and a halved match.

"Never," said Martin Tombes to McWhinney, "did I see such putting."

"Nor I," said Mac sadly.

"It's two o'clock."

"H'm," said McWhinney thoughtfully.

Mary Ann stepped to the side of the tee. "How long does it take to drive to town—if you're in a hurry?"

"It can't be done under an hour and twenty minutes."

"How nice!" said Mary Ann.

On the twenty-third hole Mrs. Trunkett hooked badly into the rough and the ball was lost. The legal time was consumed looking for it, and the umpire announced the fact to Mary Ann.

"Why, here it is now," Mary Ann said, as if she were delighted. "It was right here almost where I was resting."

Mrs. Trunkett played it with venom, and Mary Ann strolled in a most exasperatingly lazy way down the fairway to her ball. She took a great deal of time over the selection of a club and changed her mind and then seemed to have trouble with her stance. At last she was ready, having consumed what seemed to the gallery like fifteen minutes. But the shot did not suffer. It went true to the green. Mrs. Trunkett's third was on. Mary Ann's ball lay some twelve feet from the cup. She addressed it, and then turned to her opponent.

"This," she said, "is just to prove I can putt when I have to." She tapped the ball, which rolled for the cup, straight and true, tunked against the back of the tin and dropped for a birdie three and the match.

"There," she said, "and now poor Mr. Trunkett can go to town."

It is the custom of well-bred golfers to shake hands at the end of a match, the initiative coming from the loser. Mrs. Trunkett did not proffer her hand. Instead she turned her back and marched toward her husband.

"You lost that match for me!" she said savagely. "You and your trains and your hurrying! I hope you're satisfied!"

"Well, I didn't go, did I?" he defended. "And now it's no use. The meeting's over."

But if there was heartburning in the Trunkett family, there was none in the bosom of the exclusive Apple Tree coterie. They descended upon Mary Ann with well-bred cheers. They shook her hand and paid her compliments and would have carried her in triumph to the clubhouse if such things had been *au fait*. But there was no precedent for such an exhibition of enthusiasm, so she walked back between Mrs. Olney and Mrs. Tombes.

"My dear, we're so proud of you. We're so glad you are to make this place your home, and that you have chosen this club."

"Do you really think the board of governors will take me in?" Mary Ann asked.

Mrs. Olney sniffed. "I'd like to see them keep you out," she said. "And, my dear, I want you to come home to dinner with me. Not a party, you understand, but just half a dozen of us. I don't think you know my son."

"I—I think I've seen him," said Mary Ann.

"Just the Tombeses and the McWhinneys and the Perry Flaggs and a few others—Mr. Wills and Mr. Weevil—all members of the board of governors. You will come, won't you?"

"I should love to," said Mary Ann.

They saw that she was properly attended in the shower and driven home in state. The Olney car waited for her to come out and carried her to the president's home, where were assembled the great of the community. Now if you have only seen Mary Ann Perkins in her everyday clothing you have yet something to live for. Mary Ann Perkins in décolleté, very expressly designed for her by Yvonne of Paris, is a sight for which any living man would pay a high admission price. The company fairly gasped.

"My dear, you're lovely," said Mrs. Olney.

"And aren't you tired after that nervous strain?" asked Mrs. Tombes.

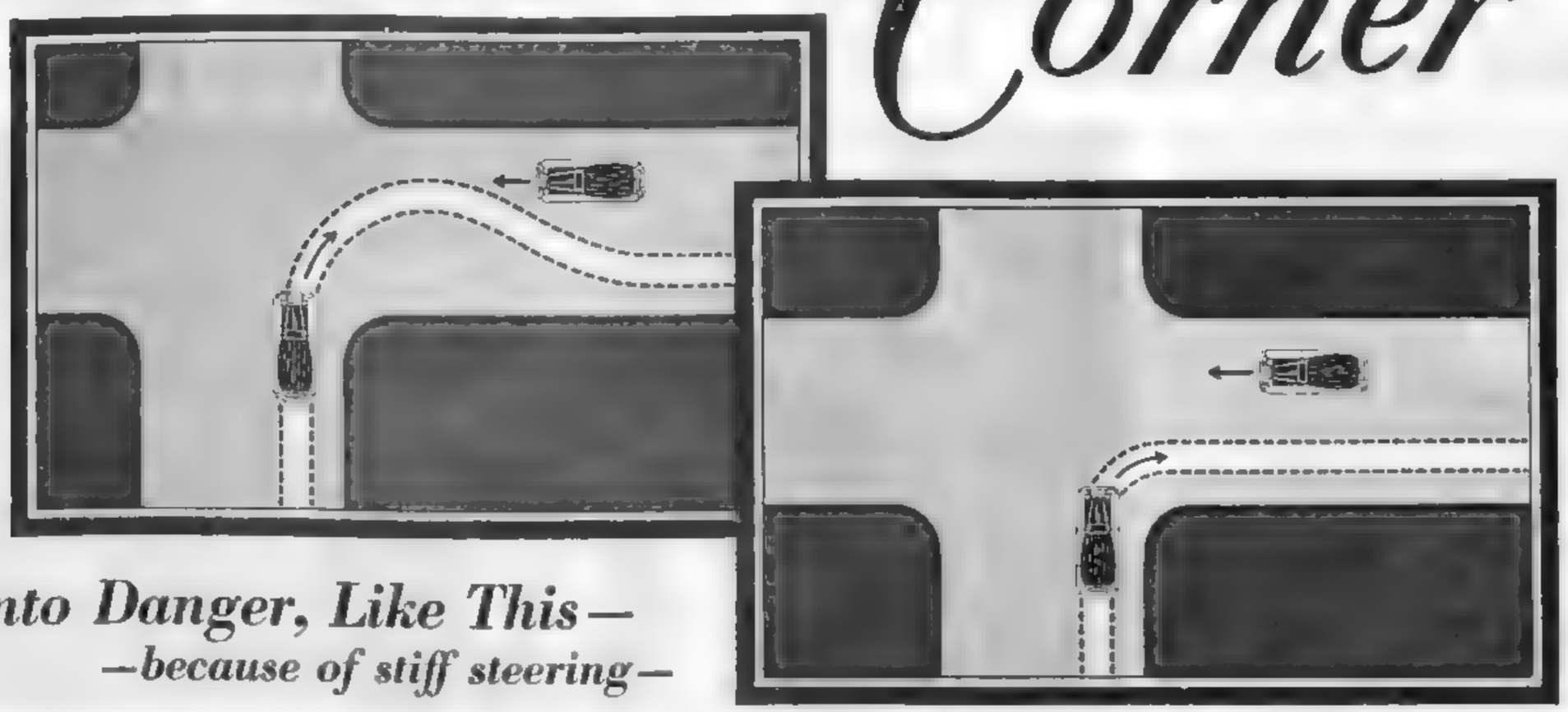
"I think poor Mr. Trunkett suffered the nervous strain," said Mary Ann.

"Do you know," Olney said suddenly, "Trunkett never showed up today, and we sailed through without a murmur. Yes, sir, after two years I've put over the merger, and it will be announced in tomorrow's papers."

"How nice!" said Mary Ann. "Will that make the stock go up?"

(Continued on Page 77)

How do YOU TURN a Corner?



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With Ross Cam and Lever Steering it's easy to keep in your own traffic lane and turn square—the *safe* way.

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These Cars are Ross-Equipped

THE MANUFACTURERS of the cars listed below appreciate the *importance* of steering, and want you to have what they believe to be the *best*. Therefore, they supply Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear as standard equipment (as do also 115 manufacturers of trucks, 50 makers of buses and 9 makers of taxicabs):

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Chandler	614, 619, 629, 835	Peerless
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Diana	Kleiber	Rowmer
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Body Style _____ *Year* _____

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Please send facts about Ross Replacement Unit and free booklet on Steering. I have marked above the name and body-style of the car I drive.

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10

ROSS *Cam* AND *Lever* STEERING

A new inner tube? Let your tooth paste pay for it

How come, you ask? Do a little arithmetic with us and find out. The average dentifrice costs you 50c. You use about a tube a month. Twelve times fifty equals six dollars, the yearly cost. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25c (the large tube). Twelve times twenty-five equals three dollars. All right. Six dollars minus three dollars equals three dollars, your annual saving. Spend it as you please. The inner tube is merely a suggestion.

Demanded by millions –
a first class tooth paste at 25¢

WOULDN'T a young man or woman starting out in life be glad to cut the yearly tooth paste bill from $6 to $3?

Wouldn't a man paying bills for a family of seven like to reduce the family tooth paste bill from $42 to $21?

We thought they would. Investigation showed that thousands of others felt the same way.

Therefore, we produced a really first class dentifrice at 25c *for a large tube.* Half of what you usually pay.

Listerine Tooth Paste is its name. Ultra-modern methods of manufacture, alone, permit such a price for such a paste.

In it are contained certain ingredients that our fifty years' study of tooth and mouth conditions taught us are necessary to a first class dentifrice for the perfect cleansing of all types of teeth.

Outstanding among them is a marvelous new and gentle polishing agent so speedy in action that tooth brushing is reduced to a minimum.

We ask you to try this delightful dentifrice one month. See how white it leaves your teeth. How good it makes your mouth feel. Judge it by results alone. And then reflect that during the year it accomplishes a worthwhile saving. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Large Tube
25c

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

(Continued from Page 74)

"I figure it will jump fifty points."

"How perfectly ducky!" said Mary Ann.

McWhinney leaned across the table. "Young woman, you almost gave me heart failure. You should have won that match on the fourteenth."

"No, indeed," said Mary Ann.

"Why not?"

"It was too early."

"But to let her come from behind and finish all level on the eighteenth!"

"Oh," said Mary Ann, "she had to do that."

"Had to? What are you talking about?"

"Why, it was still too early to win."

"And then such putting—what went wrong with you?"

"I thought it was very nice putting," said Mary Ann. "I had to be dreadfully careful."

McWhinney leaned on his elbow and scrutinized Miss Perkins. "Now just what do you mean by that?"

"I thought you knew," Mary Ann said innocently. "I thought you knew all the time. Mr. Trunkett couldn't leave till the match was finished, could he? And it wouldn't do any good if he left before two o'clock. So the match just had to go on."

Olney was interested now. "Is that why he didn't appear?" he asked.

"Of course. I didn't want him to be at that meeting."

"Why? What interest was it to you?"

"Well," she said, "I like awfully to make money. It's so nice to have and such fun to make. So when I heard about this merger and Mr. Trunkett, it looked to me like a perfectly ducky time to make some money."

There was quite a noticeable silence now—a silence of real interest, a rapt silence.

"Would you mind explaining a little further?" asked Mr. Olney.

"No, indeed. I thought if this merger happened, the stock would go up a lot. Mr. McWhinney mentioned that. And I knew how Mrs. Trunkett always makes her husband watch her play. So I just got to thinking, and so I called up my broker and told him to buy about five thousand shares of Tristate Power, and he did it. So, of course, I couldn't let Mr. Trunkett go, and so I had to keep on putting and putting and putting. Once or twice I was scared to death a putt was going to drop."

"Am I to understand," demanded Olney, "that you staged that performance on purpose? That you could have beaten the Trunkett woman before, but just strung her along till her husband couldn't get to the meeting?"

"I thought it was an awfully nifty idea."

"And you bought five thousand shares?"

"Yes. You see papa taught me a lot about stocks before he died, and I know quite a little about them, because I watch things pretty close."

"Do you realize how much you are going to make out of this?"

"Oh, yes"—her eyes opened wide—"I figured it all out with a little bit of a pencil. I figured it out, if I could putt long enough, I would make about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. So I didn't mind such a lot of putting at all."

Mr. Olney stood up. He bowed. "My dear," he said, "you are a genius. I'd like to have a son like you."

"I think," said Mary Ann, glancing sidewise at the young man, "that you have a very nice son as things are."

COPYCATS

(Continued from Page 17)

In the American Woman's Association, everybody will be close to the government, for government will be by a council of the membership. The five thousand will be divided into fifty groups. At the head of each group of one hundred will be a councilor who will keep in close personal touch with each one. The only power the groups will exercise will be that of initiative and referendum. Any member of a group with a suggestion or criticism concerning the organization will take the matter up with her councilor.

When the councilors meet, two members of the board of directors of the association will be present and the councilors will bring up all questions put forward by their groups. The groups are arranged alphabetically so as to get a representative cross section of the association into each one. It is a form of representative government that has never been tried before in an organization of this kind.

Staring at the Furrow

Nor is that the only unusual experiment. In a laboratory such as this, there will always be many problems under the microscope. Not alone will an effort be made to help the women in their vocations but also in their avocations. For instance, there will be a circulating library for paintings. Pictures will be rented out for periods of a month at a reasonable rate so that every member can have the joy of living for a short time with good art. Also, artists of international ability, American Woman's Association members, are already working with the classes in drawing and painting, composed of their sister clubwomen. Members of these classes are not starting out with the expectation of ever becoming famous illustrators or artists. As a matter of fact, they are already well known, some of them, as lawyers, educators and business women. In the classes, they will simply fulfill long-cherished desires to paint for their own enjoyment.

The belief of those who made this program possible is that such work will develop aspirants along the lines of freedom and self-expression. Successful men often advise beginners to keep the mind and the eye constantly on the job. Although in the main this is sound counsel, there is such a thing as missing the stars because you are staring too hard at the furrow. Women are too much inclined to look down, anyway.

A boy who starts out in an office licking stamps is usually thinking fifteen years ahead to a future in which he will be a member of the firm. His mind is entirely concentrated upon the rise he has planned for himself. The girl employe, on the other hand, is thinking of her job of today and the minutest details thereof. She reflects upon how much she is earning and whether the boss really likes her, and, regrettably enough, sometimes wastes her time being jealous. When she hits a real difficulty requiring patience and perseverance, she is likely to get restless and worried. She is afraid to steal a glance at the stars for fear she will turn away from the furrow, and she wants to keep on in the same old furrow because she is sure of it.

One of the most unhappy women I know has served as instructress to a succession of young men who have always gone on beyond her—"promoted over my head," she calls it bitterly, and pours out her resentment for such injustice to whomsoever will listen.

One longs to explain to her that while she was keeping her eyes on the job of today, her masculine pupils were preparing for the job of tomorrow, and when tomorrow came were poised for instant flight. It would take courage, this explanation, for she would be amazed and hurt. She is undoubtedly more capable than the men she trains at the job in which she is kept from year to year, and her chiefs know it, but they also know that she has not looked ahead far enough to prepare for anything better. She works hard enough to fit herself for any future, but her furrow is deep and narrow; she keeps her eye on it and it alone, thus missing all chance to cultivate the other sides of life. She forgets that there are other sides. Instead of broadening out to her new freedom, she has by her own course narrowed down to one job and a rubber-stamp life.

Although she would be shocked to hear me say so, she is really a tremendous egoist. Her own personal point of view is always in the foreground and she has developed an inferiority complex, which, the psychoanalysts tell us, makes its unfortunate owner an egoist just as surely as does a superiority complex.

One reason perhaps that many business women have inferiority complexes about their jobs is that most of them take on careers temporarily, planning to throw them over for marriage when the right man comes along. I do not believe that this attitude makes either for competency or self-respect.

At the same time it is not entirely the girl's fault that she regards her career as a stop-gap. Everybody turns to the small boy and says, "Sonny, what are you going to do when you grow up?" Nobody asks the girl, simply assuming that she will marry in the natural course of events. Thus the girl's mind is not prepared to think of a career.

One of the great feminine mysteries is that women in the arts do not have this impermanent attitude toward their careers. It is seldom that a writer, musician or painter thinks of abandoning her ambitions because of marriage.

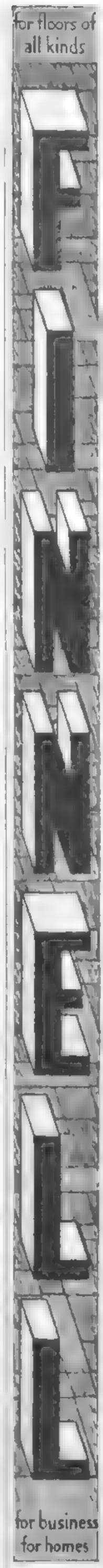
The Last Ditch to Leap

Business women, in spite of their acknowledged intention to desert at the first good opportunity, seem to expect masculine employers to push them ahead along with the men. In many professions, particularly in the world of finance, which some optimists declare is the only one left for women to conquer, the employe must be practically subsidized for ten and sometimes fifteen years before he has developed into a real asset to the firm. Is it any wonder that employers choose men for such subsidies?

Insisting that the financial world is the last ditch the sex must leap in its progress toward success, women say men won't let them in.

Certainly, they have not yet got further in than the service end, but the reason is precisely what has just been stated—actual intention of impermanency. A woman with a mind for finance and a determination to make a career that marriage is not to close would be welcomed as men are in the banking world.

I am sick of the habit that women have of eternally measuring men against women.



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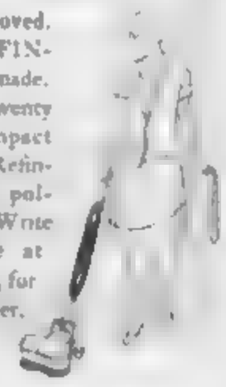

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Let us have our own yardstick on our own ambitions and thoughts; let us blaze our own trails. I have heard enough, too, of generalizations—particularly to young girls about the free wide-open world in which as women they now live and are to achieve "self-expression" by flocking, sheeplike, to standards fixed by other women as evidence of feminine independence.

What young women need to be told is that they should not throw away their chance for freedom, as so many women are doing, by making a formula of life. If we tell them hard enough, perhaps they may be saved.

There are other lessons for younger women to learn from our mistakes in the use of our so-called freedom. The most important is a realization that she who wishes to get something must have something to give. Coöperation will accomplish wonders for the position of woman.

Association with a woman's organization reveals that a few of the caricature estimates of women are right—that in groups they talk too much, fail often to carry through, are overly imitative and too apprehensive about public opinion. At the same time, it is quite evident that not one of these traits is fatal.

I would not talk about our faults, I think, if it were not that I am confident they may yet be turned into virtues.

The age offers us our chance. If we can quit making copycats of ourselves we can build a mighty structure. In time we surely will.

MY LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS

(Continued from Page 5)

Only the ignorant, according to my grandmother, depended on doctors. She considered it a sacrilege the way the woman on the top floor would constantly call the neighborhood doctor. And the doctor, a stout asthmatic with a red face, would not even climb the four flights to look at his patient, but carried on his examination from the sidewalk, shouting up to the woman, who leaned out of her window to answer him.

"What is it, Mrs. Lefkowitz?" cried the physician.

"Mine child, it hurts him his belly!" complained the worried Mrs. Lefkowitz.

"Give him castor oil!" shouted up the physician. "And throw down a dollar!"

Grandma Esther looked on, her head nodding sadly. Here was a man walking from house to house, bellowing up medical advice to the women and getting money thrown at him from every window. And she felt she had cured more people with her mysterious herbs and incantations than all the doctors ever would. But one day her sacred magic failed.

I was an excited umpire on the sidelines of a gang fight when a jagged flying brick struck me, cleaving my forehead almost in two, and I fell unconscious on the curbstone in a pool of blood. My grandmother, wailing and distracted, tried with her prayers to revive me, but finally carried me into the nearest drug store.

One druggist on the East Side has always been a factotum of science. If you come in with a prescription from a professor he usually frowns and asks in deep concern "What is this for?" You tell him it's for your stomach. He laughs pityingly. "Why, then he gave you the wrong thing! This medicine is only for kidneys. Besides, he gave you a dose that could kill a horse!" And you wind up by taking the druggist's prescription instead.

Besides, if you come in for liver pills the chances are you go out with a camera, a hot-water bag, a box of stationery and a carpet cleaner.

One druggist in particular had acquired a wide reputation as a surgeon because he had once bandaged a badly cut leg. He always prided himself on the fact that the bandage never came off—though the leg did. Reassuring my grandmother that there was nothing to worry about, he put five stitches in my forehead, omitting the perfunctory routine of first washing out the wound, and then he made one of his perfect bandages. In two days my head was swollen to a size that no success in later life could swell it to again.

My grandmother, now really frightened, carried me to the Essex Street Dispensary, where the wound was reopened and carefully treated. For three months she carried me in her arms each day to the Good Samaritan Dispensary, watched over me tenderly, soothing me through the nights of fever and pain, until at last the wound was healed and I could walk again. To this day that scar cuts across my brow and I sometimes wonder why I haven't invented a romantic story about it—to tell people that a hand wielding a saber suddenly appeared and slashed across my forehead to set a stamp of eternal sadness which the comedian always conceals beneath his mask of make-up. Now that I've made it up, maybe it's true, at that.

As I grew older my grandmother left a standing order at the corner grocery that while she was away on business I could choose my own meals from the menu of canned herrings, sardines and the various barrels of olives, and cheese. And after a light diet of kippered herring I would wander among the pushcarts for my dessert. I developed a knack for slipping bananas up my sleeve and dropping apples into my blouse while the peddler was busy filling some housewife's market bag. I used to pack a peach into my mouth with one snap of the jaws and look deeply offended when the peddler turned suspiciously upon me. With steady practice I got so that I could gulp a banana at one swallow and appear absolutely famished with a plum in each cheek.

One of my earliest achievements that I feel would have won me a place in history, even if I had never met Ziegfeld, was that between the ages of six and twelve I became the world's supreme delicatessen eater, absorbing more *salami*, *pastrami*, Bologna and Frankfurters in that short span than most families do in a lifetime. That's a fact.

Even now, as I daintily dip my zwieback into a cup of lukewarm milk, I shudder as I think of my early prowess. I was the trusted emissary—or maybe ambassador—of the Isaac Gelles Wurst Works in those years and carried their daily supply of pickled meats from the factory on Essex Street to their big store at 14 Market Street. I used to start out with an empty stomach and a full basket and wind up vice versa.

I often watch my own children now, eating their careful diets of orange juice, gelatin puddings, coddled eggs and custards, nicely caloried and vitamined, and I can't help wondering how any of the old East Side herring tearers remained alive at all. Still, we had our own ideas of training then. We believed that if practice makes for progress, then a stomach trained on Bologna can in later life digest nails, and a head banged often enough on a pavement can later buck granite. I guess both methods are partly right. It's the age-old issue that will never be solved—between the coddled egg and the hard-boiled one.

At the age of six I began to keep late hours. At midnight, after my grandmother had retired, I would crawl onto the iron bedstead beside her, and if she happened to wake up and ask me where I had been I appeared to be sound asleep, and even gave a snore or two to convince her. But in reality I had been out with a band of boys two and three times my age who spent their nights in a revelry of song. For the East Side at night is menaced not only by the caterwauling of cats but by gangs of youths who sit on the stoops and the corner stands, singing all the popular songs with all their might at an age when their voices are changing. In a choir like this my voice stood out to advantage.

Though children of six usually sing all their songs on one and the same note, and that note for some reason is usually flat, I managed to follow the tune pretty well, and if a note was very high I made it if I had to climb a pole to reach it. The other boys, in recognition of my ability, would let me sing a solo; but some unappreciative listener on the third floor once drowned out the concert with a pail of water, giving an impromptu black-out to my act.

But I wasn't discouraged by this icy reception. Only a jealous man, I thought, would pour water on a performing artist. And if my voice could arouse such envy, I must develop it at all costs. So I sang under the same window the next night, and twice as loud.

I grew lean, big-eyed, eager—eating from grocery barrels, singing in back yards, playing in gutters and on the roofs of houses, and combining with it all the smatterings of a public-school education. I was not introspective—whatever that is. I simply took to life as a darky takes to rhythms, and vibrated with it. In short, I was a typical New York street boy who, by a peculiar and deft twist of fortune, eventually lands either in the Bowery Mission or in a bower of roses.

III

ONE day I learned about parents. They were mysterious people who bought wonderful things for other children, but never thought about me. Little Jonah Goldstein had a wagon and said his parents bought it. Young Ira Atkins paraded with a popgun and a wooden tomahawk. The street-corner club met and boasted of the rare gifts they would get for the holidays. One dark, stern little lad, Daniel Lipsky, not only received presents but at the age of nine already carried a pad and pencil in his pocket to calculate his savings and set aside a small sum to buy tokens for others. He was born with an infallible instinct for figures, and if the club planned a joint enterprise, he quickly concluded, "Boys, this will cost a dollar-twenty and we've got to chip in eight cents apiece." The moment one uttered a number, Daniel would say "Six per cent of that," and give you the answer. It was a kind of magic to me. And when Daniel marched down the block in a new birthday suit and revealed a fire engine he had got for Hanukka, I realized that parents must be a marvelous thing. I'd have to get myself a few.

"My father bought me this," remarked Lipsky impressively. "That fire engine must cost four-ninety-eight!" But I was not to be outdone.

"You call that an engine!" I sneered. "That's a peanut! Why, my father is a fireman! He rides the hook and ladder and everything!"

"You ain't got a father!" retorted Benny Schulberg.

"I have so!" I insisted. "And any time I want I can go down to the fire house and ride the engine with him!" For a moment the other boys' features darkened and their lips drooped in envy.

"Say, fellers, is he really got a father?" asked Benny waveringly.

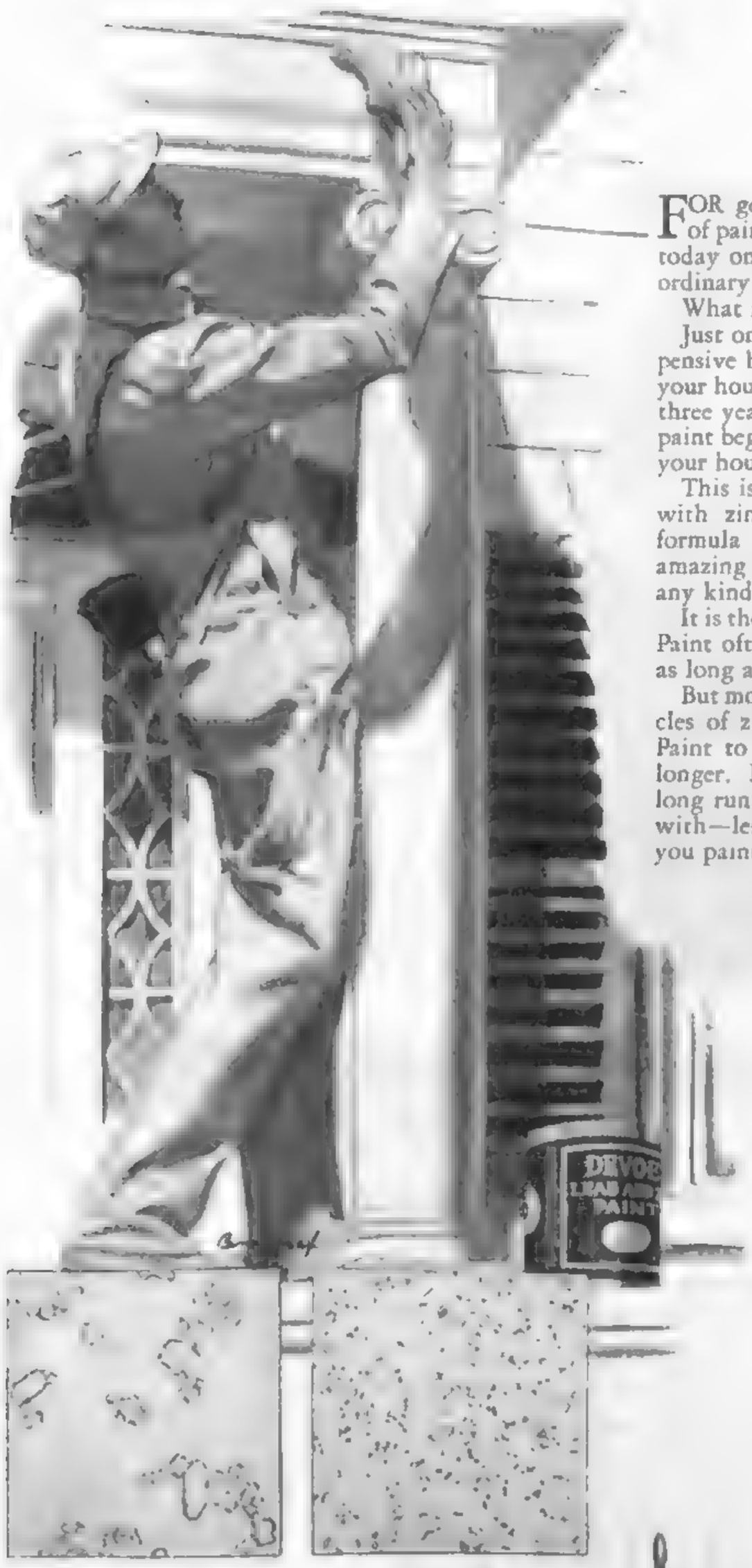
But I was determined. If every other lad had a father I had one too—and a real live father—a father who was a fireman one day, a cop the next day, and on another occasion the biggest chief of the Indians!

"Well, if you got one," snarled Jonah Goldstein, who had a wagon and a legal mind even at that early date, "then why don't we ever see him, and where's the presents he brings you?"

This stumped me, but only for an instant. "You think my father would hang

(Continued on Page 51)

Why Paint "Mixed On The Job" IS HUNGRY FOR MORE *in three years*



LEAD ZINC

These photographs (taken through a microscope) show why Devoe combines zinc with lead. The lead particles which give "body" to paint are large, soft, irregular. Used alone they "chalk off" rapidly. The fine, hard zinc particles fill in between the larger particles of lead, give greater covering power—and add years of wear

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But more than that the hard, fine particles of zinc enable Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint to spread farther, as well as last longer. Devoe not only costs less in the long run but actually costs less to start with—less for every square yard of surface you paint.

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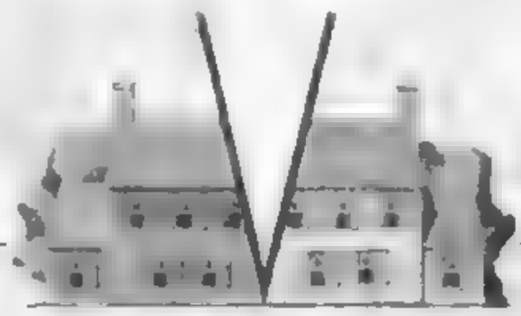

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TERNSTEDT

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DETROIT U. S. A.

UNIT OF FISHER BODY CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 78)

out with you guys?· But Danny seen him and he seen all the presents, didn't you, Danny?"

This was too speculative a proposition for Danny to underwrite. He always believed in safe conservative investments, and I'll come to that when I explain the million dollars which ultimately appeared upon the scene after Dan put the brakes on me and muzzled me with a budget. In the meantime he let me plunge into Father Preferred without margin.

"Aw, you're lying!" chorused the boys.

"I'm not!" I said grimly. "I'll take you down to the fire house and you can meet him!"

Tears had come to my eyes and the boys felt they had pressed me too hard. "Well, maybe you got one," said Ira. They knew I was an orphan. But if I'd been only a little taller I'd have impersonated my own father and shown those wiseacres!

Still this same imaginative technic applied to my school lessons did not work. I could not picture the answer to a problem in arithmetic, and no matter how vividly I exerted my fancy, my dates in history were wrong. But I had to get promoted in some way, and the way I could talk myself out of an answer established me as a star in rhetoric. At least, if I didn't answer correctly, I recited well. And teachers loaned me to one another to serve as general reciter in the assembly.

As one of them observed naïvely, "It doesn't matter what he says, but he says it beautifully."

I never could learn the exports of South America, but when I recited Benedict Arnold—The Traitor's Deathbed and The Soul of the Violin the assembly applauded and the geography teacher forgave me. I was the star at every graduation but my own. My own didn't materialize.

While Benedict Arnold pulled me through four terms, the Address of Regulus to the Romans dragged me through an additional three terms. And it looked as though Antony's oration over the body of Cæsar would sweep me through the last year and graduate me with honors. But a narrow-minded schoolmaster of the old birch-rod type insisted on treating me like one of the class and refused to promote me for a little thing like failing in all my subjects. I was young and impetuous, so I struck the teacher on the jaw with a board rubber and left the school while he was still being counted out.

The way I figured it at the time, the teacher was jealous because I could recite better than he could. Just as the fellow with the pail of water had been jealous of my singing. That gave me confidence, and I resolved, as summer approached, to do a real singing-and-reciting act at the boys' camp which I had been attending every season from the age of nine.

There had long been a movement on the East Side for fresh air. But the East Siders were not clear on the subject of air and could never quite distinguish it from food vapors. Each street had its own favorite flavor which it cherished with a certain local and civic pride. If, for instance, the tang of herring was missing from Hester Street, the Hester Streeters thought they were walking in a vacuum. Similarly the Italian quarter had its air pockets filled with garlic. Under the Williamsburg Bridge blew strong fish breezes, and no rich supply of ozone was complete without the ingredients of a dozen stables and the thousand and one fumes arising from vegetable pushcarts, poultry and meat markets, pickle works and refuse cans. If one walked down Orchard Street toward Rivington, one knew definitely that here air was literally cheese—sometimes fragrant cream cheese blended with cottage, and sometimes it was stale Roquefort with a dash of Gorgonzola. Subtract the cheese from this region and people would die for lack of air.

Under such circumstances the silly propaganda of uninitiated uptowners who knew nothing about air and described it as a tasteless, odorless, colorless, meaningless substance that hovered about anywhere and nowhere, and could never be smelled, tasted or even touched, were a crowd of visionary reformers who were trying to tamper with the fundamental laws of Nature. Their foolish argument that windows should be opened and air allowed into homes was an obvious plot to destroy the home. For each little flat manufactured a thick tasty atmosphere of its own, like gravy, which must never be allowed to escape or mingle with the aromas of the street. And when I slipped into the two-room apartment to sleep in my grandmother's iron bed, with ten other roomers scattered on the floor, all problems of insomnia were instantly solved, for the atmosphere knocked me into slumber with one blow. I didn't sleep in those good old days—I lay unconscious. Nor would the fall of a building or a feeble fire alarm disturb me.

Fortunately I had a faithful waker in the person of my school chum, the punctual Lipsky. This boy, to whom I was drawn by the sheer force of opposites, made it first a duty, then a passion to come every morning at 7:15 and begin the waking operations, which usually lasted three-quarters of an hour. It was as serious a process as waking a man out of ether.

The first step was to shake me gently—with a kick that rolled me clear across the bed. This was a signal for me to yawn and turn over on the other side. Then Lipsky took a firm grip of my long black hair like a handle and pulled my head off the pillow, forcing me into a sitting posture, at which I opened one eye, said "What the hell is the idea?" and promptly dropped my head back on the pillow. Lipsky pulled it up again, and this exercise was repeated ten times.

Then the relentless Daniel rolled me back and forth, massaged and pummeled me like a rubber at a bath, bent me up like a jackknife and pulled my legs and arms out of their sockets, folding and twisting me in all possible shapes and positions, until he was perspired, exhausted and ready to fall asleep himself. It was the routine of this morning waking that years later gave me the idea for my osteopath scene in the Ziegfeld Follies. It went over so well that I've had a mauling scene in almost every show since; and I've been thumped, thwacked and twisted into a cruller on the stage by masseurs, chiropractors, bonesetters and fight trainers.

The first time I did this scene, Bert Williams, the great negro comedian, suggested that while we were not on the stage we might stand in the wings and count each other's laughs.

He did a very funny monologue then, and when it was over, I told him, "Bert, you got twenty-nine laughs." That was like telling a man his stock had doubled in a week. Then I went on for my osteopath scene and when I came backstage Bert shook his head. "Well, how many?" I asked.

"You just got one laugh," he said.

"What do you mean—one laugh?"

"But it lasted from the time you got on to the time you came off!"

But in the days when I first rehearsed that scene with Lipsky it was no laughing matter. I needed a pulmotor to bring me to. Yet no one suspected that it might be lack of air.

So a new experience awaited me the first summer that I and my faithful alarm clock, Dan, were dispatched to the country for two weeks' vacation by the Educational Alliance, the community welfare center on East Broadway. For one dollar and a half to cover the fare, the Alliance sent poor lads from the tenements to a delightful boys' camp at Surprise Lake, Cold Spring, New York. Grandma Esther, thankful to be rid of me for two weeks and have me out of harm's way, paid the fare and I went for my virgin trip to the country. I was thrilled with the awesome prospect of meeting Nature face to face. But the first deep breath of country air made me hiccup and gave me chills.

A Fiction Writer *turns to facts for his most dramatic narrative*

"PROFESSIONAL story writing is a vocation hardly to be paralleled in its drain on nervous energy. For five years I held the pace, working at night to avoid distraction and doping myself with caffein to keep awake and alert. I sold nearly a million words—serial novels, short stories, vehicles for screen stars.

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—John Mersereau
1146 Cragmont Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

Author of "The Checkered Flag", starring Elaine Hammerstein; "The Whispering Canyon", starring Jane Novak; and many magazine stories.

JUST as in fiction, an apparently upright character often turns out to be a villain, so, in real life, the seemingly harmless habit of taking caffein with meals often proves to be a man's worst enemy, changing him slowly, slyly, from a healthy up-and-doing specimen of manhood to a rasping bundle of nerves.

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Here's an end to ROOF LEAKS

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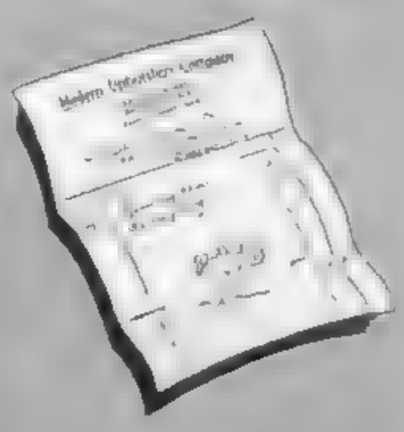
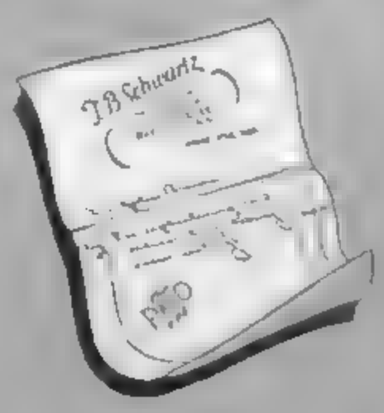


UPKEEP EXPENSE



ROOF-LEAKS, water damage, and upkeep expense are inevitable in the house that has rustable roof flashings, gutters and rainpipes. But it is easy to free the house for all time from these annoying and expensive failures by the use of sheet metal work of Anaconda Copper, which *cannot rust.*

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Cold Spring was a strange place. There wasn't a horse car or a delicatessen store in it. It didn't have a single tenement house or a back alley. It was not a network of brick walls covered with patches of sky like metal ceiling. It had no walls of any kind and it was all sky—sky, sky, sky as far as the eye could see—a rich blue-silk sky with islands and castles and ships painted on it in silver and gold tinted silhouettes. And green stretches of grass rolled like plush carpets over wide endless playgrounds.

My first breathless impression of wonder was mingled with anger. Why had the city folk held out on me and not told me of this bunk sooner? Why, this place had Seward Park and Pitt Street Park backed into a flowerpot! I hadn't seen so many trees in one place except on the wall paper in the Lipskys' front room. And Lake Surprise, brother, was a flabbergasting astonishment!

The nearest I had ever got to a lake was the fountain at Rutgers Square, where the kids used to duck for pennies in hot August days. But here was a lake that was first cousin to an ocean! Besides, look at the color of the water! I didn't know that water one swam in could be transparent. Off the East River piers, where the boys went for a dip, there was always a blue film of oil from passing tugs, and a boy who didn't come out of the river looking dark brown hadn't bathed!

But if Surprise Lake was for bathing, they must have champagne springs for drinking—and they had—pure champagne, sparkling out of the natural rock! A strange magic world I had stumbled into, with fruits growing on trees instead of push-carts, soda water bubbling out of stones, air that was sharp and tasted like peppermint, and beautiful scenery like in the geography books.

I wandered out of the camp along the dirt roads banked with rich green and golden foliage, my eyes popping at all the flying, hopping, dancing fragments of beauty that darted in shining streaks out of bushes, over trees, into the sky. I wondered whether in this heavenly place there were cops and gangsters like in the city of smoke and walls, or whether little boys put on white shirts and wings before they went to bed. I absent-mindedly picked up a nice round stone. Ah, if I had that in the city to throw at Epstein the tailor's window!

I passed a pretty row of freshly-painted cottages, each with shiny windows glittering in the sunset and dressed in gay beribboned curtains like little picnic girls. How could I resist throwing that stone and watching the angry faces appear and chase me down the road? I knew those calamity cries: "You loafer! You bummer! You wouldn't never come on this block again!" It would feel like home to be cursed and maltreated in this strange, almost inhuman paradise.

I threw it! There was a loud sharp crash of splintered, screaming glass and then there was silence. No angry face appeared. Only the hole like a gash in some live breathing form gaped at me and I ran frightened back to the camp.

Here, amid the clatter of evening dishes, I joined the group from my own district, shouting and laughing, eating my fill of fresh wholesome food, fondly hoping that this life would last forever. That night, chilled with all the health and vigor that had suddenly broken through my skinny underfed body, I went in advance of the others to the sleeping tents, and knowing I would be cold through the night, I glanced casually about to see that no one was watching and appropriated two blankets from the cots of other boys and wrapped them around my own. I knew I would be punished for this theft, and as I lay warmed by three blankets, I expected the camp cop to come after me and poke me with a club. But nothing happened and I was allowed to sleep comfortably on.

The next day the camp director, Morris Berk, smiled genially at me and I smiled back, happy that all was well.

"Come here, my boy," said the director kindly. I approached in anticipation of something pleasant and Morris Berk patted my cheek in a fatherly fashion. "You're a nice lad, Eddie, and I know you feel chilly at night and like to keep warm; but when you steal two blankets from the other cots that means that two other little boys lie all night without blankets and feel very cold. Now is that right?"

I felt hot waves of embarrassment mount to my face. I had never been reprimanded quite so gently and no one had ever appealed to my innate sense of justice. Instead of a scowl, I got a smile; instead of a blow, a pat on the cheek. Yes, life was totally different in this marvelous boys' heaven. I would never throw a stone at a window again. I would never do wrong. This was a great turning point in my life. The next night I stole only one blanket.

IV

LIFE at Surprise Lake Camp was a glorious dream to the scrawny underfed lads of the ghetto, but after two weeks they were parceled back to the dungeon streets and towering caves, while new boys with yellow faces and blue lips arrived. My problem was how to stay on permanently in this miraculous land where the parks never ended and the city streets never began. Every Saturday night there was a roaring camp fire and the hardy backwoodsmen from Orchard and Hester Streets gathered around the crackling logs, told blood-curdling tales and burned marsh mallows on match sticks.

Here I used my ingenuity. The Traitors' Deathbed and The Soul of the Violin had all but pulled me through school. Perhaps they would prolong my stay at Cold Spring. Anyway, it was worth trying, and I recited them as I never had before. I would wring their hearts and make them put out the fire with their tears. I made such terrifying grimaces, rolled and bulged my eyes and wrinkled my face so fiercely that my youthful audience involuntarily made faces after me; but the older fellows and directors thought my violent dramatic effort was a corking good parody and they broke into gales of laughter. The younger boys joined them, and very much to my dismay I was hailed as a great comedian. Of course I agreed that I had intended the recitations as a parody, but I wondered to myself: "Could I make them laugh if I wanted to?"

The boys clamored for an encore and cried, "Let it be as funny as the last one!"

I gave impersonations of the Polish servant girls whom my grandmother placed on jobs. I had often done this at home to amuse the girls themselves, and at least they thought it was funny; so I took a chance. I burst into a protest in Polish gibberish that had no meaning at all and it went over. I've found that comedy that has no message is always delivered. Then, with a kerchief wrapped around my head like a shawl, and a shrill voice, I posed as a grand and haughty servant girl interviewing and cross-examining her miserable mistress. I got what I was after. I was kept over for an extra week as an amusement feature of the camp.

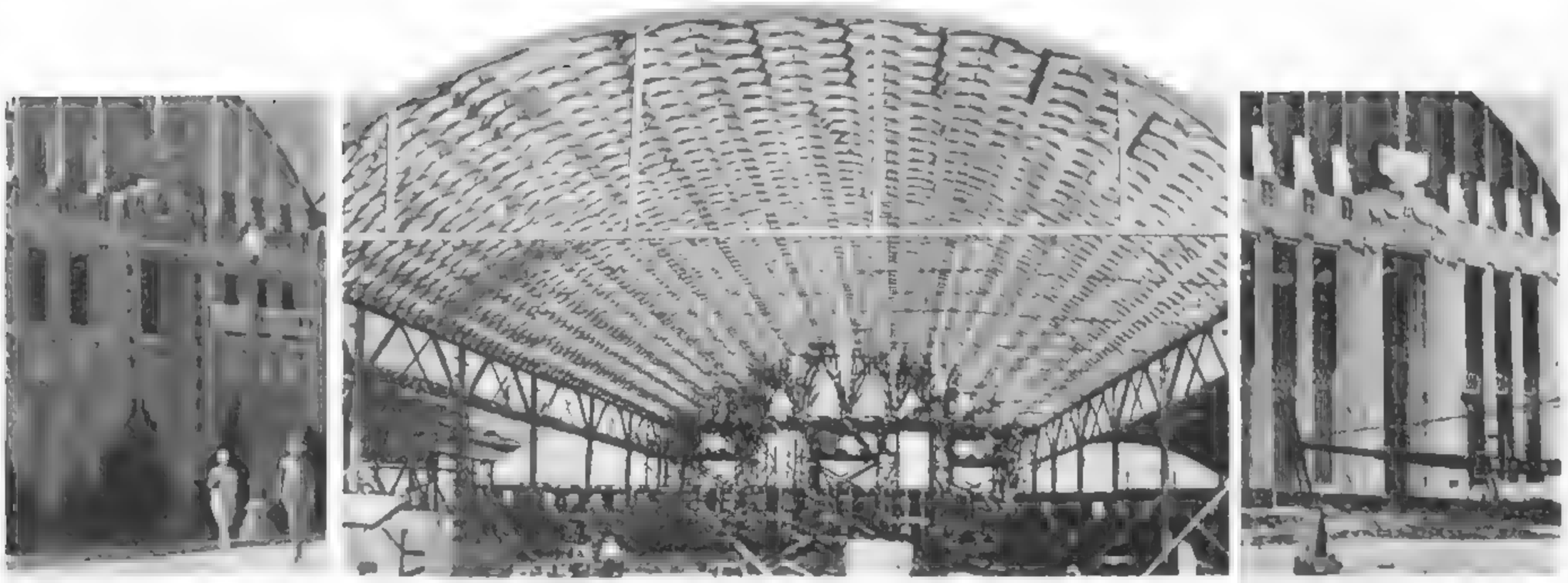
I became well known among the boys and was called Happy because I tied a little can to my head and looked like Hooligan. One summer I managed to stay on for seven weeks. But it was not always easy to get the initial fare to Surprise Lake. Lipsky, who was methodical and thrifty, would be all set with his fare for the summer by the previous November, while I never had anything but the desire.

My grandmother, to teach me thrift, refused to pay my fare unless I earned it; so a few weeks before vacation I would suddenly become industrious and offer to collect her outstanding accounts for candles and safety pins, a side line she maintained along with her agency.

"And where is the money from Mrs. Pincus?" she would inquire as I failed to turn over the collection.

"She'll pay next week," I'd say carelessly.

Continued on Page 85



Here it is . . . the Democratic National Convention Hall at Houston in the course of construction. Note the trussless all-wood roof construction. Another brilliant achievement in the use of lumber.

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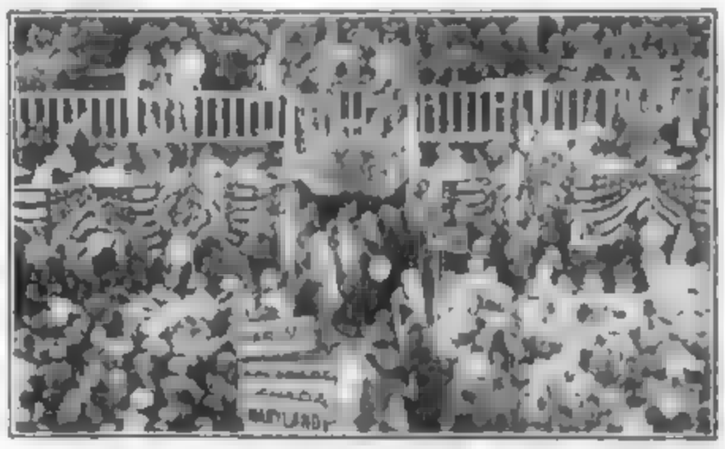

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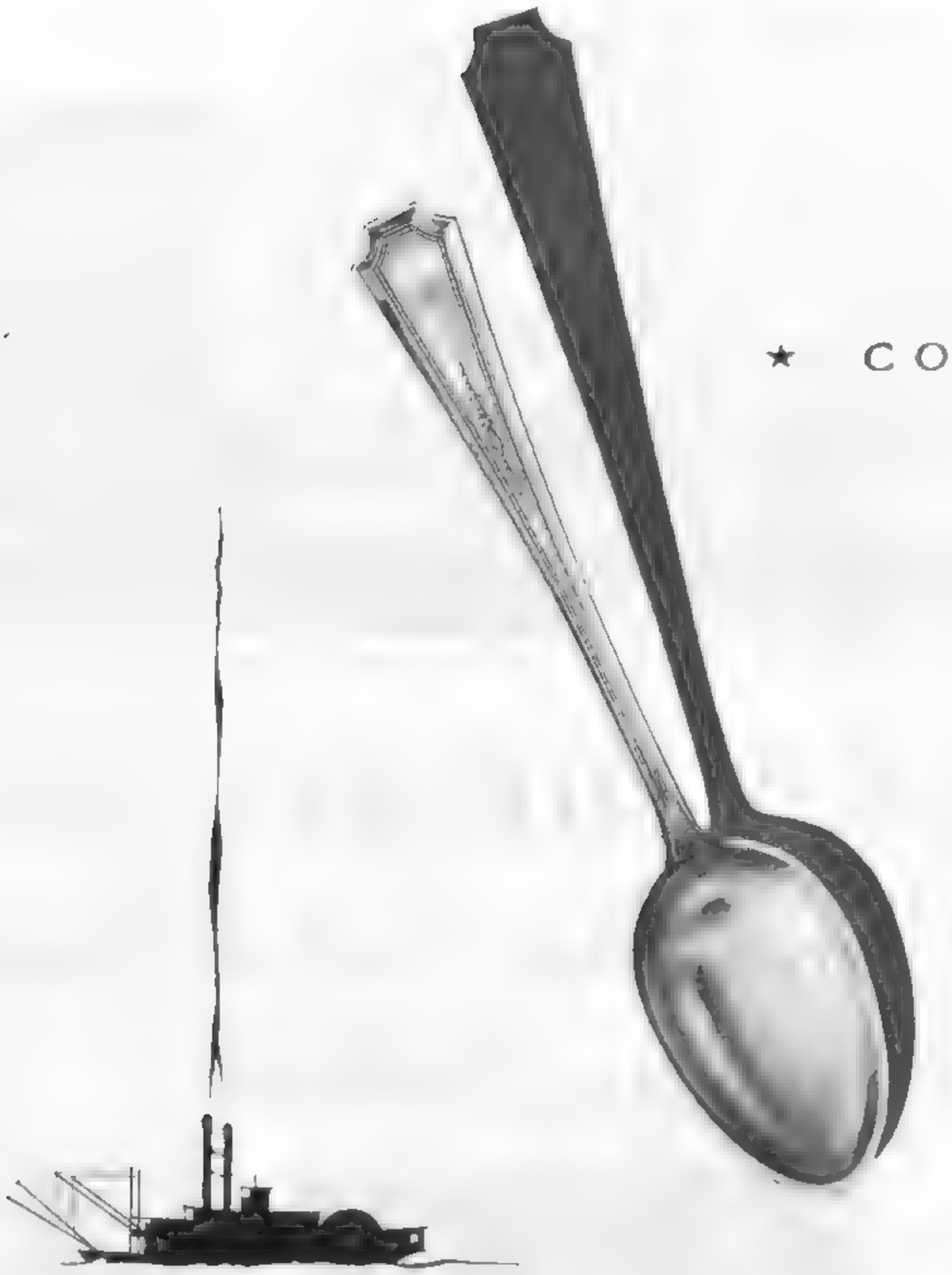

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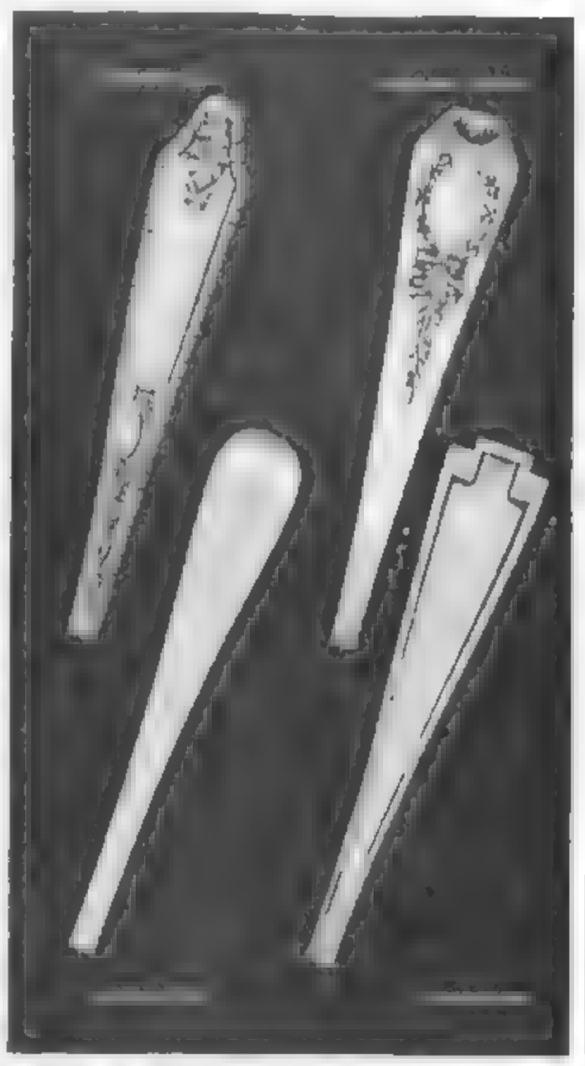

"Whatever your taste · whatever your favorite period · you will find among Gorham's 27 patterns in Sterling a silver service to harmonize"

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS

(Continued from Page 62

"And what's about Mrs. Gartel and Mrs. Finkel and Mrs. Bendelbloom?"

"Everybody next week!"

And next week when she asked, "Well, what's about Mrs. Pincus and Mrs. Gartel and the rest of them?" I became impatient.

"Don't you remember they all paid you last week, grandma?"

Grandma said nothing, but as I was preparing to leave the house triumphantly she called after me: "Now remember, use that money for fare! And next time don't think you're so smart!"

I felt rather awkward, but I was happy, for I had to get to Surprise Camp by whatever road I could take.

At the camp, the directors would eat their meals after the boys were served, and though I usually avoided work, I vied for the privilege of waiting upon them. I became a surprisingly efficient and diligent waiter, and in my industrious, preoccupied manner I always managed to take away their desserts before they were half finished; and the directors, ashamed to grapple with me to retain their dishes, let them go and I finished the desserts myself.

Still, while I probably ate more desserts than all the directors combined, I often came late for meals, and after the last bell sounded, the iron rule of the camp forbade food to the delinquents. At times like these, I put on my most famished expression and went guiltily to the back door of the kitchen, where the beaming Mrs. Bloomer, a buxom, benevolent matron, would never let me go hungry. She took such a motherly delight in conspiring with the late comers that it was a wonder anybody ever came on time. To this day—it is twenty-five years since—camp alumni still come at any hour and find a hearty welcome at her table.

When I was ten, thirty-nine boys and myself formed a camp club at Cold Spring which still exists. In these twenty-five years not a member has been added and not a member has been lost. We solemnly resolved at that time to give to other half-starved city boys the same pleasure we had shared; and though we have grown to manhood, drifted into various pursuits, some married, others still eligible, all are active members of the camp club and contribute to its work. Each month we meet in a different member's home, planning improvements and extensions for the camp. And Daniel Lipsky, the first president of the club, is the president to this day.

Recently, by the action of the Educational Alliance and the club, the name of Surprise Camp was changed to the Eddie Cantor Camp—an honor which I prize among my proudest possessions. For along with my work on the stage, the pleasure of helping city-saddened boys to health and recreation has absorbed the best impulses I have had in life. Our club, through the years, with its own funds transformed the old tents to modern bungalows, of which we now have one hundred. From a summer resort we turned Cold Spring into an all-year home for boys, and the sicklier ones we tone up in the winter. We have even eliminated the charge for fare—because I know what it meant for me to raise that dollar and a half—and we have prolonged the vacation from two weeks to a month. Our camp takes a boy from the door of his home and brings him back there, giving him all the comforts of Nature, science, affection and good food without taking a penny from him.

It seems a matter of fate that I who am the father of five girls should have a whole campful of boys on the side. But that's not why I did it. I am really devoted to the boys without any ulterior motive. Every year I arrange one affair for the camp with an all-star bill that makes Ziegfeld and Dillingham wish they had a camp for every day in the year to be able to line up such an array of talent on a single stage. Two years ago while I was in Hollywood making a picture I got an attack of pleurisy, but in spite of it I made the trip to New York to attend the camp benefit and returned the next day.

Once my overzealous affection was misunderstood by the boys of the camp. I visited Surprise Lake and wanted to entertain the boys as I had done twenty years before around the camp fire. A couple of camp instructors with megaphones went out on the ball fields and playgrounds, announcing "Eddie Cantor will sing a few songs for you. Everybody come to the auditorium!" I was sitting under a tree waiting for my public to be corralled when a group of red-faced lads, hot from a ball game, passed by, dragging their bats and gloves, with glum sullen faces.

One of them grumbled, "Aw, gee! We come out here to have some fun and now we got to go in and listen to this guy Eddie Cantor!"

But I'm far ahead of my story. It was a long time before I, a skinny, hollow-chested son of the slums, could lend a hand to a new generation of starvelings. Nice and simple as it looks on the whole, it was complicated in its details; and during the vague, formative years I vacillated, drifted between impulses to act and amuse and a desire to slouch around street corners, hang out in pool rooms, join guerrilla gangs and become a gangster's tool. Who could tell by looking at a group of East Side youngsters which would become a Gyp the Blood or Lefty Louie and which a Marcus Loew or Irving Berlin?

What would become of me, I knew least of all. For this is a fact: All those grappling, struggling little lives that swarm upon the sidewalks of New York and overflow its housetops and its gutters like the millions of crawling, flying, creeping creatures of the forest—all are endowed with a similar mixture of spirit, vitality, ambition and cunning; each is gifted with an abundance of wild energy like the thousand streams that feed a waterfall, and it is hard to say which of these forces will assert itself, which shall aspire to the lion's throne, which acorn shall rise to the prowess of an oak, which flying egg shall hatch to be an eagle, and which sorry blend of life essence shall be the worm.

Thrown indiscriminately into the maze and tangle of skyscrapers and lowly tenements, like seeds cast over rocks and fields and seas, these countless thousands rise and grow and pass through what is broadly the same school for all. Poverty clamps them down to narrow limits, desire urges them on to new ambitions, necessity whets their natural cunning and teaches some to steal, others to lie, and encourages all to deception; then sad experience makes them kind and tolerant; those who are weak, adversity makes weaker; those who are strong, success makes stronger; and in the last selection and arrangement of their lives, those who were at first together are now far apart, and some have traveled up the river to the chair and others traveled up the ladder to the throne.

At twelve I sizzled with purposeless energy. If it could have been properly chained and Ford had retracted sooner, he might have hitched me to his factory and saved a power plant. But it was allowed to run wild and my energy took on every shape except work. As a boy of thirteen I felt my first urge to power. I pulled a cap down over my eyes, donned a big red sweater and flourished a bat, looking for all the world like the chief of a gas-house gang, when in reality I was flat-chested, underweight, frightened at my own bluff and ready to be blown over by a breath. Still, when Pock-Faced Sam, chief terror of the local strikers, had to hire guerrillas to guard the strike breakers, he was so impressed by my formidable appearance that he engaged me as one of his strong-arm men.

I pushed my cap down lower so they couldn't see how my teeth chattered and swung my bat, nearly falling over with the effort, and pulled down three bucks a day for the pose. I didn't realize then that it was the actor in me that earned me my pay.

I was all for the rough life, spat sideways and carried a gun for a regular gangster, but if the gun had ever gone off I'd have

Revel in this new MENNEN *Menthol-iced* lather!

Here's an entirely new Mennen Shaving Cream. Blended a new way—a process just developed. Even you Mennen fans will be amazed at the volume of lather it picks up. Denser, moister, creamier, too. And Menthol-iced with a bracing dash of cooling menthol that adds new delight to the pleasure of the perfect shave.

Dermutation is quicker, more complete. Your beard is softened in half the time. Only Mennen has dermutation, that special process by which Mennen lather wilts the tough fibrous stiffening in the heaviest beard. Tames it so the razor cuts clean and close without yanking or pulling. Smooths the skin mounds around the hairs so the razor glides through without nicking or flaying the face. No free caustic to parch or smart. Goodbye to that raw, slapped, tight feeling. Works in any water. Freshens and tones up the skin. Longer life and better shaves from every blade.

Your shave is only as good as your lather

MENNEN
the *dermutized* shave

Try it at our expense!

To let you in on this new Mennen lather, we're giving this big free tube of Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream with a full-size tin of Mennen Talcum for Men—both for the price of the talcum alone. Get this special package and try out this even better shave—today. 25c at your dealer.

Has the . . .
New Blade Fallacy
cast a spell over you?

Spell is what it is, for men don't reason when they think new blades are ready for shaving when they unwrap them. So long as the spell lasts and men try to get satisfactory shaves by taking a new blade every few days they will miss getting really fine shaves.

The error comes in thinking that a blade which left the factory with a keen edge holds that edge indefinitely. Highly tempered steel doesn't act that way. It is temperamental and must be petted and smoothed down with a strop immediately before it is used.

This is interesting

Fine razors have edges of tiny invisible teeth. Temperature changes, jolts and handling get these teeth out of alignment. That's why a blade pulls. Stropping smoothes them into line and restores a keen cutting edge.

A few turns on Twinplex puts an edge on a NEW blade that is a marvel for smooth shaving. And it's so easy to strop with Twinplex. No fussing—no reversing blade. Just slip blade in and turn—strops both edges at once and reverses blade at every turn, just as a barber does. You can't fail.

30 seconds a day will keep one blade marvelously keen, for weeks of the smoothest shaves you've ever known. Shaving is also easier and quicker with Twinplex, for a keen blade is a quick, safe shaver. Twinplex soon pays for itself.

You will be proud to own the new Twinplex Aristocrat at $4.00 or DeLuxe at $5.00. Either will be a classy and serviceable Christmas present for your particular friends. Other attractive models at $2.50 and $3.50 at your dealer's.

Send for the DULL HOUSE and FREE NEW blade stropped

Clever little Dull House solves the problem of disposing of old blades safely. Send 10¢ for it and we will also send you, FREE, one brand NEW blade stropped on Twinplex, and specially packed to protect it. You will get from it a new idea of what a real shave is. Name your razor.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1606 Locust Street, Saint Louis
Chicago Montreal—London

Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER, QUICKER SHAVES

gone with it. In a gang fight I did all the acting and made enough facial contortions to scare away all the opponents my pals couldn't lick.

It was high adventure. But what displeased me about these otherwise thrilling experiences was that they were too secret and confidential. If I was going to crawl through a transom or climb a drainpipe, why not first call a crowd together and at least get applause for it? My instinct for the footlight must have been greater than for the searchlight. I longed for an audience. Regardless of what I did, I wanted to do it before the multitude; and so in my fourteenth year I turned to politics as the natural outlet for my talents. I had noticed that politicians, even when they had nothing to say, had listeners.

These were busy years for me. I was too occupied a man now to take vacations or even think of the little strip of woodland at Surprise Lake. I threw myself enthusiastically into the midst of the political conflict. I didn't know at first that I had to belong to a party or fight for issues. I fought and argued purely for the fun of the fight and the sound and fury of the argument.

I got on a soap box and attacked the first candidate whose poster I noticed in a butcher shop. It happened to be a Socialist. I told my audience in strict confidence that Socialists were bomb throwers and that the candidate ate ham even though his picture was in a kosher butcher shop. I worked havoc on the unfortunate candidate, and some of my more susceptible listeners made a definite resolve to go out and commit murder. It thrilled me to find that I could influence the moods and emotions of people.

"I've got them going," I thought; "now let's see if I can get them going the other way."

The next night I spoke in praise of the man I had attacked. I championed his cause and hailed him as a leader of the working class. I ripped off my own shirt in tattered strips to show the blood stains on my back from the lash of my brutal boss in the sweatshop.

"Down with the capitalists!" I cried.

I had never been in a sweatshop, but I knew how to slap on red paint, and the act went over big.

But the next time out I stumped for this man's opponent. I held my audiences so spellbound that pickpockets found easy pickings among the engrossed listeners, and they would urge me on to talk ahead whenever I paused for effect or for breath.

"Go on, kid! It's great stuff!" they pleaded, and I spoke on more and more excitedly while they frisked the crowd. I was doing fine and so were they.

Once in a while a charitable pickpocket would interrupt me in the middle of my speech and say, "All right, kid, you can go home now! We got enough!"

It was not till later that I learned what an invaluable asset I had been to the pickpocket industry.

My passion for talking was a labor of love, and while other distinguished orators of my day belonged to the Spellbinders Club and got two dollars a night and spoke for only one candidate, I got nothing at all and spoke for and against everybody.

It was only when I attacked a Democrat whom I had praised the night before that some self-appointed representatives of the party knocked the soap box from under me, dispersed my audience with a few well-aimed beer bottles and gave me such a beating that I solemnly swore that if I cared to have a future as a public speaker and remain alive, I would henceforth be a loyal Democrat. That is how I was enrolled in the party.

One of my first assignments was to speak for a young assemblyman, running at the time, known as Alfred E. Smith. I decided to make a great speech, because this was the first candidate I really knew and knew personally. For young Mr. Al was a popular and lovable figure on the East Side. When I lived on Henry Street, Alfred Smith lived on Oliver Street, two blocks away. From the pool room around the corner where the other boys and I spent edifying hours, Mr. Smith would call the whole crowd over to Bassler's saloon and blow for drinks. But Al always picked the youngsters out of the crowd, separating them from the rest, and he would order nothing but sarsaparilla for the kids and schooners for the young men.

He would lead us in song, protect the weaklings from the bullies and add that bit of kindliness and sunshine to the dingy gloom of our lives which shone in reflected splendor on our faces for many days. We idolized young Mr. Al, and all the boys stood loyally by him like a recognized and unanimously appointed guardian of our destinies.

When tough heavy-set men of the alleys with big square jaws and shifty eyes would throw rocks at an old peddler merely because he had a beard, Al Smith would come to the old man's aid and put his arm around him like a brother. It was the downright, simple heroics of the thing that struck the slum boys with wonder, and I can never forget the picture of this young and handsome Mr. Al coming among the ragged, hairy, bearded people of the abyss, extending a hand of welcome and friendship to all of them as if the Lady of the Statue of Liberty had sent her own son to receive these poor bewildered immigrants on her behalf.

So when I took the stump my first words were "This man who is running for assembly now will some day sit in the White House, and the present assemblyman is the future President, Alfred E. Smith!"

After words like these I felt I had suddenly become a man, and I secretly resolved that the next time Al Smith invited the boys to Bassler's saloon I would refuse the sarsaparilla and insist on the schooner.

Al Smith, however, told me, "Kid, you may be old enough to prophesy, but you're too young to drink beer."

Last year, while playing in the Ziegfeld Follies, the doorman came to my dressing room and said there was a Mr. Smith downstairs who wanted to see me. I was busy making up for the opening scene and hadn't the time to be disturbed.

"It's one of those song pluggers," I told the doorman. "I guess he wants to sing me one of his new songs. Tell him to come back after the show."

As the doorman turned to go, the door opened behind him and Mr. Smith appeared.

"Say, what's the idea telling me to come back after the show?" asked Mr. Smith. And he got down on one knee and began to wave his hands in a mammy posture à la Jolson. "I've got a great song and I'm going to sell it to you right now!"

"Why, governor!" I exclaimed, running to meet him. "Why didn't you say it was you?"

"I did."

"But you didn't say 'the governor!'"

"I left him in Albany."

Outside of his official capacity he was plain Mr. Smith. A marvelously human fellow, modest, unassuming—a really great man. Always taken up with his duties, he rarely goes to amusements, and he probably sees no more than two or three shows a year, but he makes a holiday of them like a child. He brought some friends with him to see the show. Generally, when some prominent official or personage is in the theater, the management is notified in advance and most often the tickets are complimentary. Alfred E. Smith always buys his own tickets and you never know when he's there.

It was a great thrill to me when I made my bow on Broadway to have the young Mr. Al from Oliver Street applaud my efforts from the governor's chair.

But when I first stumped for him on soap boxes in the open air, while it made me happy, it also made me hoarse. Grandma Esther nursed me and poured me full of raw eggs and milk. She was puzzled at my sudden tonsilar activities.

"How much do you get for making all these speeches?" she inquired.

"Nothing," I rasped.

"Then what are you doing it for?"

"For pleasure!"

"Pooh! Maybe it's a pleasure to the public, but it's a pain in the neck to you!" she observed, unconsciously coining a gag; and she hinted to me that a less talkative job might yield more silent but solid returns. I was still one of those simple children of art who thought that to get paid for work was a sin. Besides, I felt there was only one kind of work in the world—play—and to get paid for playing was a new idea. I suspected it wouldn't last long—and it didn't.

I got a job with an insurance company at 100 William Street, handling the postage of their correspondence department. In the two brief weeks that I handled this postage the company's correspondence increased, but nobody knew why. The officials of the firm, judging by the reams of stamps consumed, began to wonder who was writing to every person in the country and a few in Europe. They had their suspicions and decided on an experiment. They were curious to see whether if I left the firm the stamps would stick. So I was asked to leave, the stamps stuck and the experiment was a success.

This left me without a job and it took me two years to decide that I wanted another one. I returned to the old block, a happy-go-lucky free lance, the envy and the ideal of all those boys who had to work. As I stood with my hands in my pockets at the corner stand, I could contemplate life with a broad philosophy. I had been a politician, an entertainer at the camp, a member of the local gangs, a strong-arm man in labor agitations, an assistant to my grandmother in placing domestics; I had even socked a teacher and lost a job; and now, with this huge background of life, I felt ready at the age of thirteen to retire and spend my remaining days in leisure, comfort and advice to the young.

Like my father, I had developed a hobby. I liked to make funny faces at passers-by. At first they started and then they laughed. This encouraged me and I played such pranks that people would gather about me in the street and wonder when I would pass the hat around. Some of them asked, "Poor boy, whose is he?" They didn't know I was having a good time and trying my hardest to be funny. They only shook their heads and made stormy-weather forecasts about me. But occasionally somebody would say there was hope and that I'd turn out all right. In fact, I had a secret admirer who built symbols around me and thought I was Puck himself. But I found out afterward that she had designs on me.

One of the domestics lodging with my grandmother was a young Russian girl with large black sad eyes that reflected all the gloom and sorrow of her oppressed people. In her native town nobody had ever laughed except the Cossacks. She had learned to associate laughter with bloodshed. So to her my comedy was not a joke but, as she said, "It was a new world, a revelation." I should have got suspicious right then and there, but I didn't. I asked her to tell me more. I liked it.

She said, "I long to be always in the presence of your warm pure humor. It's a new kind of sunlight."

She became jealous when I made the other girls laugh. She tried to save me and my jokes all for herself. It was the first time anybody had made a fuss over me and I fell headlong like down a flight of stairs. But when she finally managed to be alone in the house with me and gave me those earnest longing glances, I began to feel uneasy. Being a Russian, she took even comedy seriously.

Fanya was only sixteen, but she acted as if much older. She urged me to sit beside her and hold hands, but I pleaded with her to let me go because the boys were waiting for me. I was hardly fourteen and had my code of honor to defend. For I knew that if the fellers on the block found out

(Continued on Page 88)

Eastman Kodak Company

presents

KODACOLOR

Home Movies in Full Color

History repeats itself—glamorously!... Forty years ago, in eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, we announced still pictures in black and white for the amateur. The whole story of the system was told in the one line, "You press the button; we do the rest." . . .Today we announce motion pictures in full color for the amateur, and the whole story is told in the one line, "You press the lever; we do the rest.". . . All the amateur needs to do is to load his Ciné-Kodak with Kodacolor film instead of with the usual film and then slip the Kodacolor Filter attachment into place. He then proceeds to take pictures just as he would with the regular film. It's all as simple as that."You press the lever; we do the rest."

◆ ◆ ◆

Color . . . *Color* . . . COLOR!

The gorgeous yellow of the daffodil . . . the wonderful azure of the sky . . . the rich red and yellow and blue of a pansy bed, the restful green of foliage in the background! The delicate shade of a gown . . . the yellowish halo of sun-swept golden hair . . . the bloom of irresistible youth in ruddy cheeks! Color—full color—rich and true and glorious—*in motion pictures that you make yourself!* Color—the dream of scientists and the hope of cinematographers since the very birth of motion pictures—is now at your finger tips, awaiting the pressure of the release lever on your Ciné-Kodak!

Kodacolor is here! An amazing and spectacular achievement in the history of photography. Motion pictures, in all the gorgeous colors of nature, are now as easy to make as ordinary pictures in black and white!

Eastman scientists find the way

Kodacolor is an optical attainment that has been years in development. Countless obstacles have been overcome. Millions upon millions of dollars have been expended in the quest for color fidelity. Now, the last barrier has been swept away. The goal has been reached. And *you* and thousands of other amateur motion picture makers reap the harvest, easily, inexpensively.

With your Ciné-Kodak Model B, f.1.9, a small, easily attached filter and a special film, you can make motion pictures in *true* colors. No extra lenses are necessary. No costly tinting or toning. Just an inexpensive color filter, a reel of Kodacolor film, plenty of bright sunlight and Ciné-Kodak Model B, f.1.9. That's all—and FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY is yours.

As simple as simplicity itself

To obtain Kodacolor pictures it is only necessary to load the camera in the usual way with Kodacolor film and to slip the special filter into the lens barrel of the Ciné-Kodak, Model B, f.1.9. The camera is then used in exactly the same way as for black and white, the only restriction being that it is necessary to take pictures in direct, bright sunlight.

The exposed film, when taken out of the camera, for the present is returned to Rochester for special processing. The cost of this processing is included in the price of the film. When the film is returned by the Rochester processing station, it is projected in a Model A or Model B Kodascope especially equipped for that purpose.

Pictures in Kodacolor are amazingly vivid, remarkably clear. They represent very accurately the colors of the originals. The only restriction on the projection is that the color filters absorb a great deal of light, and it is necessary to be content with a small picture on a special Kodacolor screen. The largest picture that will be satisfactory is 16½ x 22 inches.

A privilege only Ciné-Kodak owners may enjoy

Owing to the optical requirements of the Kodacolor process, the only camera fast enough for this work is the Ciné-Kodak Model B with f.1.9 lens. When this camera was made it was designed so that all that is necessary in order to convert it to a Kodacolor camera is the attachment of a special filter holder which slips into the lens barrel. Both the Model B Kodascope and the Kodascope Model A may be adapted to Kodacolor work.

The modification of the camera and the projector for the Kodacolor process in no way interferes with their use for ordinary black and white motion pictures.

When the Ciné-Kodak is used for taking, or the Kodascope is used for projecting, a color filter is employed on each.

When you again want to use them for black and white you simply take off the filter—elapsed time, one second.

All natural colors strikingly reproduced

Kodacolor utilizes all three colors required for the correct reproduction of *every color occurring in nature.* It is hardly possible to conceive of the marvelous fidelity to natural color that is available through this new process. Colors that you think impossible to reproduce are there before you on the screen in all their natural brilliancy. Brilliant yellows, reds, oranges, blues, greens, browns, purples—in fact, every color that the eye registers is shown on the screen. No more wonderful achievement of optical science has been registered since photography began.

You are cordially invited to an interesting exposition of this new and remarkable development in the art of making home movies. To see motion pictures in Kodacolor is an experience you will not soon forget. It awaits you now, at your Ciné-Kodak dealer's . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Wet decks or rain-drenched streets

THEY'RE all the same to a Tower's Fish Brand Slicker. For ninety-two years these famous slickers have been built to defy any weather. All the way from the Grand Banks around to Bering Strait, men who follow the sea know and trust Fish Brand water-proof garments. Snug . . . durable . . . dependable.

And now *everybody* wears them, for along with their sturdy reliability, Fish Brand Slickers today have genuine style and good looks.

The new "Topper" is tailored with the elegance of a fine top-coat. It is single-breasted, shoulder-lined, and made with a convertible, turn-down collar. Light enough to carry comfortably, or to roll up and slip into a traveling bag.

Most popular of all Fish Brand Slickers is the famous "Varsity" model, full-lined, long and roomy, with a youthful swing to its lines.

The collar is corduroy-faced and comes with or without a strap. Buttons or buckles as you choose, and the patented "Reflex" edge that prevents the water running in at the front.

Tower's Fish Brand Slickers—a "Rainy Day Pal"—are sold everywhere in America, at prices so reasonable they will amaze you. Choose one today.

A. J. Tower Company, Boston, Massachusetts

TOWER'S FISH BRAND TRADE MARK

(Continued from Page 86)

that I had held a girl's hand, I'd be branded as a sissy for life. But Fanya was very serious about her little comedian and I got scared.

"The boys are calling me," I pleaded weakly. "Let go my hand! Listen, I'll tell you a joke if you let me go! P-l-e-a-s-e!" I cried, horrified, as she put her arm around my waist. "Listen! What's the idea?" I bawled as she dragged me to her in real apache style. And then she kissed me. I groaned, as if lightning had hit me. But she mangled me in an embrace. These Russians are certainly a serious people.

But Grandma Esther had a habit of coming into my life at crucial moments. "Fanya!" she commanded sternly, appearing in the doorway. "Put the child back in his cradle!" This made me rise to the dignity of the situation.

"Cradle!" My grandmother had wounded me deeply. "I'm a man!" I cried, and was tempted to stand up on a chair to prove it.

"Leave my house!" exclaimed Grandma Esther to Fanya.

Fanya turned her large, appealing eyes to me—the man in short pants and bicycle stockings.

"If she goes, I go with her!" I cried, completely losing my sense of humor.

"Keep quiet before I spank you'" warned the old woman.

I backed away, but Fanya flung her arms about me. "My hero!" she murmured adoringly.

Grandma Esther, until now angry and menacing, at the sight of this spectacle could restrain herself no longer and burst into laughter.

"What's so funny about it?" I inquired, beginning to perspire.

"Why don't she get a feller her size?" taunted grandma, amused but still angry. I treated this slur with the silent contempt it deserved. I took Fanya by the arm and we marched out of the house.

"Stop! You—you—you baseball player, you!" scolded grandma, hurrying after us into the hall. That was the worst name she could call me. To the pious people of the ghetto, a baseball player was the king of loafers. I wavered, looked back and tried to release my hand from Fanya's arm, but she held it as in a vise; and though I led her out, she led me on.

Grandma Esther, despite her wrath, could not imagine how such a ridiculous situation could develop into anything serious.

"Pooh!" she sneered, shouting after us. "Look what's eloping! If he gets tired, Fanya, carry him! And remember, Eddie, be back for supper! Tonight I got meat balls!"

She knew that not even love could interfere with my love for meat balls.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Getting On in the World

Eliminating Labor Turnover

"THERE is no secret about our success in inducing employes to remain with us," the general manager of a conspicuously successful Southern hardware business said, in reply to a questioner who wished to learn how the concern avoided frequent changes in personnel.

"Our business was established thirty-five years ago," the general manager continued. "We have lost several employes since that time, but none of these employes left because he was disgruntled or because he felt he could better himself elsewhere. We began business with seventeen employes; sixteen are with us yet. One died.

"Of course we have some very definite ideas with reference to avoiding what sometimes is termed 'personnel turnover.' We have devoted considerable time and thought to this problem, and we believe we have discovered several ways of reducing this liability in our business. It is possible that our methods wouldn't be effectual in other enterprises, but I believe they would be.

"I remember one instance where we prevented a valuable man from leaving us. It will give you a general idea of the methods we use in dealing with all our employes.

"This man was one of the best salesmen in our retail department. He came to me one afternoon about closing time and said he wished to leave our employ within thirty days. I asked him whether he was dissatisfied with his relations with us, and he denied emphatically that he was."

Nobody's Business

"In reply to the question whether he felt he should receive more salary, he said he believed we were paying him all he was worth to us. He added that he liked us, our methods and the town. He had found a position with a concern engaged in the same line of business in a town of similar size about a hundred miles away and insisted that he wished to leave us within thirty days.

"After he had left the office I decided to conduct an investigation to ferret out his real reason for wishing to leave us. I learned that his family had been spending more money than he could afford. Several creditors, including furniture merchants and grocers, were growing so insistent that he was growing extremely nervous. Even by carefully economizing he could have cleared up all this indebtedness only after eight or ten months. Unusually conscientious, this man disliked being looked upon as slow to pay his bills. His family had created an atmosphere that was exceedingly disagreeable to him, and he had decided that the only way to get out of it was to move to another city. He had no intention of avoiding payment of any of his bills; he had assured every creditor that he would be paid in full. What this man wished to do was to get away from surroundings which had become decidedly unpleasant. He felt that worries originating at home were affecting his work as a salesman—and they were.

"I ascertained that this man owed about $950 to local concerns. At the risk of offending him deeply, I called this salesman into my office just before closing time next day and asked him to sit down for a friendly conference. I told him we didn't want to lose his services, which we considered worth all we had been paying for them. In addition, we didn't want to lose any cog in the smoothly running machine we had built up.

"Finally the salesman interrupted me.

"'I don't want to leave,' he said. His voice showed that he was deeply distressed. 'I've been with you a long time—twenty-four years—and I'll never feel at home anywhere else. But I believe there's nothing else for me to do but leave.'

"Then I frankly admitted that I had been prying into his private affairs, but before he could become angry and interrupt, I told him the owners of our business were able and always ready to help any employe in trouble.

"'We'll be glad to lend you $950,' I told him, 'and you can pay it back at the rate of $50 a month. The interest will be just what a local bank would charge you. If that arrangement suits you, we'll just forget all about you planning to go elsewhere. What do you say?'

"He got up, shook my hand and tried to say something, but his voice stuck in his throat.

"That was five years ago. That salesman is with us today, and we regard him as one of our best men. He has had two increases in salary since he and I had our friendly conference. He paid his debt to the company at the rate of $75 a month. Incidentally, his family has never gone on a spending orgy since that experience.

"Employes do not like employers to pry into their private affairs, but when inquiry is made with the self-evident desire to be of assistance, one may butt in at times and save a situation which might become desperate. I adopted heroic measures in another instance a year or two ago, and I have no reason to regret it.

"One of our youngest salesmen had been saving money to build a home for the girl to whom he was engaged. After a lovers' quarrel he told some of his fellow employes the engagement had been broken, that he was going to use the money he had saved to buy an expensive car and intended to paint the town red.

"I had a long talk with this youngster. At first he insisted that the whole affair was none of my business, that it was his money and he had a right to spend it as he pleased. I told him that our company had a big investment in him; that we had spent four years training him; that we had implicit faith in him, and that we didn't believe he would throw us down.

"A week later he came into my office and said he was going right ahead with his plans for a home. Incidentally he remarked that he appreciated the company's interest in him and that the company wouldn't regret having saved him from a foolish step. Six months later the youngster was married. Yes, you guessed it—the bride was the girl he had quarreled with. The suit in the living room was a gift from the company.

"We keep in close touch with every employe. The man who is worth hiring is worth the time and trouble necessary to keep him. We employ no rolling stones, so we know that every employe is worth keeping. It disrupts an organization to be continually finding it necessary to break in and train green men, and we have found it less expensive to keep our family circle unbroken. When an employe has a big doctor's bill to pay the company stands ready to aid him to the limit. It is possible that realization of the company's readiness to help in emergency acts as a deterrent to those who might incur debts out of proportion to their income; at any rate, we have found it necessary to help only three employes get out of debt."

Paid Back With Interest

"It's a serious trust, this business of acting as adviser to employes. It consumes considerable time, in the aggregate, but I have found it more profitable to spend time helping employes make themselves more contented and more efficient than to interview applicants for jobs. When we have a vacancy here, through promotion or through expansion of our business, we talk it over with our employes. Someone always suggests a man to fill the vacancy. We've found that men secured in this way are of the type we want. Our employes know, as well as we, the kind of employes we want. Realizing that we place implicit faith in their judgment, they never recommend a man who can't measure up to our requirements.

"So, after all, you can see that our employes pay us back in many ways for the time we devote to helping them.

"If I were asked to designate the biggest asset our company has, I wouldn't point to our stock of hardware, our line of credit, or the stocks or bonds we own. I would point to the good will of our seventy-three employes."

—A. G. KEENEY.

Compare the toothbrush you used this morning with one of these. Let one of these replace it —then compare results.

4 Vital Improvements

to make your teeth WHITER *and* CLEANER *than ever before!*

Today it is easier than ever before to keep your teeth beautifully white, clean, and safe from decay.

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THE WOLVES OF CHAOS

(Continued from Page 37)

was swung open swiftly, but the picture presented wasn't the one they had been expecting.

"We found this man in the street. He gave this street and number," gravely announced one of the policemen, eying both Kitty—for her disheveled beauty—and Kuroki—for his pugnacious attitude—suspiciously.

"What does he say?" cried Kitty frantically. She could not speak French; she could understand nothing. Then she recognized the man the police were supporting—recognized the face behind the bloody mask. Dick, dying!

XXXIII

AT ONCE Kitty became the antithesis of what, in a situation like this, men had the right to expect of her—tears, wringing of hands, futile runnings here and there. Instead, the bright steel blade—her indomitable spirit—leaped from the scabbard.

"Kuroki, send for Garnier!" Then she beckoned to the police to follow her into the living room. At any rate, they could understand signs.

The police, finding the name Clay on the list of tenants—the only English name—had promptly brought Richardson to that apartment. They had had to carry him up the stairs, for he was as a dead man. That they shifted his position, a strong arm under each armpit, thus holding him to something like an upright position, was a matter of ordinary police caution, which left one of them with his gun hand free. They weren't on sure ground. Upon Kitty's silent order, however, they took Richardson by the legs and shoulders, carried him into the living room and gently laid him on the lounge. Then both retired to the dining-room door, where it was evident they purposed to remain for developments.

Two things they had noticed: An empty champagne bottle on the dining-room table and an empty champagne bottle on the floor of the living room. One of the police surreptitiously examined the butts; no signs of blood

Kitty flew out into the butler's pantry and returned with Cutty's first-aid kit. Out at the ranch she had mended about everything from sprained wrists to broken heads.

"Hot water, Kuroki—hot water!"

Kuroki, having left the telephone, one of the policemen took it into his hands. He and his companion were far from their regular patrol, but remain here they must till relieved. The call sent in, the policeman returned to his side of the doorway. He pulled his sleeve around and observed a large reddish blot where Richardson's head had lain. They watched Kitty interestedly and even relievedly. She knew what she was about.

No sound, no movement from the wounded man. The hat had dried to his head, and to get off this hat was the most difficult part of Kitty's ministrations. The hat off, Kitty had a spell of dizziness. The poor head! But he was still alive; the heart beat, though at the wrist she could not catch the pulse.

The policeman with the bloody sleeve passed his holster belt to his companion, took off his coat and helped himself to a basin of clean hot water. He knew from experience that fresh blood was easier to eradicate than that which had dried. Kitty, observing this action from the corner of her eye, could have struck him.

His companion interrogated Kuroki.

"Who is this man?"

Kuroki produced his well-thumbed French-English dictionary, in readiness for a word he did not understand.

"Friend."

"Who is this young woman?"

Kuroki had some trouble here. "She stepchild." Which was the best he could do to establish Kitty's status.

"Where is your employer, Monsieur Clay?"

"He go out. Business. Back soon."

"Call the concierge."

But even as this command was uttered, they heard someone clumping up the stairs—the concierge himself. He was on his way to see what all this noise was about. Here he was, the local master of the quietest apartments in all Paris, and bedlam had broken loose in the quietest apartment of them all.

From him the policeman got all the information he officially required—information which impressed him considerably. Americans and Russians in conflict, secret and mysterious. Russia; anarchist, communist—the devil fly away with that country!

Kitty completed her work. She had stopped the flow of blood and Richardson's clothes were evidential of a great loss, and she had bandaged his head expertly. Was he dying? Oh, no; he mustn't!—young and brave!—and in her cause! He mustn't die; it wouldn't be fair. He had found where her boy was—she knew it—and those fiends had almost killed him. Dick. Another man with a nickname, and Cutty loved him. And where was Cutty, who should be here?

A sound came from the puffed and battered lips. Swiftly she bent her ear. A groan. Or was consciousness returning and was he trying to say something? She held her ear close to his lips. The faint heat of his breath touched her, stirring her hair. A sigh.

"Kitty . . . love"—scarcely a whisper.

Kitty, who was on her knees, started back so violently that she nearly lost her balance. The bright blade of her spirit forthwith returned to its scabbard and she became in this moment what men had the right to expect of her in a situation like this—a woman with incoherent thoughts. Oh, no, no, no! It couldn't and mustn't be so! She had all she could bear.

Her confusion might have gone into further depth but for the brisk arrival of Doctor Garnier, who set his battered medical bag on a chair and inspected the patient.

"Well done, when he most needed it," was his comment. "Now, help me off with his coat and vest and shirt. We must see what has happened to his body." He did not like the looks of that head. He found three ribs smashed and several areas of bruises. But it was the head that troubled him. He would examine that at the hospital. A fracture. No, it looked bad. "Did he have that hat on?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" Here was a bright spot.

"Is he conscious?"

"Conscious? Absolutely no. He will not regain consciousness for hours." And under his breath he added "If ever."

"He really isn't conscious?"

"Has he been speaking in delirium?"—quickly.

"A jumble of words." How could she tell him?

"Anything relating to where he had been?"

"No."

Unconscious, thought Kitty, and somewhere there had been a spark strong enough to propel those two words through his lips.

"Will he live?" she asked timorously.

"If he does, it will be due to your prompt and efficient attention. His head is hurt and he has lost more blood than he can afford. Now let me attend to everything." Garnier turned to the police. "An ambulance!"

One of the policemen knew Garnier by sight and by reputation.

"Yes, monsieur."

Garnier began to question the other man. "Where did you find him?"

"In the Rue de Meaux, monsieur."

"How did it happen that you brought him here?"

"He gave the street and number."

"He was conscious then?"

"For that moment only."

"He was not standing?"

"No, monsieur. He was lying on the sidewalk. I thought he had been in a drunken brawl."

"Which way was his head pointed?"

"Toward the Café Terrace in the Place du Combat."

This, to Garnier, was valuable news. His professional knowledge told him that a man in Richardson's condition could not possibly have walked far. Somewhere in the Rue de Meaux, then, he had got this terrible beating? How had he escaped? Probably that chapter would never be written. Things had happened during the war that had stood medical science upon its head—inexplicable things.

Richardson's hand began to twitch. Kitty laid her own upon it gently and the twitching ceased. He had not been conscious when he had spoken those words; yet they had been in his head.

Someone touched her arm and she looked up to behold Garnier with a glass filled with cloudy water.

"Drink," he said. "It will quiet your nerves."

Kitty obediently emptied the glass.

"What was the name of the street they found him in?"

"The Rue de Meaux"—carelessly.

"How far is it from here?"

He became alive to what she was after. "Another part of the city. From the looks of his body, I should say that he had been thrown from a taxi. They might have driven him there from the left bank of the river. Young lady, there has been no real coördination. Your sister-in-law should have given that note to Cutty. This young man should have telephoned. Cutty knows all about what to do. None of you have had patience. Now, go to bed. I shall take charge of everything and Kuroki will tell Cutty where I have taken the young man."

She gazed once more at the still body on the lounge, then went to her bedroom. The Rue de Meaux; it was there that her boy was. While she was preparing for bed she heard the noise accompanying Richardson's removal. "Kitty . . . love!" Defensively she tried to conjure up Johnny Two-hawks' face. It was strange how dim and far away it was, and the eyes did not seem to look at her but at something behind her. Silence again, which seemed to wrap itself about her, and she fell asleep.

About one o'clock that night, when the Rue de Meaux was without signs of active life, a tall man with lean broad shoulders walked into the street from the Place du Combat, passed the deserted Café Terrace and proceeded about three hundred yards. Then he calmly turned on an electric flash light and examined the sidewalk. He discovered a broad stain of blood. He went on slowly, pausing frequently to examine doorsteps, quite confident, however, that he would find no stains on any of the steps. The habit of thoroughness was in this man. From time to time he saw stains on the sidewalk. At length he came to a carter's alley. He crossed this, but found no stains. He returned to the alley and examined the wall to the right. Nothing. On the top of the left wall, spots. Silently he dropped into the yard. Footprints. He put out the flash light and listened. Silence. His one mischance would be in coming upon a dog.

Wall after wall he scaled, always to discover footprints below. By and by he came to a wall below which there were empty flower beds, but of the human foot no sign. He had arrived. This was the house. But, God in heaven, how had that boy done it? Over all these walls and almost to the Café Terrace! Well, he had done it. Beaten, broken, bloody, he had got away and climbed these walls and got that far down

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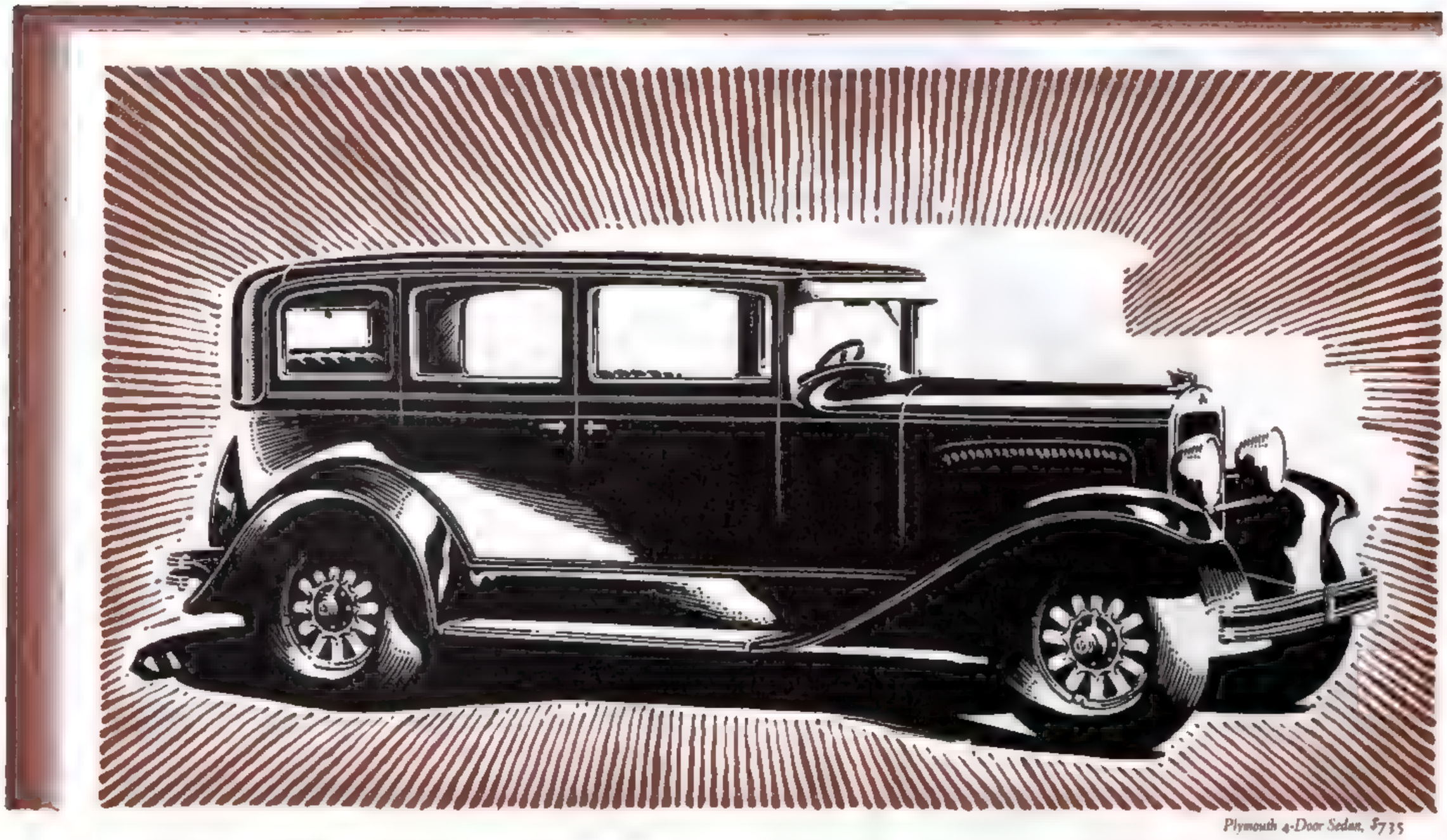

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(Continued from Page 90)

the street before the collapse. Cutty brushed the tears from his eyes and shook his fist at the dark windows. Olga in torture, Dick's life hanging by a thread.

Cutty returned to the street with the same caution and silence by which he had come. He set on the flash light and wigwagged it in a peculiar manner. Four policemen appeared from various points and converged upon the waver of the flash torch.

"Thank you, messieurs. The brick house with the gray steps. It must be watched constantly. You are to arrest anyone who leaves. No taxicab shall be permitted to stop there. If anyone comes forth with a little blond boy, you are to follow discreetly. We are dealing with a woman who is mad. Ordinary methods cannot be used. Good night."

The policemen touched their caps respectfully. Why not? This man had the whole Parisian police force behind him, from *Monsieur le Préfet*, down.

XXXIV

OLGA had heard the brattle of Richardson's tragic misadventure—with what hope and then with what despair! The *Sûreté* men, or Cutty. She began to find it hard to breathe. She was lying crosswise on the cot where they had flung her, a position of itself painfully uncomfortable. She began laboriously to twist her body so that in a little while she got it full length on the cot, her head on the pillow. And the striped ticking of that pillow was damp and chill.

Little Ivan, crying silently.

Olga began to struggle furiously with her bonds and succeeded in loosening the pillowcase strips round her ankles. Ivan, brave little Ivan—his silent tears had gone through the casing. The Spine Breaks But it Does Not Bend. Even in this little child was the old steel of the Boyar. He had not confessed to tears. The only thing that appeared to trouble him was the doubt of God, set in his heart by Anna Karlovna. But he still prayed in the dark! The old blood transfused with new. Ivan, if he lived, would some day be a man—like Cutty.

The silver mist of the morning, the odor of earth and tree. They had laughed together when they had washed their faces in the cold stream. From one hazard to another till the end of time, and time had come to an end. Yes, she had had a few hours of happiness. . . . *Nom du pipe!* . . . Because she was the daughter of the House and Anna Karlovna's people had once upon a time been serfs, she, Olga Mikailovna, lay upon this narrow cot.

She heard the door open. Strange that her heart should not beat hotly with apprehension. A match flared. For the space of a breath Anna Karlovna's head was given a Rembrandt touch—beauty dimly emerging from blue-brown shadows. The gaslight destroyed the illusion, and the peasant approached the princess. That was one of the horrors—the beauty of this peasant. Olga heard a soft rill of laughter. She stared at the ceiling. She knew that this time she would not bend. The end would be good.

"Olga Mikailovna, I have found a way. Do you hear me?"

Olga gave no sign. She felt the woman tearing at her sleeve, careless whether the bonds became loosed or not. The sleeve ripped, displaying the gleaming white flesh. A sharp stabbing pain which ceased quickly. And Olga knew what her end would be if Cutty did not come soon.

"There will be more," said Anna Karlovna; "and soon you will want it—want it!"

She returned to the gas jet, the key of which she turned, leaving Olga's brain swimming in the infolding darkness.

At this hour Richardson had not yet escaped.

When Kitty awoke the next morning she was astonished to see a woman at the foot of her bed—a strange middle-aged woman in the clothing of a professional nurse.

"What has happened?"

"Nothing, Mrs. Hawksley. But Mr. Clay thought it best that you should have a woman about. Your nerves ——"

"How is Mr. Richardson?" Kitty interrupted.

"Doctor Garnier says that, thanks to your prompt treatment, the young man will live. But he has not yet returned to consciousness."

"But he will live! Oh, I am glad, glad!"

"What would you like for breakfast?"

"Breakfast? Why, what Kuroki usually serves"

"Wouldn't you prefer it in bed?"

"I?"—indignantly. Kitty slipped out of bed. "I am not an invalid. Where is Mr. Clay?"

"In the living room. You wish to dress?"

"If you please. What is your name?"

"I am Mrs. Neville. I met Mr. Clay during the war when they tried to poison him with coffee," said the wise woman at the foot of the bed.

"Poison? He never told me about that."

"Then make him tell you about it at breakfast," said Mrs. Neville, and with the same wisdom she departed. She had succeeded in making Kitty forget Kitty temporarily.

Thus, when Kitty entered the living room, her interest was focused upon a subject completely alien to the recollections she had awakened with.

"Cutty, you never told me that they had put poison in your coffee during the war."

"Nothing we talked about ever came around to it," he replied, throwing aside his newspaper, which he had only been pretending to read. "Come on in to breakfast and I'll spin you the yarn."

For half an hour Kitty forgot; then she returned to the bitter present.

"Cutty, don't you trust me?"

"Kitty, I may be away for hours. Kuroki is impossible as a conversationalist. Alone with him, your nerves would go all to pieces. Mrs. Neville will read to you or talk to you or keep still. She is simply company. You are not under anyone's orders but Garnier's. Every hour Mrs. Neville will give you a tonic, and you must be a good girl and take it. At two o'clock the limousine will call for you and you two will drive in the Bois."

"How about the key?"—directly.

"Kuroki will open the door for you when you return."

Rue de Meaux, thought Kitty. She had in her purse nearly five thousand francs.

If Cutty had had the least inkling of the wild scheme which was fermenting in that lovely head, Kitty would never have been permitted to stir from the apartment till he returned, a victor or on his shield. The thing he feared was toward, but it was not given him even to suspect it.

"Kitty, you did a fine thing last night. If you hadn't kept your head, Dick mightn't have pulled through."

"I know. Has Mr. Richardson ——"

"Oh, call him Dick. He's the finest boy I know."

"Well, has Dick a sweetheart?"

Cutty's heart missed two beats.

"Yes"

"I wondered."

"Why?"

"Oh, I just wondered. A few words he spoke while he was unconscious. Where is she?"

Cutty thereupon put his heart on the shelf, where it would never bother him again. "Right here in this room, Kitty." He smiled.

But Kitty startled him out of his chair by suddenly lowering her head to her outstretched arms and breaking into sobs. "I don't . . . want to hurt him! I don't want any man . . . only my boy!"

Mrs. Neville came running in with a glass of water mixed with aromatic spirits of ammonia, but Kitty repulsed her. Mrs. Neville was an experienced nurse and also resolute. With her arm around Kitty's

(Continued on Page 95)

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STANDARD SIX

DODGE BROTHERS CORPORATION, *Division of Chrysler Corporation*

(Continued from Page 92)

shoulders, she drew her to an upright position and again offered the drink. Kitty drank.

When she was sure of her voice she said: "You are right, Cutty. I need someone to watch me. Everyone I love—something happens to them! . . . Tell me another story like the poisoned coffee . . . till I get a grip on myself."

Cutty thereupon invented a hair-raising tale, a rehash of something he had read, but it was clever enough to hold Kitty's interest.

"How dear you always are, Cutty! You never think of yourself. You are always doing something for someone else. I had that strange dream again last night—the same room, the same stairs. Why should it keep recurring? Am I queer?"

Mrs. Neville discreetly left the room.

Said Cutty: "You have had some dreadful shocks. Most women would have gone under. You have been going on your nerves. All this trouble has stirred up something clairvoyant in you. Do you ever see the outside of this house?"—curiously.

"No. Dim faces and the room and the stairs. Poor Olga! I wasn't quite kind to her."

"She has never seen the real you."

"I was jealous of her. I hear a strange woman calling you Cutty. In a few days she becomes a part of your life. An absolute stranger, even if she was Johnny's sister. I resented it. You were my Cutty and I did not want to share you with anyone."

Cutty wondered why this confession carried no thrill to him. Was it because he had just put his heart away in lavender? "No one will ever take your place, Kitty." Conover and Molly, Dick and Kitty—the circle.

Olga. The thought of her tortured him far more than the thought of Kitty's boy. She was in a madhouse where only the sane were locked in. Indeed, since yesterday he had scarcely thought of the boy. Olga, the lovely grown woman, cultured; whatever she had faced or would have to face would be immeasurably more terrible than anything that could befall the child.

Astonishment flashed across him. Why, from Moscow to Warsaw he had, in a few hours, lived a life's companionship with Olga; more episodes and recollections than Kitty had ever brought to him. But Kitty was Molly's girl, and that seemed to settle everything.

"Do you know, Cutty," said Kitty irrelevantly, "that you are the only human being on earth to Olga and that the rest of us are only shadow shapes?"

"Why, Kitty, are you crazy?"

"I know it isn't fair, but it is true. So be kind to her."

First off, the room appeared to vanish—all sides of it; then the room seemed to rush back and resume its normal proportions. But he felt like a man who had fallen to the bottom of the sea and the sea had heaved him up violently. Presently he was capable of speech.

"Kitty, why do you tell me of this?"

"Cutty, I must speak! All your life you have been worshiping an idea. It has given you a beautiful soul. But was the loneliness worth it? One day you pretended to love me, because I was my mother's daughter. But I fell in love with another man. You've foolishly denied yourself a home with a woman in it. People fall in love again."

Cutty slid out in his chair, his arms dangling, his chin down.

The rest of the morning was passed busily. Cutty got his papers in order and wrote a long letter to his New York attorneys. He wished he had his chrysoprase to play with once more. Pretty green stones that brewed evil for no one. He had drawn up a new will that morning, witnessed by Mrs. Neville and Kuroki. Except for a substantial legacy to the valet, Cutty had divided his fortune three ways, the beneficiaries being Kitty, Olga and Dick. Something might happen tonight, after sundown. He was going to take a stick and prod a volcano, without knowing if he could leap back in time. A cordon of police, including Garnier, would be near at hand, but they might not be near enough. Somebody was going to be hurt. He would boldly ring the bell while Samson entered by the cellar window. The noise of the bell would serve to distract the attention of the occupants of the house, mitigating the possibility of Samson's entrance being heard. If no one answered the bell, Samson would unlock the door. After that, each upon his own adventure.

After luncheon Kitty asked if he would be home to dinner.

"I don't think so." He smiled and took her by the shoulders, stared into her slate-blue eyes, then kissed her lightly on the forehead. "Be a good girl while I'm gone?"

"Yes." While he was gone—forever, maybe.

She drew down his head and kissed his cheek. He would not be home to dinner because he would be somewhere in the Rue de Meaux, where her boy was. Garnier, last night, had not sidetracked her; she had heard and understood his questions instinctively. She did not run to the window and follow Cutty till he was out of sight. It was bad luck.

She and the nurse drove out to St. Cloud and stayed there for a while to stare at the magic panorama of Paris. Then they returned and drove about the Bois de Boulogne. Thousands of motor vehicles were rambling along the many highways—a shadowy green world. The limousine was slowing down before taking a curve. Swiftly Kitty opened the door and jumped out, hailed an empty taxi coming from the opposite direction, and was off and away toward the Arc de Triomphe before Mrs. Neville's usually quick brain could comprehend what had happened. Then it was too late for pursuit.

"Rue de Meaux!" cried Kitty triumphantly.

XXXV

SEVEN o'clock. Paris was dining. If a Parisian has only bread and cheese he will dine—that is, he will take an hour for the pleasurable consumption of his bread and cheese. In the Rue de Meaux they were dining; at any rate, the street was empty. Even the tables of the Café Terrace, which usually had some straggler, were deserted. All streets have their periods of emptiness; one of these periods, it would seem, had settled in the Rue de Meaux. No taxis, no trucks, no persons; as empty as all that.

The street is flanked by triangular blocks. It runs from the Place du Combat to the Avenue Jean Jaurès. It is bisected by the Avenue Secrétan. The quarter is respectable, communistic and rather sad. Nothing ever happens in the way of political explosions. You go to Clichy or to St.-Gervais if you wish to shout and threaten. Sometimes a street in Paris may run a straight mile, yet it will have five different names.

Kitty had entered the street on foot about quarter after six. Half an hour later the cordon was complete. She sat down haphazardly upon a doorstep between two street lamps. Her only fear at present was that someone might come out or enter and dislodge her. She could, if necessity called her to it, slip off and crouch behind either side of the steps. Dressed in black, she was scarcely visible.

Down the street, from the direction of the Place du Combat, came a tall lanky figure with a vigorous stride. Kitty instantly recognized that figure and for a little she could not hear her heart beat. She slipped off the steps and hid behind them, fearful that he might enter one of the houses on the wrong side of these steps. It was not long before she could hear the brisk striking of his shoes on the sidewalk. Near and nearer; a resolute, unfaltering step; then it ceased abruptly. Kitty caught the significance. These steps, upon which she had sat so long! She covered her mouth with her hand, else she must have screamed. These steps! God keep her mind clear for a few minutes! Next, she heard the far-off jangle of a bell. Four times, with short intermissions, the bell jangled. Kitty could not see Cutty. She dared not lift her face in fear that the white patch of it might draw his eye.

Her subsequent actions she could never describe—at least not with anything like continuity. The sketch of a salient movement or two, but beyond this she remembered nothing for the next fifteen minutes.

Cutty, hearing the patter of her shoes behind him as he entered the hall, whirled, his automatic leveled.

"Oh, God!" Kitty heard him whisper as he lowered the gun. That was one of the half-clear salients.

That he tried to catch her to thrust her into the street, that she eluded him with the agility of a cat and reached the stairs before he did, was something for Cutty to recount, before he himself passed from grim reality into fantastic dream. Kitty remembered nothing at all of this chase. She did not hear the pistol shots above, where Samson had gone. She sped on her mad way to the second floor. There she saw a door, which she unlocked, the key being in the door, and entered the room, a blue point showing where the gas jet was.

"Johnny?" she called into the semi-darkness.

"Cutty?" said Olga feebly. "Cutty?"

That was enough for Cutty. Besides, he knew that the play was over, doubting that any one of them would leave the house alive. Olga—he must give her her chance. If he could get the two of them out —— By this time there would not be any little grand duke. Poor, wild-hearted Kitty! He threw off Olga's bonds and loosed her, shaking her body because she reeled oddly.

The gas jet flared. "Up with your hands!" said Zinovieff, standing inside the door.

Cutty instantly obeyed, dropping his automatic. There was only one idea in his head—to parley with Zinovieff till the police flocked in.

A fourth pistol shot sounded above. To Cutty this shot wrote the death of Samson. In a moment Anna Karlovna would be downstairs. Then he, too, drifted out of reality into dream stuff. Kitty, smashing the whole business like this, when at most there had been only one chance in a million!

"So!" Zinovieff spoke in English. "I'm to be hanged, am I?" He was drunk with cocaine or brandy or both. The sign of death shone out of his sunken eyes. To Olga, even though half stupefied by drugs, this man was a figure out of that Red Night, five years gone. "A rope for Serge Zinovieff, eh?"

Kitty did not hear him; she did not even see him. This was the room and yonder were the stairs. And as she looked at the stair landing a little blond boy appeared, hesitant, his eyes wide with terror. Kitty started for him. Zinovieff threw two bullets at her, but she heard neither the concussion nor felt the winged breath. Up the stairs she ran, grasped the boy in her arms, and collapsed grotesquely into the corner of the landing. Cutty thought she had been hit.

Zinovieff shot again, this time at Cutty, who staggered back from the impact of a bullet in his thigh. Even the pain could not sweep aside the dream notion. Zinovieff raised his weapon slowly. As he fired, Olga threw her body in between, deflecting the bullet which would have entered Cutty's heart. With a furious gesture the madman aimed again. Then a strange thing happened: The man uttered a kind of animal cry and fell prone beside Olga, round whose head had formed a little pool of scarlet.

Cutty no longer felt able to stand; so he sat down on the floor and made a tourniquet with his handkerchief—as he might have made bread crumbs into pellets, with no real coördination between his hands and his will—and stared through blinding tears at the woman who had saved his life. Had Kitty been killed too? The little boy was crying and fondling her, but she did not respond.

How very still everything had grown of a sudden. Then, into Cutty's fading senses came a sound—heavy steps on the stairs above the landing. Shortly into view came the colossus. With both enormous hands clutching the banister, the man slowly guided himself down the stairs. He paused, swaying drunkenly, as he saw Cutty on the floor stupidly pressing his thigh between his hands.

"You and I—men! I took the bullet . . . for the little boy. . . . She did not . . . like the size of my hands. . . . Shot herself!" Samson propped himself against the wall. "Good Samaritan. . . . Now, Paul, my son. . . ." Slowly and majestically the giant slid to the floor and fell into a sitting posture not unlike Cutty's, and became silent and motionless from then on.

The silence was suddenly broken by hurried footsteps below. The last thing Cutty remembered was Garnier's face bending over his own.

Eleven o'clock that night.

"Hurt?" asked Garnier.

"Well, a little," said Cutty, when the bullet had been extracted and the wound properly dressed. "Never let her know what a mess she nearly made of it."

"She was not accountable for what she did."

"Well, she did exactly as I feared she would sometime or other. She heard you discussing the street with the policeman. I know her, you see. She is Irish, and her recklessness is equal to her courage. She is magnificent, but she is dangerous upon occasions."

"My friend, she is a mother. If the flesh and blood of them—if they be true mothers—is in danger, they will wade through hell and not be accountable."

"Poor Kitty!"

"But what I want to know is how your Russian duchess got that slice along the side of her head."

"She stepped between Zinovieff and me. And when I saw her on the floor I thought she was dead. I wasn't much good after I saw Kitty. The whole business was without the stamp of reality. And there was Olga to be freed. Zinovieff—the anarchist is always bombastic—talked too much; so he missed Kitty, Olga and me."

"His heart was rotten. The excitement cracked it. Malakoff and Martinoff—the men who beat your Dick—are under arrest. They were all about to fly and those two had gone forth on the hunt for taxis. We found a fortune in the cellar—cocaine, ready for shipment. Clever man, that Sturm, to go home at the right hour. He must have seen what was coming."

A pause.

"Did you find my chrysoprase?"

"Yes, Cutty. Green dust, in a corner of the room."

"That's tough. Well, I'll pick up another boxful. How about the Drums of Jeopardy?"

Garnier shook his head. "No sign anywhere. Dick has recovered speech. I told him everything. Now, my old cabbage, no more talk tonight."

"What a funny world it is," Cutty mused.

"Have you just discovered that?" grumbled Garnier. "It was a funny world when Noah built the Ark."

"Poor Samson! I'll always wonder what just did happen in that room upstairs."

"*Mon Dieu*, what a man! He wasn't armed. There were four bullets in his chest, in four vital parts. His body is with his friends in the Rue Pigalle. They refuse there to give his name. *Eh bien*, I've had to cut off Olga's hair, à la mode. It was very close, that, my friend. And don't worry about Kitty. She'll come out of this several years younger. She held the boy in her arms all the way here and will never have the least recollection of it. You'll be here about a week, but you'll limp for three or four months. Have you got cured of your illusion?"

"Illusion? What do you mean—illusion? Haven't I just said that it's a funny world?"

(Continued on Page 98)

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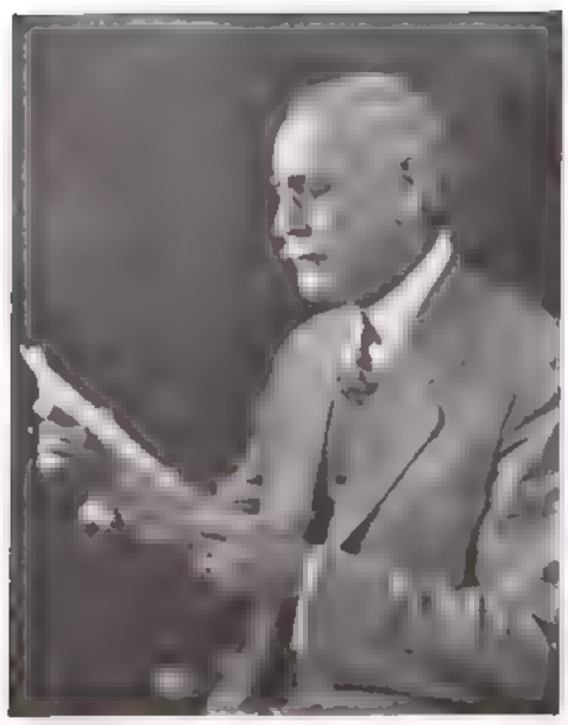

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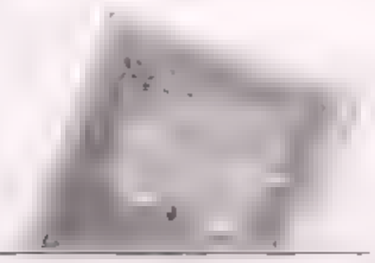

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But after Garnier departed a thought rose and dominated all other thoughts in Cutty's head, and went round and round. He had saved Olga's life in the beginning; she had saved his this night. Thus, they were quits. Time after time he came to this conclusion, which did not seem to stay put, since each time he was forced, by some mysterious agency, to begin the round all over again.

Olga alone asked after Anna Karlovna.

"She is dead," said Garnier.

"The poor thing! The poor thing!"

Which was Anna Karlovna's epitaph.

Kitty awoke—that is, she opened her eyes slowly, and at first they did not register anything. She simply stared heavenward, but soon she became attracted by a ceiling which was dazzlingly white. Her glance traveled downward; walls equally white and dazzling. Sight having reestablished itself, feeling began to function. Something had happened to her left arm; she could not move it.

The distaste of a peculiar odor awoke her to actual consciousness. She was in a room in a hospital! Recollections returned thunderously. A shudder of terror ran over her. The Rue de Meaux—what had happened there? She remembered Cutty entering the door, but from then on till this moment, a blank wall. She was in a hospital and her arm was dead to feeling. The instinct to cry out came to her, but she stifled it.

She turned to see what it was that made her arm dead to feeling, and discovered a little blond head, a cheek rosy with sleep. . . . Johnny! She was alive! She had her boy! And the window was full of May sunshine! Her right arm crossed over and drew the boy so closely yet so gently to her heart that she could feel the beat of his. Her arm had gone to sleep. Her lips trembled, but she must not cry; she must not awaken him yet.

And thus Garnier found her. He entered, smiling and rubbing his hands. The quick wit of her, fully restored, knew that he would not be smiling if all were not well.

"Is—is everybody all right?" she whispered.

"*Mon Dieu*, yes!" Kitty understood neither the people nor the language of France; otherwise she might have read between these three sharp words: "No thanks to you."

She asked about everybody, and at last came to Dick. An inexplicable shyness beset her when she pronounced this name.

At the sound of this name the little grand duke sat up, his fists in his eyes.

"Mamma!" he cried. "Mamma!"

Garnier turned to the window. He had no right to witness the scene of this actual reunion.

"Doctor, about Dick!"

Garnier came to the foot of the bed. What a lovely picture! "Oh, he will be here for a month. And let me tell you, young lady, but for the grim courage of this young fellow everybody calls Dick, that little boy would not be in your arms this morning. His physical condition told us about where he had come from."

"I did not know what I was doing last night"—contritely.

"Poor child!" Clairvoyance would be gone out of her now forever. "Don't worry. We plan and plan, but these things will happen"

The little grand duke—who would in all probabilities never know that he was one—slipped free of his mother's arms, thence to the floor. God answered prayers—that was all he cared to know about the affair. This was the mamma he had always known.

"Mamma, see what I got."

Out of a pocket in his shabby and threadbare knickers he pulled a fist, extending it to his mother. Kitty pried loose the little fingers and gasped, her body a-tremble with vertigo.

"Who gave you these?"

"I found 'em on the floor when the big man pushed me toward the stairs."

The Drums of Jeopardy!

Two weeks later.

In the morning Olga, her head still in bandages, sat beside Richardson's bed. His head was swathed in bandages too. She would read aloud from the English morning newspapers.

In the afternoon—leaving a grumbling Cutty in the Rue de Valois—Kitty would come in to read fiction. She knew that Cutty pretended to grumble; he was having the time of his life becoming acquainted with a little boy. He could not run and play with this little boy; he could only answer an amazing lot of questions.

Richardson had a predilection for detective stories. At first Kitty couldn't understand why, for these tales frankly bored her. Heroes escaped all traps unscathed, when in life she knew that they didn't. She came upon the truth one day—that Dick liked these stories because he could pick flaws in them and find fault generally. No sensible detective would ever do this or that; no man could have bested so many men at once. Moreover, he could always tell her how the yarn was going to end before she was halfway through it.

But never, during this hour, was there any sign from him that the other twenty-three hours were purgatorial. Kitty could read nothing in those bland friendly eyes or in the parting handshake, and always in this hour the nurse left them alone. One thing, however, puzzled and tantalized Kitty—her shyness in the presence of this young man was abiding, for no reason she could discover.

One morning Olga opened the newspaper.

"Don't read," said Richardson. "Will you do me a favor?"

"One? I owe you many. Which one shall I grant you?"

"A lesson in Russian."

"But you speak a little."

"I want to learn just a little more."

"Well?"

"How do you say Kitty in Russian?"

"Kitty is Catherine. In Russian it is Ekaterina."

"Ekaterina," he repeated. A pause.

"What next?" she asked, knowing right well that there was something more.

His blue eyes sought hers burningly. "Tell me how to say 'I love you.'"

Olga was startled, but she instantly recovered. "Why not tell her in the language she understands?"

She liked him more than ever. These Americans, so many kinds of courage they had! Telling her that he loved Kitty, and unashamed!

"I want the pleasure of saying it to her without her understanding what it means."

"But that isn't polite," she remonstrated.

"No, but it's romance." He smiled.

So Olga taught him.

XXXVI

CUTTY lay on a wicker lounge under the great oak which leans over the terrace of the Villa Serbelloni. He was at an angle from which he could see a pinch of Lecco at his left and forward the broad wimpled surface of Como, as far down the lake as the Villa Balbianello; far enough away and serenely high enough above to gaze unobstructedly upon the loveliest water picture on earth.

The day was fading. The July day had been rather warm, but now the first breeze of evening swept down through the northern passes. Those who had come up for tea were now gone and the servants were resetting the tables for dinner.

Cutty had off days when his leg bothered him considerably. That morning, in high spirits, he had, with the aid of a cane, walked down into the village of Bellagio, and now he was paying for it. Twinges that made him jump a little. But at his side sat Olga, facing Lecco, her eyes dreamily set; a compensation of a kind.

Between where they sat and the wooded promontory lay a greensward. In the center of this was an ancient fountain a-tinkle. Doves were drinking from the marble basin, having lately been gorged by the tea drinkers.

Cutty leaned over and touched Olga's arm. She turned, smiling.

"Look," he said, pointing to a spot beyond the drifting spray of the fountain spout.

"What are they doing?"

"Dick is teaching Johnny-Ivan the noble game of mumble-the-peg. You play it with a pocketknife. Hang it all, when the boy wants to know everything about this or that he comes to me. But when he wants to play he hunts up Dick"

"Ivan is paying you his best compliment."

"I'd like to play with him, too, but I don't know how. That boy has more questions than a peace conference."

"But he thinks you are the bravest man alive."

"You and Kitty have been stuffing him."

"And when we are not watching, you are stuffing him with cake, which he ought not to have."

"To look at Dick, who would suspect that only recently he'd been locked up in plaster of Paris? I seem to be the only one to lag behind."

"You overdo."

Dick and Johnny were squatted on the green, and there were times when the boy filliped the knife more expertly than the man. The boy's mind, however, was concentrated upon the game, and the man's wasn't. Every so often Dick had to look at Kitty, doing needlepoint, her back to the declining sun. Near enough for her beauty to be visible, but not near enough for him to note that she divided her stitches with her glances.

Both the man and the boy were sunburned. But on one side of the man's head was a streak, the width and length of a finger, of snow-white hair. This patch fascinated Kitty, sometimes to the point where it was difficult not to lean over and kiss it. But for that scar she wouldn't have had her boy again.

Kitty was in most peculiar quandary. Sometimes it amused her, sometimes it irritated her profoundly. She had gone all over Como to find a Russian-English dictionary, and none was to be found. She could not put the question to the hotel manager. Heavens, no! She felt diffident about approaching Olga, though she knew that eventually she would have to do so, or suddenly turn upon Dick and forbid him ever to say that again without ever knowing what it was!

An *impasse*, and a somewhat maddening one. She could now repeat the sentence. She had learned it by heart—one sound at a time. One sound; if she could get the meaning of that she could make some kind of guess.

If Dick had exhibited any signs of lovemaking the affair would have been simpler. But his eyes were always as clear and frank as her boy's. When he bade her good night, then it was that he uttered these cabalistic sounds which she knew to be Russian. Gravely. He no longer kissed her hand as he had in Paris.

Good gracious! Why hadn't she thought of it before? She rose, dropped her needlepoint in the chair and walked briskly down to the terrace wall where Cutty and Olga were.

"Olga, what is my first name in Russian?"

"Ekaterina," answered Olga promptly. "Catherine—Kitty." But in her heart she bubbled: "Oh, that clever young rogue! He was right." She must tell Cutty.

"Ekaterina," repeated Kitty. Her inspiration required no further assistance. She pulled a chair to the side of Cutty and sat down. "Cutty, what are you going to do with the Drums?"

"I've solved the whole bally riddle," he said. "So long as the Drums are together they bode evil. But separate them and the enchantment becomes broken. The immensity of their value lies in their being a perfect pair. Well, if one is at one end of the world and the other ——"

"Splendid!" interrupted Kitty. "You are going to sell one in Paris and the other

(*Continued on Page 100*)

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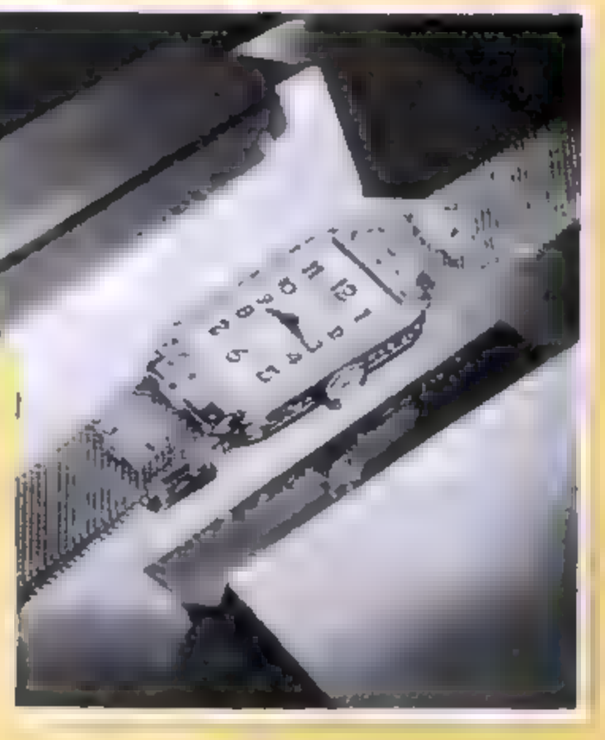

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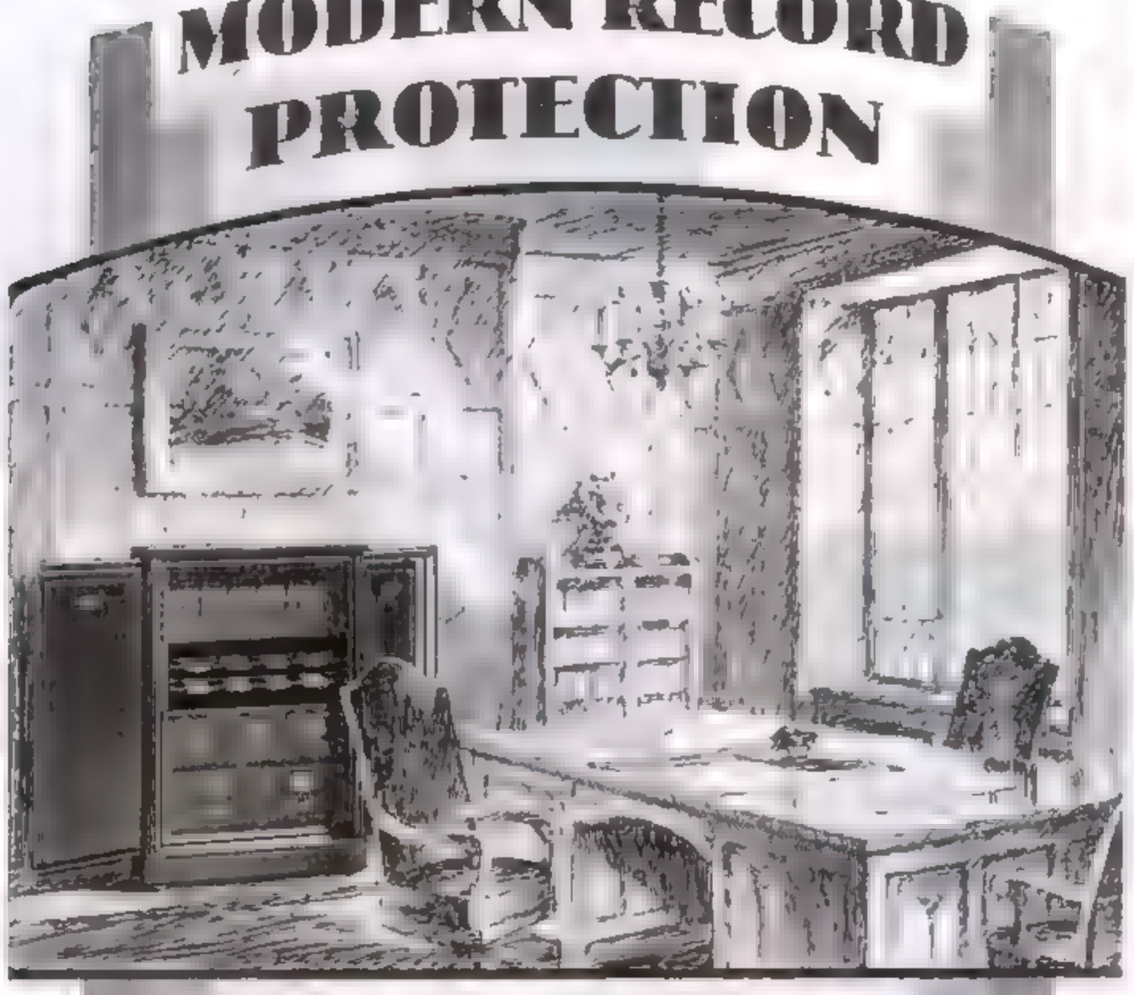

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Continued from Page 98)

in New York. Nobody is going to know that there is a pair. Perfectly splendid!"

"You're a wonderful person for finding out things," Cutty observed blandly.

Kitty knew that better than anyone else. Ekaterina and something or other!

"By the way," said Cutty, "I'm giving a dinner tonight on the regular dining-room balcony. All by ourselves. There will be a gorgeous moon, sliced peaches and Cordon Rouge."

"What, in the phraseology of our American brothers and sisters, is the big idea?" asked Kitty.

Olga laughed. She knew that slang was somewhat distasteful to Cutty, and this new bewildering Kitty was always giving him a bit of the latest.

"It's not an idea; it's a notion," said Cutty solemnly.

"I like idea better. Notion makes you think of shops full of trinkets."

Cutty eyed her suspiciously. Had she seen the special messenger from Paris that morning? "Mr. Johnson, the distinguished lexicographer ——"

"Who cares for dictionaries on a day like this!"

Kitty flew back to the mumble-the-peggers, snatched up the most wonderful and tickled him by kissing his neck. Then she beckoned to Dick to follow. She took the path toward the Lecco side, and when she came to the first nook she stopped. Richardson expected her to put the boy down, but she didn't. She looked across the water, speaking inwardly. "Johnny, you won't mind? I am young. And I wasn't always quite happy!"

She did not turn to Dick till she was sure that her eyes were dry.

"It wasn't polite," she began.

"What?"—nervously.

"Talking Russian to me, knowing that I could not understand." He gripped the railing with one hand. "And could not ask," she went on mercilessly. "What excuse have you?"

"None, except that it is true"—dejectedly.

"Some woman in Russia taught you to say it?"

"No. I asked Olga in Paris." Fool!

"And what did she say?"

"That it wasn't polite"—his dejection growing deeper.

"Not fair. Ekaterina, and so forth! You know, I thought you a braver man than that. To tell me you loved me behind some mumble-the-peg words! Oh, Dick!" An enchanting smile broke the severe line of her lips. "Please! I don't know whether I love you or no. Wait a little."

"Kitty!"—starting toward her.

"No, no! That's why I brought Johnny. I'm a little afraid of you. But I shan't make you wait long. If I do not say yes to you, then I shall never say it to any man. Now you wait here for five minutes."

Richardson waited for five minutes, leaning the time against a pink cloud on the mountain tops across the lake.

Cutty watched Kitty till she and the boy had vanished beyond the villa doorway.

"Olga," he said, "what is an illusion?"

"A self-deception. What the English call a false show."

"Which the imagination breeds. And we hug and coddle it to our graves, generally. You know, Garnier is a great philosopher."

"How they adore each other—he and his wife! He doesn't do what you do, Cutty—count your years every morning you get up."

"Perhaps I don't wish to fool myself."

"About what?"

That silenced him for a minute. "How I miss my chrysoprase! Beautiful green stones, taintless; no deaths, no lies, no thieving lie at their door. As beautiful as any emerald, but humble. I loved them. And now there are no more like mine to be had."

How the tone of the man's voice hurt her!

"I was but lately wrapped in an illusion. Today it is rubble at my feet and I find a queer sort of pleasure in kicking it about. . . . Where'd I lay my pipe? . . . Ah! . . . I loved Kitty's mother. A rainbow end. I thought I loved Kitty. A mirage of a rainbow end. And if Garnier hadn't rubbed my brow with his touchstone and cleared my vision, I might have died of a broken heart. . . . Does the smoke drift too much your way?"

"No." She would have smothered rather than have interrupted him.

"I do love Kitty, and always shall, but as I love Dick. I'd lay down my life for her, but I'd do the same for Dick. Love at large, you might say, without any label on it. You've seen it. She's in love with Dick, though she's fighting it. And how the devil can she help it? Clever. He hobnobs with the boy; takes him rowing, swimming, fishing. Already the boy is his. What young mother can resist such an approach? What are you going to do?"

"Drift." She waved her hand toward the deepening blue of Lecco. "Drift for a while, like that sail down there. Afterward, I don't know."

"Are you going to let your hair grow?"—whimsically.

She laughed. "Which way do you like it best?"

"The way it is and the way it was."

"What is America like?"—finding him a bit difficult this afternoon.

"A good deal like Kitty. Rushes in where angels fear to tread and somehow comes out with a whole skin. Disliked heartily by every other country. Because she will not go to the office every morning in a cutaway and a plug hat. Never mind the gender. Because she gives more generously than any other country. Because her middle name is Midas. Because she has colossal energy and knows how to direct it. Because she has reached a commercial eminence never before known. Because she hasn't any old masters, old cathedrals. Because she is *L'Enfant Terrible* of the world. . . . Hello! six o'clock. You'll want some time to dress. Dinner at seven. You see, it's my birthday."

"Birthday!"

"Yes, I'm twenty-one."

"You'll always be that in your heart." But Olga did not say this aloud.

Cutty was sitting on the bed, putting in his shirt studs, when Richardson banged into the room. With a wave of his hand to Cutty he stormed the bureau drawers. He couldn't find the right kind of shirt or the right kind of collar. And he made a good deal of noise.

"Going back to Paris tonight?" asked his mentor.

"Paris!" Richardson gripped Cutty by the shoulders. "I'm so happy that I don't know whether I'm standing on my head or not! And not a decent shirt, and my tail coat hasn't been pressed since I went to a reception at the embassy."

"So Kitty has said yes?"

"Near enough. If she doesn't marry me, she won't marry anyone. . . . If that boots hasn't brought back my pumps —— Oh, here they are!"

For several days Cutty had been waiting for this moment—to learn what manner of shock would attend it. There was no shock. The rubble did not rise up and once more infold him; it lay there at his feet. The principal sensation was one of freedom, flanked by relief and astonishment. But for Garnier ——

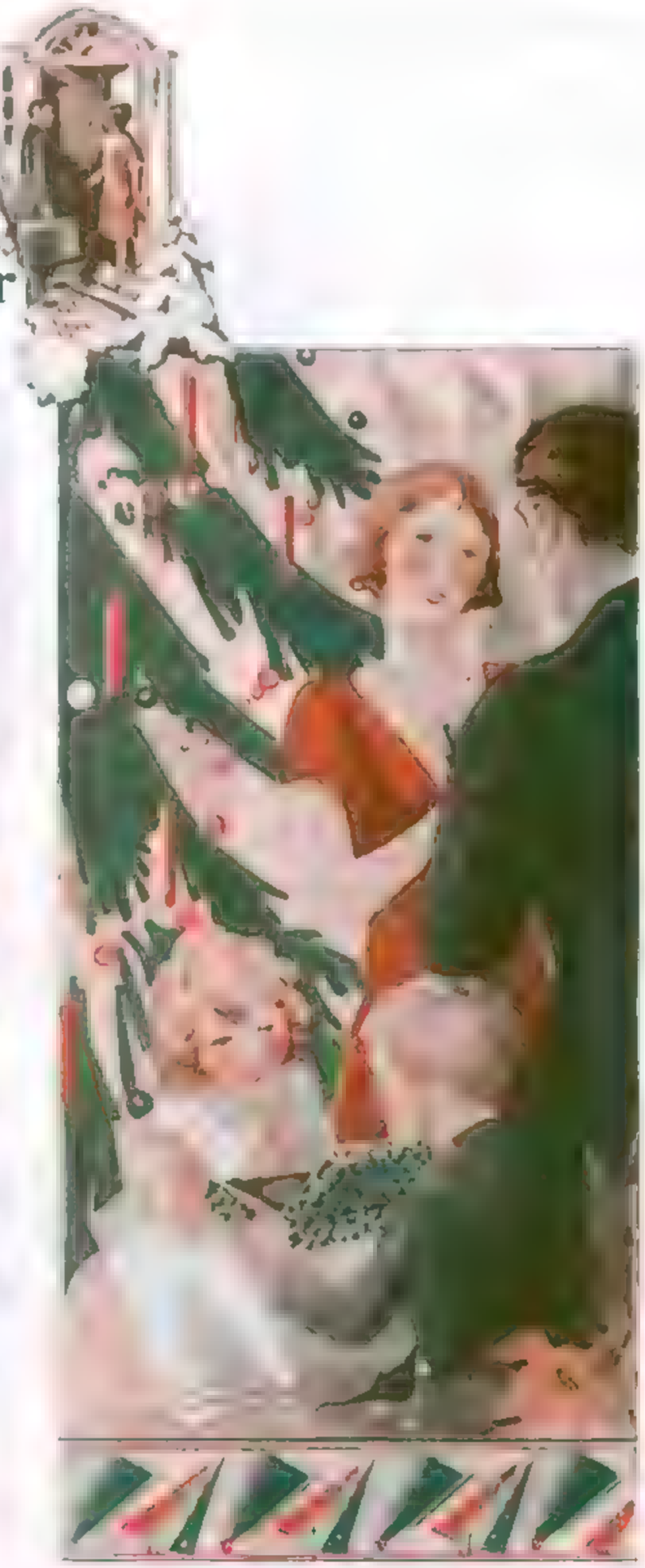
"My boy, best in the world to you. You were right. You know more about women than I ever shall. How do you win them?"

"Oh, scoop 'em up. Keep 'em thinking about you. Do something they can't understand. Sweep 'em off their feet. That's what they want. But no good man is good enough for a good woman. And I'm crazy about that boy. I'm going to take up my engineering again. I'm not going to have her worrying about me nights. I'm through with the big game."

"It was a big game, wasn't it?"—ruminatively.

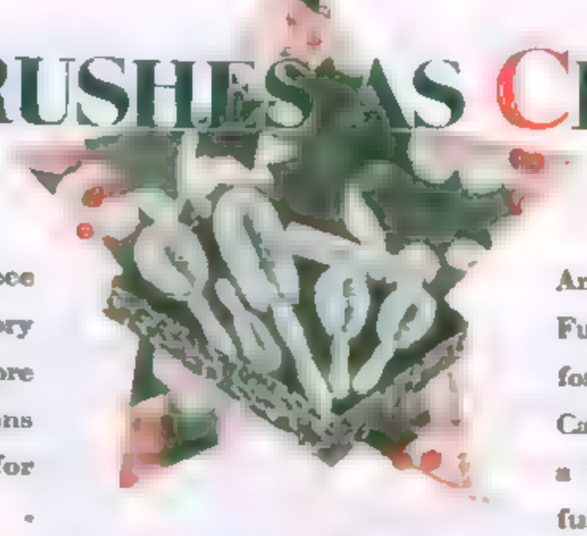
(Continued on Page 103)

Let the Fuller man help with your Christmas shopping list.



As a way of escape from Christmas shopping crowds, women are turning, more and more, to the Fuller Man for suitable gifts for holiday remembrance lists. Right into the home he brings the world's most extensive line of brushes, for personal and household use. Thus in comfort you can make calm and thoughtful selection of these most acceptable Christmas presents. The fairness that marks every Fuller transaction and the guarantee that backs each Fuller product have won for the Fuller Man the confidence of the women of a continent. They counsel with him freely at Christmas and throughout the year, knowing that every article he supplies is exactly as represented. . . . .

FULLER BRUSHES AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS



This beautiful six piece white Personal Set of Ivory Fullerex is but one of more than fifty happy suggestions the Fuller Man has for your Christmas list. . .

Among the new items the Fuller Man has especially for the holidays are Vanity Cases and Vanity Combs in a wide variety of beautiful colors. . . . .

Fuller Brushes make ideal Christmas gifts. Practical and enduring, they are always appreciated by women as reminders of your thoughtfulness throughout the entire year.

An added holiday feature you are sure to like is individual brushes in sets delivered to you packed in colorful holly boxes ready to send away or hang on the tree.

Better than ever before, the Fuller Man is prepared this holiday season to bring a Merry Christmas to you and to those whom you wish to remember. If you wish to have the Fuller Man show you these new Christmas list suggestions before his next regular call: 'Phone the local Fuller Branch Office or write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 3558 Main Street, Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.) Be sure to ask for free booklet, "The Cleaning Problems of the Home."

FULLER BRUSHES

Genuine Fuller Products carry this Red Tip Tag and trade mark Fuller Look for both

45 BRUSHES – 69 USES – HEAD TO FOOT – CELLAR TO ATTIC

© THE F. B. CO.

A Radiotron for every purpose

RADIOTRON UX-201-A
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON UV-199
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-199
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON WD-11
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON WX-12
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-200-A
Detector Only

RADIOTRON UX-120
Power Amplifier Last Audio Stage Only

RADIOTRON UX-222
Screen-Grid Radio Frequency Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-112-A
Power Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-171-A
Power Amplifier Last Audio Stage Only

RADIOTRON UX-210
Power Amplifier Oscillator

RADIOTRON UX-240
Detector Amplifier for Resistance-Coupled Amplification

RADIOTRON UX-250
Power Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-226
A.C. Filament

RADIOTRON UV-227
A.C. Heater

RADIOTRON UX-280
Full-Wave Rectifier

RADIOTRON UX-281
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RADIOTRON UX-874
Voltage Regulator Tube

RADIOTRON UV-876
Ballast Tube

RADIOTRON UV-886
Ballast Tube

The standard by which other vacuum tubes are rated

RCA Radiotrons are standard equipment in fine radio sets of all leading manufacturers. The RCA mark on the vacuum tubes of any radio instrument is one of the first tests of its excellence.

Look for this mark on every Radiotron

To maintain high quality performance in your radio set, replace all the vacuum tubes with a new set of RCA Radiotrons at least once a year. Do not put new tubes with old ones that have been *long* in use.

RCA Radiotron

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOLA

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 100

"We'll see Europe first, then go back to the States."

Plans of the future; one of those pink clouds Garnier had jested about. But the main thing, was Cutty's thought, was that the rubble still lay at his feet. Beautiful rubble—shattered rainbow ends and all that. Out of the void came the ingratiating voice of Fortuna. *Messieurs, faites votre jeu.* Make your game, your play. Had he ever gambled with anything but his life? He wondered. He hurried into his clothes and was as dissatisfied with his cravat as Dick was with his. Dick was still boiling over verbally, but Cutty now heard only the sound of his voice.

The balcony was lovely—more lovely than any dream, since it had stability and remained lovely. Green lamp shades, linen and silver and crystal; and at one side a noble magnum of Cordon Rouge in a frosted silver bucket. The moon brilliant; the world below and beyond of amethystine mists and bright village lamps; boat lanterns swinging on the lakes; pomegranate hedges and ghostly olive trees; and afar, the twinkling lights of the Villa Balbianello.

The waiter was silent and watchful. That these four were not married was a negligible matter; it was enough for him that they were highly well-born and that rumor whispered something about grand duchesses. Neither had he any doubts regarding the two men. They were either soldiers or diplomats incognito. Those European orders—bits of ribbon—in the lapels signified some great political or warlike service.

Not a word of the past in the talk. The curtain had gone down upon that, the scenery gone to the storehouse of time. But we remember our dramas even if we do not talk of them. Gay banter from four points, an occasional lilt of laughter, a few mock grumbles—usually from Cutty. So the dinner came to the dessert and the Cordon Rouge.

Cutty rose solemnly.

"Speech!" cried Richardson, who was intoxicated by something far more dangerous and lasting than champagne—beauty.

"For this dissipation," began Cutty, "my leg will ache like the very devil tomorrow. But no matter. If I shall have lived these stormy years to see such a night, then it is well."

He drew out of his pocket two red-leather cases. One he extended to Olga and the other to Kitty. They opened the cases quickly.

War and famine could not change them—they would always be women. In each case lay an Indian Princess necklace with a glorious emerald as a pendant. The women cried out. In Cutty's apartment in Paris their cry, upon beholding the Drums of Jeopardy, had been one of horror; now it was one of ecstasy.

Simultaneously each drew the necklace from its case and held it under the lights. A three-foot string of queer-shaped lustrous pearls, polished emeralds, blue and yellow sapphires, rubies and rose crystals, alternating in series of five gems—copies of the incomparable necklace of the daughter of the Great Mogul.

"Well," said Richardson, breaking the spell, "I have seen all the beauty in the world in one night."

"Wait," said Cutty. "She who visits the other must leave her necklace behind. We'll try that out. For my part, I believe it all hokum. 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.'"

Olga held out her necklace.

"What?" he cried. "You reject it?"

"No, no! I want you to put it on for me" bending.

As he put the necklace over her head his fingers touched her. The shock was as pleasurable as it was electrical. His fingers touching the nape of her neck! Immediately his heart grew heavy and beauty faded out of the things he saw. Youth! . . . *Messieurs, faites votre jeu!*

Olga turned to the balcony paling, resting against it, her white arms extended on each side, and stared into the night. Cutty stared at her. Kitty touched Richardson's sleeve. Silently they left the scene. Cutty, a witness to this tactful evanishment from the corner of his eye, limped to Olga's side.

"Do you remember that night in the ruined farmhouse, and you found Samson's mark? Do you remember that misty white morning, and how we held hands as we walked through the forest? And when I discovered who you were? Don't you believe it all had something to do with this night—destiny? Will you marry me, Olga Mikailovna?"

She used all the will she had to turn and face him quietly.

"I remember, Cutty. Please sit down again. It will be easier for both of us. You have asked me to marry you. Do you love me?"

"Yes. I knew it actually but a few hours ago. You have rushed into my empty heart like a freshet. Better than all the treasures on earth." He wondered if she felt as shaky as he did. But Fortuna had told him to make his game. "I suppose I fell in love with you before I killed that trooper, but I was lugging around an illusion and could not see the truth. Yesterday—it is these yesterdays that cleanse and whiten the souls of us. Do you love me?"

"Wait!" said Olga, tensely. "There is something I must tell you."

"Is it about that Red Night?"

"Yes."

Cutty pointed toward the east, toward the shadowy mountains. "Well, let it stay over there, behind those mountains. Our lives begin tonight, Olga."

"What kind of a man are you?"—objects beginning to spin before her vision.

"A soldier of fortune, with a comfortable income, fifty-six, who is scoundrel enough to offer his hand in marriage to a princess only half as old. And I may have rheumatism in this leg of mine when cold weather comes on. I may limp all my life; I don't know. But this I do know—that wherever you go I shall come limping after, from here to kingdom come. Do you love me?"

"Yes. Yes. To the end of the world, Cutty, if so you want me. From that night in the farmhouse, as I watched you hack down doors to make firewood, after all the terrible adventures you had been through, I knew that if I could not follow you in the body, I should always follow you in the spirit."

She drew close to his chair. All along she had known she would do whatever he wanted her to do, without any bargain.

"Will you go with me to Milan tomorrow and be married in the consulate?" he asked.

"Yes!" This was Italy, and she had forgotten. Her mother's blood began to sing in her ears. "Cutty, *nom du pipe—nom du pipe!*" she cried brokenly. One does not enter Paradise unastonishedly.

Suddenly she took his handsome, picturesque head into her hands and pressed it to her heart, and held it there forever.

(THE END)

You need not wait for a salesman —just read the Advertag

DENNEY ADVERTAG

YOU need no longer waste precious moments waiting for a salesman. Just read the Advertag to get full information

It tells you what you want to know about price, quality, unusual features, name of manufacturer and similar valuable information. All of which is specific and concise — to save your time and insure you of reliable merchandise.

For only reliable manufacturers can afford to turn the spotlight of publicity on their products.

THE DENNEY TAG COMPANY
WEST CHESTER, PA.
Offices in all principal cities

For manufacturers and merchants interested in Advertags!

Send us your letterhead, trade mark or rough suggestion so that we may create and estimate on an Advertag for you—without obligation on your part

We'll show you how these inexpensive, silent salesmen speed up sales and increase turnover

Denney makes a complete line of tags—nothing but tags in the world's largest exclusive tag plant.

Check the ones you can use from the list shown below.

Shipping tags	Routing tags
Factory Process tags	Check room tags
Markers tags	Furniture tags
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Guarantee tags	Dress tags
Inventory tags	Garage tags
Alteration tags	Florist tags
Manifold tags	Plain tags

THE DENNEY TAG COMPANY
WEST CHESTER, PA.

Name

Firm

Address

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

Q. Had there ever been a man in your life before you met Foster Dale? A. Never.

Q. What attracted you to him? A. His suave manner, his sleek ways and his honeyed words.

Q. Were you deceived by his smooth speech and his flattering remarks? A. Completely.

Q. And you didn't learn what a wolf in sheep's clothing he was until when? A. Until after we were married.

Q. What happened when other women first began to warn you of your husband's infidelity? A. I refused to believe them.

Q. But one day you happened to make an unexpected visit to his office, did you not? A. Yes.

Q. And what did you find? A. I found that alas! the whispering tongues of the neighborhood wagged only too truly.

Q. About this time, with whom did you become acquainted? A. The handsome young Hunter Merrill.

Q. And because you simply had to tell someone, to whom did you unburden your sorrowing heart? A. To him—to Hunter Merrill.

Q. What happened several days later? A. My husband came home—drunk.

Q. Was Hunter Merrill there? A. Yes.

Q. What was he doing there? A. He had come in only a moment before to borrow a cup of sugar.

Q. Did your husband draw a revolver and fire at you? A. Yes, but he missed!

Q. But thinking he had killed you, what did he do? A. He turned the weapon upon himself and fell to the floor—dead!

Q. Would a row of asterisks fit nicely into this part of the story? A. Very nicely. * * * * * * * * *

Q. And now that you and Hunter Merrill have been happily married for over a year, what have you? A. The darlingest baby in all the world.

Q. And in closing, you wish to reiterate what? A. That if only one guileless young soul can be warned in time by my story I shall be well repaid for its telling and shall know that my own experience shall not have been in vain.

Q. Have you a word of your own to add—not for publication? A. Yes.

Q. Add it. A. After all, there's nothing like hokum. —*Al Graham.*

Indictments Preferred by the Society of Militant Philistines

WE NOMINATE FOR THE BALL AND CHAIN:

OTTOKAR GLASZOWISKI, *the sculptor.*

Because he began his artistic career in a shoe-shining parlor on the Lower East Side of New York; because he had the perspicacity to change his name from Cohen when the vogue for Czecho-Slovak art set in; and finally, because his portrait bust of himself in the Cubist manner is the season's outstanding work of sculptural symbolism.

ADOLF SCHNÜFFLER, *the dramatist.*

Because several of his plays have been translated from the Swiss Romanach; because his domestic tragedies of Alpine village life are written in nine acts, and seem longer; and finally, because under the existing immigration laws it is practically impossible to deport him.

JACK GUBBINS, *the poet.*

Because he gave up professional vagrancy for belles-letters; because at the age of eighteen he went to the Society Islands in a three-masted schooner, but came back; and finally, because he is about to publish another volume of free verse entitled Stardust and Box Car Sweepings.

NIKOLAI PETROVICH IVANOVSKY, *the composer.*

Because he is the acknowledged leader of the ultra-modern Russian school of composition; because his major orchestral works are scored for a steam siren and a pneumatic riveting machine; and finally, because his new symphonic poem, Vodka, is based on American jazz themes.

TIVERTON NUTHALL, *the critic.*

Because he introduced Svend Skjaglund, the celebrated exponent of Scandinavian realism, to the American reading public; because he is editor of a saffron-covered magazine of sophisticated irony; and finally, because his magazine, which is fifty cents a copy at all news stands, makes us incredibly weary. —*Otto Freund.*

THERE'S A WHALE OF AN ENGINE UNDER THAT HOOD

Only supreme performance could carry out the promise of this new Oldsmobile's striking beauty, fine-car luxury and restful riding comfort.

When you take the wheel, you'll discover amazing power and speed—sparklingacceleration—wonderfulhill-climbing ability. You'll enjoy all the advantages of spirited high-compression performance, yet without using special fuel.

Lift up the hood and look at the great new 55-horsepower engine.

It has a new-type cylinder head of General Motors Research design. The crankcase and cylinder block are rigidly ribbed both horizontally and vertically to prevent distortion and maintain permanent, accurate bearing alignment.

Such features as full automatic spark, thermostatic charging control, crankcase ventilation, fuel pump, controlled cooling and pressure lubrication, tell why engineers and critics pronounce this new Oldsmobile "*Two years ahead.*"

The extra-heavy crankshaft is balanced both at rest and in motion to eliminate vibration. And engine mountings of live rubber assure exceptional quietness.

Come drive this new Oldsmobile. Put it through the most exacting tests you know. Prove for yourself that there's a whale of an engine under that hood.

TWO-DOOR SEDAN

$925

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Spare Tire Extra

OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

THE CORN BELT

(Continued from Page 7

should, into straight grain cropping because it was absently owned and farmed by tenants. On a grain-crop basis the land required from the owners very little personal attention and a minimum of new capital expenditures; besides, the division was easy, and the tenant, if he should be dishonest, had no such opportunities to defraud the proprietor as would occur if he were handling cattle and hogs. True, grain cropping was the least profitable use to make of the land, and the returns from it were a diminishing quantity, because soil fertility is not in this way maintained; but the owners were satisfied so long as the capital value of land kept rising. If a tenant, having grained out the land, decided to move, a worse tenant could be found. Owners unmindful of what was happening to the soil and poor tenants willing to wring it once more were tending always to come together. So it was that large areas of beautiful Corn Belt land that had been leveled, plowed 100 feet deep and limed by the glaciers in the ice age, were grained out by tenants at the behest of owners who were much less interested in agriculture really than in the increment of land values, until the land was sick and sour.

Now here, at the heart of the Corn Belt, the fundamental problem is how to rebuild the fertility of the soil and establish upon it sound agricultural practice. What the soil particularly needs is lime to make it sweet again. A farm wanting lime is as clearly marked as a human being in whose diet that essential mineral has been deficient. Not only are the crops thin—the fences stagger, the buildings need paint and there is no lusciousness anywhere.

Limestone, Legumes and Livestock

Many landowners, repenting of their neglect, besides others such as land-mortgage concerns, insurance companies and banks, who as creditors have been obliged to take over great quantities of land in foreclosure, are turning to the farm managers. In the Corn Belt, the institution and profession of farm management, now appearing widely in the American system of agriculture, is proving itself in a positive manner. There are twenty or more well-known farm managers in Central Illinois and Central Indiana handling 10 to 300 farms each. They are doing for owners what the owners cannot do for themselves. They give a farm actual personal attention and bring to it the benefit of scientific knowledge, high common sense and accurate cost keeping. But most of all, they bring back to the soil the sweetness it has lost.

One who is perhaps the most successful farm manager in Illinois will not touch a farm until the owner is willing to return to it each year a proportion of the profits in the form of lime. The first thing he does is to make a map of soil acidity in colors—a different color for different degrees of sourness.

The farm is surveyed in acre squares, each acre numbered. Then he takes a soil sample from each acre, in vials with cork stoppers numbered as the acres are; each sample is then analyzed and the colored map follows. For this job the charge is thirty-five cents an acre.

If the owner, on seeing the map, is willing to put lime where it is needed, the manager will go ahead for so much an acre and become responsible for the farm. He finds a tenant who will carry out a program of limestone, legumes and livestock. He makes a fifty-fifty contract with the tenant. Under this contract the owner provides the lime and the tenant spreads it, the owner provides the seed and the tenant plants it, the owner provides the land and buildings and the tenant provides the power and equipment; owner and tenant jointly provide and own the productive livestock, such as cattle, hogs and sheep. The idea simply is that the owner shall put the land against the tenant's labor. The tenant is not charged for feed or pasture.

"In fact," says the manager, "the tenant pays no rent at all, but because he has the long end of the deal, he agrees to keep the place in good shape." The division at last is fifty-fifty.

By such handling, farms that were hardly paying taxes have been raised in one year to a profit basis, the owners' share, after taxes and depreciation have been charged out, running to 5 and 5.5 per cent on the investment. This is not exceptional. A dividend of 5 per cent to the owner, after a fifty-fifty split with the tenant, is a fairly normal result from competent farm management. And besides the dividend, the landowner has the satisfaction of knowing that the fertility of the land is being renewed by scientific agricultural practice.

An Ideal Tenancy

Good farming in the Corn Belt, therefore, is not without profit. The owners have, after all expenses, 5 per cent on the capital value of the land; the other half goes to the tenant. The two halves come off the land and together represent its earning power.

Under the supervision of the farm manager, the tenant makes more than he made before—undoubtedly more than he could make on his own. As a tenant he is better off. The problem of tenancy itself remains. Will the tenant be forever content with a fair income only and no sense of proprietorship in the land? He can be made to see that as he builds up the land under the farm manager's direction he increases its productivity and thereby improves his own income along with the owner's dividend. He must see also, however, that as he builds up the land, he builds up its value, and so builds himself further away from the hope of ultimate ownership. Here, therefore, is some danger of drifting to a condition of permanent tenancy, under a landowning caste, more or less directly in proportion as the institution of farm management fulfills its ends.

The farm managers are aware of this danger and discuss it a great deal. As a rule they are interested neither in owners nor tenants as such, but in the success and future of agriculture. Is tenancy, in principle, good or bad? They are asking that question. The right answer probably is that tenancy under organized supervision is the best condition for some and not the best for others. There are many sincere opinions.

The value of farm land increases in two ways—namely, from the way it is handled, or, that is to say, from the kind of agriculture practiced upon it; and also from the play of purely economic causes, such as growth of population, site advantage, the fact of being irreplaceable, and so on. Increase in value from purely economic causes is called unearned increment.

The landowner has never thought of sharing with the tenant the land's increase in value. It is quite possible, however, that if, beyond sharing the land's increased productivity with the tenant, as they are bound to do, the owners could find also a way to share with him its increase in capital value under some form of tenant-purchase contract, the increase from such added tenant interest would be so much sooner realized that the owners themselves would benefit.

That is to say, by sharing it they might cause it to more than double, or to double in half the time. For the tenant in that case would have not the sense of building himself away from proprietorship as he builds up the land, but the sense instead of coming toward it. As with livestock on a fifty-fifty basis, the tenant works harder for the owner because half of it is his, so with the land—would he not work harder to increase its value if half of that increase were to be his own?

But a rise in tenancy and a drift toward peasantry are not at all the same thing. With the changes now taking place in agriculture, competition becoming steadily more intense between old methods and new, success will increasingly require more enterprise, ability, judgment and imagination than the man who is called an average farmer can bring to bear on his work. This naturally will make agriculture more interesting than ever for men of superior capacity, and at the same time more hopeless as a business for a great many others who, if they belonged to industrial life instead of to agriculture, would sink to the level at which they naturally float. In the state to which agriculture is now coming, such as these may find their true economic status to be that of tenants under scientific management, or that of farm workers with a better environment created around them than they are likely ever to create for themselves.

This is a reality, the face of change, not as anyone might wish it to be, but as a fact that is. So it was with the little artisans and guildsmen. Modern industry everywhere swallowed them up.

You have to keep it always in mind that agriculture, complaining of its disabilities in relation to business, is yet very loath to accept the first principles of business. Just as you take them at this day, there are not three farmers in ten who know what their costs are.

As they come to market with their products, ask them what that grain has cost them a bushel to produce, or what those hogs have cost them per pound, and although they are selling at a price per bushel or per pound, they do not know. At the year's end they have more or less money than the year before; they know that. Seldom do they know what it was that made the profit or made the loss. Fancy business conducting itself in that fashion! Almost invariably the farmer who knows his costs is making a profit.

Large and Small Profits

In Central Illinois some very interesting work is being done under the head of cost management. One example is that of 200 farmers who assessed themselves in a cooperative manner to hire the services of a cost manager. They were all good farmers, some as tenants, some as owners, a high proportion of them college graduates; but their work was not profitable. They needed someone to analyze their operations and find the holes. This began in 1924, under the supervision of the Department of Farm Management of the State Agricultural College. The report for the year 1927 reads:

> An average of 3.07 per cent on the entire farm investment, after deducting all expenses and $720 allowance for the value of the operator's labor, was made by the 200 farmers.

It adds:

> There are wide variations in the earnings on the most successful and the least successful of these farms. The forty most profitable made 5 per cent on the investment and had $1643 to pay the operator the farmer, that is—for his own labor and management, while the forty least profitable farms lacked $1352 of making 5 per cent on the investment and left nothing to the operator for his own labor and management.

Then it proceeds to find how these variations rise, considering six factors—namely, yield, choice of crops, amount of livestock, efficiency of livestock, efficiency of man labor, efficiency of power and machinery. Under the head of yield, the forty most profitable farms got 8.2 bushels of corn more to the acre than the forty least successful, 2.3 bushels more of wheat, nearly one-half ton more of hay and 4.2 bushels more of oats. The forty most profitable farms had more acres in corn, alfalfa and sweet clover, and fewer in oats, blue grass and timothy; also more livestock. On the

(Continued on Page 108)

...it's time to celebrate with

ESKIMO PIE

DELICIOUS, wholesome ice cream—enrobed in crisp, pure chocolate. Two favorite flavors mingled in a magic way—that's Eskimo Pie. Some bracer! Obtainable at leading drug stores and confectioneries everywhere.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

The name and fame of Eskimo Pie have encouraged many forms of imitation [illegible] facturers are obligated by [illegible] Pie pure and wholesome. Get what you ask for—look for the name Eskimo Pie on the silvery foil wrapper

ESKIMO PIE CORPORATION, Louisville, Kentucky

THE marriage license, the purchase of a home, the creation of an estate—almost every important decision in a man's life represents a commitment based upon his faith in his future earning power. So it is with the car—a necessity in modern life .... This is the essence of the GMAC Purchase Plan.

GENERAL

TIME PAYMENTS *and* THE OPEN MIND

TEN years ago there were many opinions about time payments, but few facts. General Motors began a careful study of the whole problem.

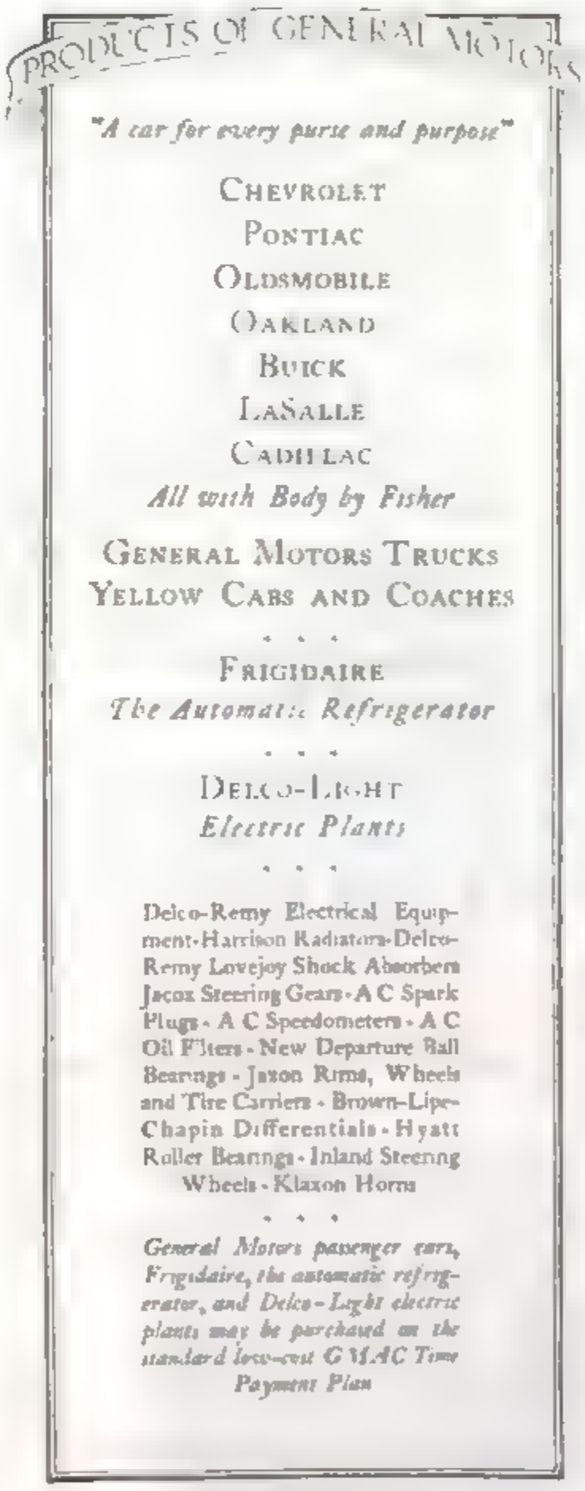
Everyone recognized the soundness of granting credit to a business—a *group* of individuals—for the purchase of necessary equipment. Was there, then, any logical reason why the *individual* should not be entitled to use his personal credit and earning power for the purchase of a necessity, such as an automobile—just as he purchased his home or life insurance estate?

Out of this study came a General Motors policy: Every man or woman whose circumstances and income warrant the ownership of a car shall be provided with credit accommodation on a sound basis and at the lowest possible cost.

The General Motors Acceptance Corporation was organized to give effect to this policy.

Millions of families have had the use of their cars while they were paying for them, through the GMAC Plan. Sales and production of automobiles have enormously increased, resulting in much higher quality per dollar of cost. The American people are making more effective use of their time and energies, and this has been definitely reflected in national prosperity.

The whole machinery of consumer credit has been placed upon a sound economic basis, because the problem was approached with scientific thoroughness and an Open Mind.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PONTIAC
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OAKLAND
BUICK
LASALLE
CADILLAC
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GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS
YELLOW CABS AND COACHES
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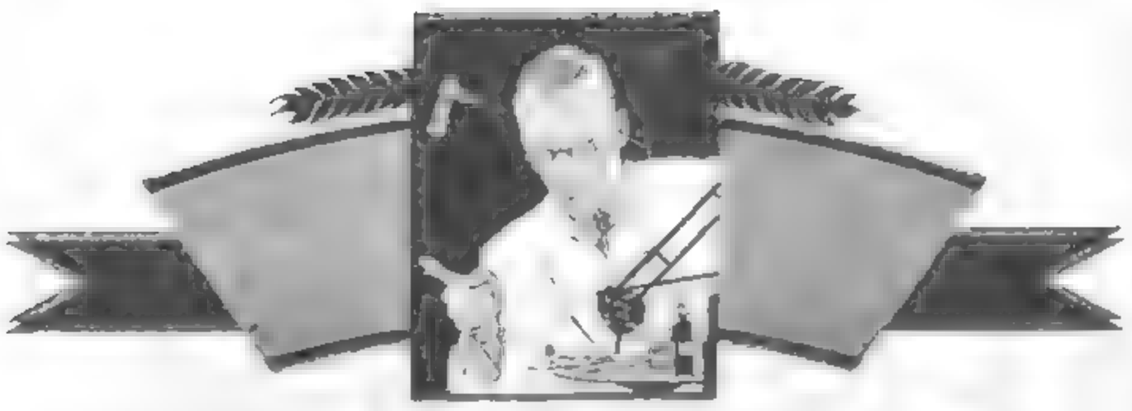
The Automatic Refrigerator
DELCO-LIGHT
Electric Plants
Delco-Remy Electrical Equipment · Harrison Radiators · Delco-Remy Lovejoy Shock Absorbers · Jacox Steering Gears · A C Spark Plugs · A C Speedometers · A C Oil Filters · New Departure Ball Bearings · Jaxon Rims, Wheels and Tire Carriers · Brown-Lipe-Chapin Differentials · Hyatt Roller Bearings · Inland Steering Wheels · Klaxon Horns
General Motors passenger cars, Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator, and Delco-Light electric plants may be purchased on the standard low-cost GMAC Time Payment Plan
TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party Every Monday evening, 9:30 Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 31 other stations associated with N. B. C.

MOTORS



"Young man", *he said, warningly*

"tell your teeth to get busy!"

The young man's semi-annual visit to his dentist had seemed to be passing off pleasantly. In the dentist's conscientious hands, tiny mirror and needle-pointed explorer had done their best to locate cavities—and cavities there were none! The young man hopped blithely from the chair.

"Not so fast!" said the dentist, pushing him back. "And not so cheerful either, young man! I want to show you something."

He handed his patient a hand mirror. "Your teeth are all right—but look at your gums! They ought to be firm and healthfully pink. But they're growing soft—losing their tone. Nothing serious yet—but you can't afford to neglect it. Tell your teeth to get busy!"

"What do you mean?" demanded the young man.

"Chew!" *said the dentist.*

Chew! It is the battle cry of the modern dentist. Well he knows that nothing so effectively protects the health and beauty of teeth and gums as this exercise that Nature planned.

Grape-Nuts is highly praised by dentists because it is one of the few modern foods that encourage thorough chewing. These golden kernels have such a unique and tempting crispness such a delicious nut-like, malt-sugar-tinged flavor—that you will *enjoy* chewing them! And Grape-Nuts also helps to build and maintain sound tooth structure. Made from wheat and malted barley, it is a food of great nutritive value.

Grape-Nuts supplies phosphorus for teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; iron for the blood; dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration—particularly easy to digest.

Try Grape-Nuts! Your grocer sells it. Accept this offer:

Free! Two servings of Grape-Nuts and a booklet on teeth

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

G—S.E.P. 10-6-28

Postum Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with the booklet, "Civilized Teeth and How to Prevent Them

Name

Street

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In Canada, address Canadian Postum Co., Ltd. 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

(Continued from Page 105

forty most profitable farms livestock efficiency, from better feeding and better animals, was so much higher that each dollar's worth of feed stuff consumed by livestock brought back $1.55 in revenue, where on the forty least profitable a dollar's worth of feed brought back only $1.19. Man-labor cost per acre was one dollar lower on the forty most profitable farms—and the cost of power per acre $1.24 lower.

With such variations in cost factors among 200 very good farmers, possessing the alertness to hire cost accounting, all of them in the top third of Corn Belt agriculture, what would you guess the variations were as between these and farmers down in the bottom third?

Visual Evidence

The Department of Farm Management of the Illinois State College of Agriculture now is going about with a chart so designed that a farmer who cannot get it through his ears may see it with his eyes. The principal factors are scaled in vertical columns—first his net income, then yield per acre, gross returns per $100 invested in livestock, his investment per acre in livestock, man-labor cost per acre, power and machine cost per acre, and so on.

Two horizontal lines across the whole chart inclose the average figures for the farmer's own county. What he is to see is where he is above or below that average in each of the vertical columns. Take it to be Champaign County. The average net income of farms in the county for the year 1927 was 4.4 per cent on the capital invested. Now, the individual farmer's place in the scale of net income is indicated with a blue-pencil ring. It is, say, 3.4 per cent. That is less than average. Why? That is the question. Then blue-pencil rings are made around his yield, his investment in livestock, his man-labor costs, and so on. He may be surprised to see that although his net income is below the average, his yield per acre is above the average. Then where is the loss? It may be that his investment in livestock is too high or too low, or that his labor and power costs are excessive, or that his returns from livestock per $100 invested is too low, meaning that his livestock efficiency is low; and if it is this, then what he needs is a course of study in scientific feeding. Whatever it is, he will see it. There will be a blue ring around it. And if he is so minded he can get after it.

The fact may strike you that all this kind of work is done not by the farmer but for him, at public expense. It represents the constant effort of public intelligence to reconcile agriculture with modern business principles. And it is particularly for farmers who are slow to change and loath to believe. Farmers who can do it for themselves, or who have the enterprise to hire it done, are seldom in trouble. What they complain of is not that there is no profit in farming; they say only it is not enough.

The Breeders' Gazette in Chicago sends broadcast up and down the Corn Belt several times each day precise reports on the state of the livestock markets, prices, supply, demand, and so forth, at Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City, East St. Louis, South St. Paul and Indianapolis. From the use a farmer makes of this information—most farmers now having radio sets—one may place him in the scale of agriculture. One kind of farmer listens inattentively, gets a general notion of what prices are, and when he is ready he loads some cattle or hogs for Chicago, expecting to get, roughly, so much per pound. Even if he should get what he expects he would not know what his profit was; he does not know what his costs are. If his load happens to run in with a rush of others there will be a flat spot in the market; he gets less than he expected, and denounces the packers, the cities and the consumers of food.

Contrast him with another farmer who makes a diagram of this radio information and studies it. Chicago is strong. The estimate of receipts for tomorrow is low. But from news of shipments by rail at distant points he sees that receipts the day after tomorrow will probably be very heavy. Many feeders are after those strong prices, but few of them will be able to reach the market until the day after tomorrow, and then many will reach it all at once, competitively. Therefore tomorrow is this farmer's day.

Topping the Market

At midnight he loads a fleet of motor trucks with fattened cattle and hogs, taking care not to worry them and to keep feed with them en route, to avoid shrinkage in weight. He arrives with them the next morning at the Chicago Stock Yards, where, as the vernacular is, he tops the market. For sleek fresh animals he gets a price for quality, and then something more for having arrived with them just at the right time, in a moment of relative scarcity. You may be sure that this farmer knows to the decimal of a cent a pound what his costs are, and therefore what his profit is. He is a profit maker. This is a kind of competition within agriculture that the average farmer cannot meet.

As in the Corn Belt, for the reasons indicated, the evils of postwar deflation and depression were magnified, so all the more difficult has been its adjustment to the revolution that began just at that time to sweep American agriculture. This is to speak of the transition from horse implements to power machinery, together with a sudden increase in the use of technical and

A Vanishing Race in Great Areas of American Agriculture. Beyond the Fence is a Horseless Farm

scientific knowledge on the soil, especially by those who were adopting power machinery. Certainly the average of practice in the Corn Belt is as high as in any other area of agriculture, and may very well be thought higher. One would say, roughly, it is the best we have, save only in some instances of intensive irrigated farming and in the case of specialized fruit culture. Yet here in the Corn Belt the extreme variations of practice, cost and result are simply weird.

Arthur Huntington, vice president of the American Society of Agricultural Engineers, whose point of view is Cedar Rapids, presents a table showing the average cost of producing corn in seven Iowa counties. The extreme high cost, on a yield of twenty-five bushels an acre and on a base of forty acres handled per farm worker, is $1.14 a bushel. From that it falls as the yield rises and the number of acres per farm worker increases, until, with a yield of eighty bushels an acre and a base of 120 acres handled per farm worker, the cost is thirty-three cents a bushel.

He says:

The figures express group averages, and do not show the variations between different members of the same group. The variation in the forty-acre group runs as high as $2 a bushel, with many efficient farmers producing corn as low as thirty-five cents per bushel. In the second group there are men in the $1.50 cost class, while others are around thirty-two cents. The big operators who are doing mechanical farming efficiently are consistently around a production cost of thirty to forty cents a bushel.

Near West Burlington, Iowa, is a successful horseless farm. Long after machine farming was conceded to be feasible in a straight grain-cropping operation like wheat, people kept saying—even the agricultural college people said—a horseless farm in the Corn Belt was impossible. From this West Burlington farm the last horse disappeared four years ago.

The Horseless Farm

The manager, Roy E. Murphy, writing in Agricultural Engineering, says:

I sold my last team in 1921. We do everything on this typical Corn Belt farm with our tractors and the various attachments designed especially for them that you could do using horse-drawn outfits and some things you couldn't do with horses. In the spring of 1924 I started with a tractor at four A.M., and by changing operators worked right through to six P.M. In fourteen hours we plowed, to a depth of eight inches, nineteen acres at a cost of $16.80. My neighbor, using five head of horses and plowing five inches deep, was four and a half days plowing twenty acres at an approximate cost of eighty dollars.

He goes through all operations one by one, showing the time and labor saved, then says:

You will probably wonder, with all this labor saving, how we have enough work to keep busy. That is just the point I want to bring out. We have more time to give to feeding and caring for our livestock. We have increased our hog production about 150 per cent, and our beef production about as much; and the corn that was formerly fed to ten head of horses is now being fed to animals that return us a profit for it. . . . By applying business methods to farming, putting our labor into profitable channels and using tractor power, which is the cheapest power available, we have gradually brought the balance from the debit to the credit side of the ledger. . . .

During the summer months, when generally the days in the field are extra long, we are through at six P.M., except in very urgent cases. When we drive the tractors and trucks into the sheds and shut off the ignition, the "horses" are put away for the night. The men can go through their evening meal with leisure, have time to get cleaned up and go out to the neighbors for a ride, or to the movies. They have time for some recreation, and a good night's sleep puts them in fine condition for the next day's work.

This farm, after all expenses and cost of management, pays dividends on its capital value such as leave no disparity between a profit in agriculture and the average profit of business. There is then to say, of course, that this is not the average agricultural dividend. It is exceptional. Nevertheless, there is the way. It would be a better way than it is, more paying, more engaging to the kind of ability agriculture stands greatly in need of, if it were not in every instance surrounded by farmers in obsolete method, adding their high cost production to the surplus and losing their capital, though they may not know it or believe it when they are told.

These come to look at what a horseless farm is like. They see the combine, reaping and threshing in one swath, and say, "It's all right if it works." Or they see tractors plowing ground eight inches deep at one-quarter of what it costs them to plow five inches, and say, "Yes, but what will it do to the soil?"

There is a superstition among some farmers that a tractor does something evil to the soil. So, less than 100 years ago, there was a superstition that an iron plow poisoned the land.

Once a horseless farm has been demonstrated as a working fact, a new age of agriculture begins. It is a revolution as radical as the change from the sickle and flail to reapers, binders and mechanical threshers, or from hand tools to horse implements. Much truth is generalized in the saying that whereas horse implements produced all that political turmoil called grangerism in the 70's, 80's and 90's of the last century, so power machinery has produced McNary-Haugenism in our time. The effect in both cases was suddenly to multiply the man upon the soil two, three and four fold, by a mechanical extension of him. From this cause comes obsolescence of both method and people in agriculture, together with a surplus of production, much greater than can be absorbed all at once.

Yet this is not to say that only those who go headlong to power machinery can survive in agriculture. The revolution is not in the tractor; it is in the idea of power and how to use it on the soil. There are conditions, and may long continue to be, under which horse power in the given case is more profitable to use than tractor power, provided it is used with the same idea—namely, to multiply the man, or, that is to say, to reduce the number of man labor hours per acre.

The competition of the tractor has already recast all notions of horse power. You might suppose that after all this time farmers would know every way possible of hitching horses to a drawbar. But since the appearance of the tractor new ways have been suddenly discovered, and now the county agents and workers in the extension service of state agricultural colleges are teaching farmers the big hitch. That is how to attach four, six or eight horses to one drawbar in a manner to equalize the pull of all, which, of course, is only that they may pull heavier implements—again, to multiply the man.

Only One Department

What will occur to you at last, and the more you examine agriculture the more you will see it, is this: In every type of farming, in every department of agriculture, success and failure are side by side. And there is no one formula for success. One man does it with power machinery, another does it with horses, another with horses and tractors together. One does it on cheap land, and one does it on dear land. In every case it is the man who does it—and he does it with his head.

The Corn Belt is not American agriculture. It is one department of it only. Some of its difficulties are peculiar to itself; others are fundamental in agriculture. Moreover, there is conflict of interest within the Corn Belt. In the top tier of Illinois counties there is an intensive dairy business, to meet Chicago's demand for milk. Dairymen here, like dairymen generally, were cold to the McNary-Haugen bill, thinking it might work, and that if it did, it would raise the price of feed. They are buyers of feed. While McNary-Haugenism is in debate, grain farmers in Central Illinois turn to dairying, thereby to make better use of their soil and avoid the evils of constant grain-cropping. And

(Continued on Page 112)

"A blotchy skin doesn't register with your customers or your firm. Pinaud's Lilac has blemishes absolutely stopped," declares Elbert I. Baker of the Warren-Nash Motor Corporation, who has proved—in sales—that he knows what does *register.*

"You look better—you feel better with this skin bracer"

declare 3 crack salesmen of NASH MOTOR CARS

MEN whose appearance is of prime importance—leading salesmen of great corporations—depend upon Pinaud's Lilac to keep them looking fit.

They declare this famous skin bracer has the same toning effect on the muscles of the face that exercise has on the whole body

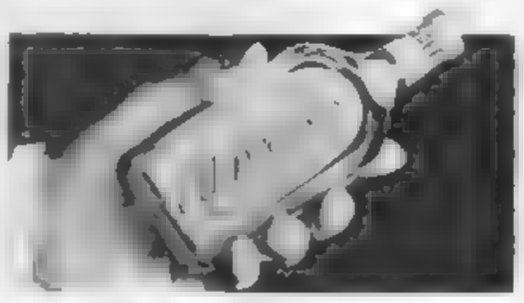
It rouses circulation: sends the blood rushing to feed and lift sagging tissues; checks pouches and wrinkles; keeps the skin young looking.

Pinaud's Lilac is a famous antiseptic, too. It sterilizes razor scrapes and nicks—absolutely prevents after-shaving infections and blemishes.

And it's so easy and pleasant to use! Shake some into the hand and slap it over your face. Not only after every shave, but whenever you feel at all fagged. Instantly your skin feels toned—invigorated! You will enjoy its fresh lilac odor.

You can get Pinaud's Lilac at any drug or department store.

FREE: *good-sized sample bottle of this* famous skin bracer—Write today to Pinaud, Incorporated, Dept. E-3, 220 East 21st St., New York. (In Canada, 560 King West, Toronto.)



Look for Pinaud's signature on every bottle

"From the instant Pinaud's Lilac hits your face your skin feels better," says Joseph Keating, a star salesman of the Warren-Nash Motor Corporation.

"Pinaud's Lilac is the best way yet to guard your skin against after-shaving infections," says O. C. Trask, one of the best salesmen of the Warren-Nash Motor Corporation.

PINAUD'S LILAC

(Copr. 1928, Pinaud, Inc.) THE FAMOUS SKIN BRACER

Dorothy Speare — Well-known writer and singer

"Alice in Wonderland *whirling backwards . . .*"

From "My Flight with the Air Mail"

By

DOROTHY SPEARE

"THERE'S only one man can get you there."

I looked suspiciously at the station master. Did he really see a way out of my plight, or was he just throwing out a barrage of words to protect himself from what threatened to become an avalanche of tears from me? I was trying to remain composed, but he could see that I was trying

"You—you just said that no train could get me there on time," I quavered.

I couldn't help quavering. By a succession of circumstances beyond my control, I was stranded in St. Louis at 3:30, with a concert in Chicago at 8:30! By the time I could reach Chicago, my concert would be over!

Who was this one man who could get me there, in defiance of the laws that governed the inexorable schedule of trains?

"The Air Mail Pilot," said the station master, 'leaves Lambert Field at 4:15, due in at Chicago at 7:30. If you hurry out there, you can catch him."

My amazement swept away the threatening tears. I never realized that *airplanes* departed and arrived with such railroad accuracy!

The kindly but weary station master regarded me with marked disfavor. "I said, if you *hurry* out there."

"But will they take me?" I stammered "Do they do such a thing as carry passengers—especially women?"

"Go find out," he advised me, and turned away to other importunities of his existence.

I found out. Half an hour later I am standing on a long, bare field dotted with barnlike shelters, so breathless from my rush that as yet I have had no time to become excited over the adventure in store for me.

Here is the one man who will get me to my concert tonight—Air Mail Pilot Eyer Sloniger. What a lovely name! I am not too rushed to notice that he is young and very attractive. One of the Robertson Aircraft officials tells me his war record, and that he has been flying for twelve years.

Together we hasten to the Air Mail hangar, where I am greeted with the news that I can take only one of my two suitcases with me. No time to bicker. I empty both suitcases right there by the plane in full

". . . in full view of mechanics, officials and loiterers I stash my concert dress in on top of my typewriter"

view of mechanics, officials and a crowd of listeners, mash my concert dress in on top of my music and my portable typewriter, jam the suitcase shut and climb into the plane.

The only person who does not follow every intimate detail of my quick-change dilemma is Pilot Sloniger, who stands by with his eyes fixed on his strap watch. Here among bustling mechanics and birdmen, everyone, it seems, works with one eye on his watch.

Unconsciously I look at my own. 4:12.

The bags of mail have already been placed in the compartment reserved for that purpose in front of the cockpit. Pilot Sloniger glances at his Hamilton and climbs to his post. The propeller is already roaring as I again consult my own. 4:14. No time now to be anything but thankful I am aboard. The plane suddenly moves forward, scuffs the field and charges upwards.

4:15. We're off!

One thousand delirious feet into the air, with mankind and such troubles of mankind as concerts suddenly turned Lilliputian while we roam the heavens as gods above a world that, viewed from this height, could never seem too awe inspiring again.

Up once more, fourteen hundred feet high now and racing along at a hundred miles an hour. Below, the country is laid out in a flat, prim checkerboard, varied only by the rivers that flash by like streaks of lightning and an occasional lake that gleams up at us like an eye winked in passing.

I point to a toy village off to the right and Pilot Sloniger passes me a note.

"That's Alton, Illinois. We're bucking a head wind. Will Rogers should be with us."

Bucking a head wind! My head is pounding; the checkerboard squares below begin to look dizzy and dream-like. I am no longer a god, but Alice in Wonderland whirling backwards through the looking-glass.

Another note. "Halfway beacon to Springfield. We're due at 5:10. We'll make it if it takes a hip!"

Rain is pricking the mirage-like city of Springfield with silver needles as we come down to the field at exactly 5:10.

Off again and away for an hour of soaring above the storm. Down to the Peoria field at 6:05, where we take on more mail and depart in the same swooping glide. Then on again through the reluctantly gathering dusk.

The stars press about us with neighborly messages. The violet sea through which we swim deepens to purple.

Then a great coronet of blazing diamonds leaps out from the purple sea, and I know that we are looking at Chicago. As we fly nearer, gem after gem is added to the coronet until our charmed eyes behold a Milky Way of jewels.

Michigan Avenue is a ribbon of gold, the Loop, a diamond stomacher. And suddenly a piercing searchlight cuts my dazzled inventory of Chicago's riches. We swerve, circle, latch and bounce to the Municipal Flying Field, where a crowd of people rush out to witness the ever-thrilling arrival of the Air Mail.

No longer are we element-defying gods riding on the wings of night; we are Pilot Sloniger and a singer on her way to fill an engagement.

Already they are whisking out the bags of mail. As I glance at my Hamilton I see that the pilot is checking our arrival by his. Exactly 7:10. 276 miles in less than three hours!

"We're ahead of time!" I exclaim joyfully. He nods.

"Beat the other two planes in tonight."

He has beaten more than that. He has beaten time and space and fear — even the bucking head winds.

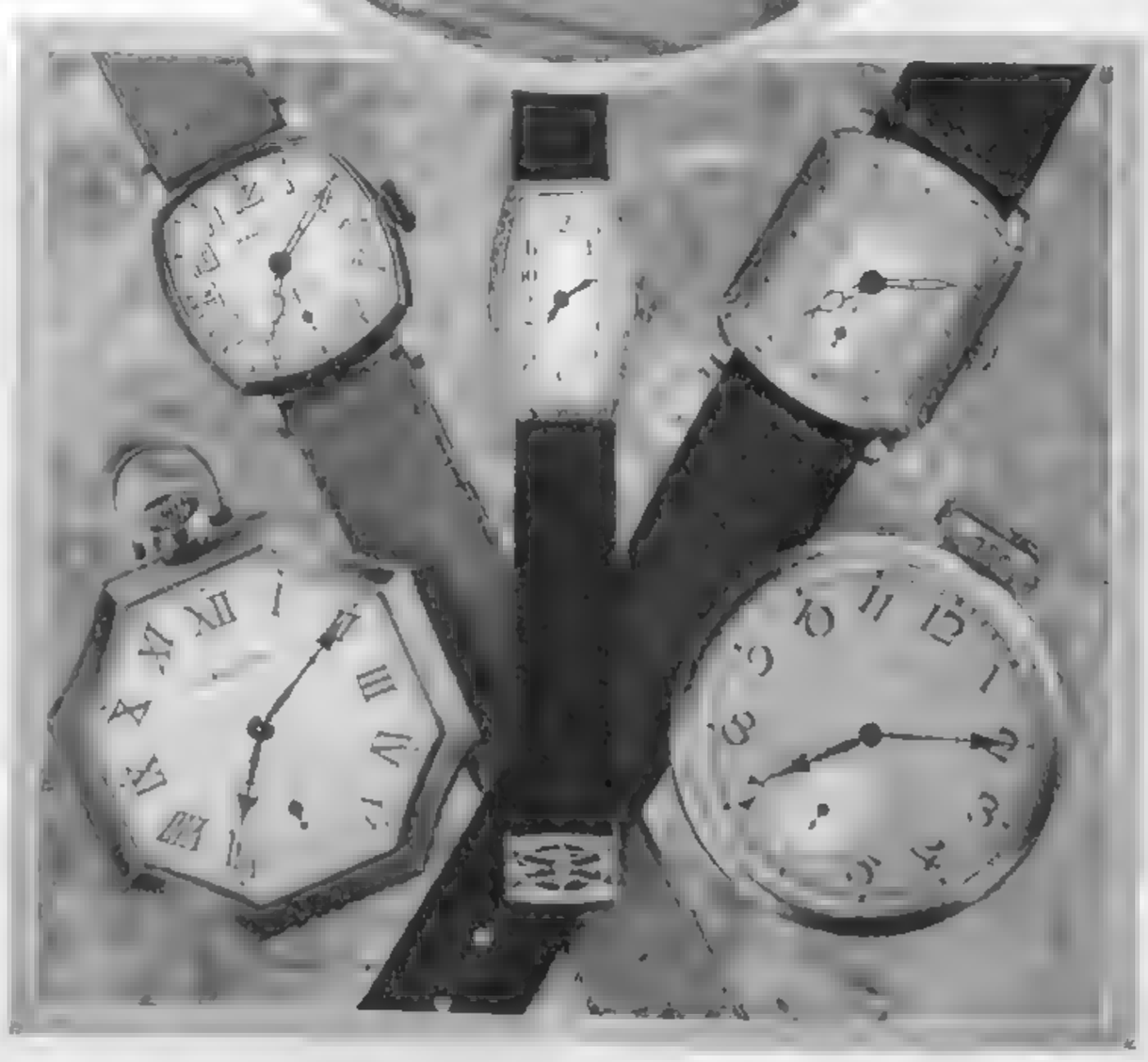
* * *

"My Flight with the Air Mail," by Dorothy Speare, has been reprinted in booklet form, illustrated with many interesting pictures not shown here. This beautiful brochure is yours for the asking.

A variety of Hamilton models are on display at any fine jeweler's — smart strap watches and dainty wrist models ultra-modern in design, and pocket models known everywhere for their railroad accuracy. He will be glad to show them to you. Also, let us send you, in addition to the unusual account of Miss Speare's flight, a copy of our booklet, "The Timekeeper," which tells something of the care with which Hamilton Watches are made. Address Hamilton Watch Company, 850 Wheatland Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

"... a crowd of people rush out to witness the ever-thrilling arrival of the Air Mail ... Exactly 7:10"

"... rivers flash by like streaks of lightning ... a lake gleams up like an eye winked in passing"



Top left—The "Cushion." Beautifully proportioned in line, with a welcome yet simple richness of appearance. In filled or 14k green or white gold, plain (as shown), $50 and $75. Engraved, $52 and $77.

Centre—Slender as the graceful wrist upon which it will be worn, this woman's watch holds subtle beauty all its own. It is, at once, distinctive, smart, feminine. In 14k white gold, plain, or engraved (as shown), $75. *This model available only after Nov. 15th.*

Top right—The "Tonneau." A watch with individuality—one of the smartest Hamilton strap models; especially for the man who wants a dash of daring in the design of his watch. In either filled or 14k green or white gold, plain or engraved (as shown), from $55 to $87

Lower left—The "Robert Morris." In contour and line designed with an eye to tomorrow. In 14k filled green or white gold with dial shown, $55.

Lower right—The "Ramsay." This beautifully designed Hamilton with its Romanesque numerals and octagonal bow combines a dash of modernity with exquisite simplicity. In 14k yellow or white gold with dial shown, $140

Other models at $100 and $160.

Hamilton THE WATCH of Railroad Accuracy

© 1928, H. W. Co.

"Just notice the fine skins of men who use WILLIAMS!"

The Cream that *leaves* FACES FIT!

A Face that's Fit! Within the reach of almost every man. Important to them all. And to keep your Face Fit, choose with care the lather you put on it.

None more quick and copious; none more soothing; none more supremely mild; none more thorough in its softening power; none more gently cleansing than Williams.

With eighty-eight years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin in every tube, the Williams lather gives a shave that's quick and grateful and—*it leaves Faces Fit!*

The drug clerk knows. Ask him. He'll tell you, "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

Next time say

"Williams Shaving Cream *please!*"

Finish with a splash of Aqua Velva. Made for after-shaving. It will keep the skin all day as the Williams lather leaves it. Find out!

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Can

(Continued from Page 109)

this they are able to do because Chicago has begun to run tank cars out for milk instead of collecting it in cans, thus extending the area in which profitable dairying may be practiced.

No sooner does this sign of competition appear in Central Illinois than sentiment among the dairymen in the northern counties turns warm to the McNary-Haugen Bill. Why? Because they are for anything that will keep the farmers in Central Illinois in grain and out of competitive milk production.

The complexities, cross interests and contradictions of agriculture are such that no one can hope to comprehend all the facts in any exact form of truth. A little emphasis one way, a little the other, and the whole picture is changed. No attempt to keep a perfect balance will quite succeed, and there is always the danger that in writing about agriculture, without a case beforehand to make in its interest, one will leave the impression that there is, after all, no such thing as a national farm problem. Agriculture is its own problem. Therefore let it be.

Without a Common Criterion

But if industry for any reason should find itself at a disadvantage with foreign competitors, that would be a national problem. If the railroads were so unprofitable that capital avoided them, that would be a national problem. Or if industry were at a disadvantage with agriculture so that food in the cities were very dear, that would be a national problem. If it is true that agriculture is at an economic disadvantage with industry, so that its share in the total production of exchangeable wealth is chronically inferior, that, too, must be regarded as a national problem. This probably is the case as a general fact. The statistical evidence that way is strong. It is not absolutely convincing. Statistical evidence seldom is. How will you compare agriculture with industry, or farm life with city life? How compare a successful farmer handling $60,000 of capital with a man of industry handling a capital of $60,000,000? There is no such thing as a $60,000,000 farm enterprise, and probably never will be. It is not that kind of business.

It is not his absolute status any farmer complains of. What he is always talking about is his relative status. He thinks the standards of living in the urban formations of life are higher than in his own. They may be. But again, how shall they be compared? In terms of movies, plumbing, gregarious excitements? Or in terms of food, space, air, security of livelihood?

Hard Nuts to Crack

Take it, however, that agriculture has the short end of exchange. Say it is proved that its share in the total product of American wealth is less than fair, and that this is a national problem. Still there is nothing that can be done about it until the causes have been clearly defined and until the mind, on both sides, has been cleared of fallacies.

In the agricultural mind, the most troublesome one fallacy is that industry by power of organization is able to fix prices. But if industry really did fix prices, the industrial index, meaning the statistical composite price of industrial goods, would of course never be permitted to fall. It does fall. It has been falling a long time.

Industry, too, has the problem of selling in a buyers' market; and the reason is the same as that which obliges agriculture to sell in a buyers' market. There is in both cases a great excess of capacity. It is just as true of industry as of agriculture that as profits tend to rise, production immediately expands. Industry gets its profit from whatever price the buyer is willing to pay, not from any price it would like to charge; and it gets this profit, or any profit at all, by continually reducing its costs.

If it should happen to industry that from invention, discovery or method, obsolescence increased very much faster than it could be absorbed, that would be a national problem, taking the acute form of unemployment. It does not follow that there would be any immediate or happy solution. Well, that is the thing that is happening to agriculture. It is certainly a national problem. No more does it follow, however, that there is any magic wand of solution.

Editor's Note:—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Garrett. The third and last will appear next week

THE SOUL OF A CITY

(Continued from Page 29)

cities with those of Europe, in that the American observer will fall into the common habit of being attracted by and admiring that which is unfamiliar to him. He forgets that the dull and monotonous looking homes of our people contain far more comforts and conveniences than those of the Europeans. He sees only the magnificent places and façades of European capitals, the show spots, and forgets that a degree of misery and poverty exists in other sections of these cities of which the rawest of American towns is ignorant.

But leaving out all comparisons, odious or otherwise, forgetting for the present purpose that Europe exists, it is a fair statement that the effect, architecturally speaking, of a large proportion of all the buildings in our towns and cities is lacking in attractiveness and charm. I am not speaking of the civic centers and show places, but of the cities as a whole, of outer and inner sections, of their industrial, business and residential districts, rich and poor. Vast numbers of buildings are ugly or tawdry or drably monotonous.

By These are Cities Judged

Now architecture is the biggest and closest mass on the horizon in the city, town, and even in many a village. Of all the arts, it is the only one that intercepts our very steps. The city consists mainly of buildings and their sites. In the aspect of the city, nothing is more striking. The appearance of the buildings must necessarily determine the æsthetic sense of a community more than all other influences combined.

Cities have always been judged by their buildings. When we think of Florence, we think of the central group of structures by which it has maintained its character and distinction among the cities of the world. The Acropolis dominated Athens, the Forum was the center of Rome, and the cathedrals of the medieval cities.

"Buildings stamp and grave the town," says Charles Mulford Robinson. "Whatever the site, or the street plan, or the character of the way, the buildings are ever the dominating feature. They are background and foreground; they define the vista; and because the community is a collection of human beings, the dwellings in which they live and the houses which they build for their work or pleasure are the most obvious material expression of its life."

Behind the Stately Structure

But no city is beautiful unless the transforming touch of that quality descends into the poorer quarters, unless it is mindful of the lowly as well as the high and reaches the smaller as well as the greater construction. After all, the bulk of the area in any city is devoted to private homes of those either in very moderate or humble circumstances. If beauty stops at a few show places and civic centers, its work is hardly even half done. It is the average small building which must be sightly.

One landscape architect and city planner, Charles H. Cheney, insists that approximately ninety per cent of the buildings in our cities as a whole are ugly and an actual detriment. Certainly there are vast stretches in which the effect is bare, ragged, dingy, cheap, temporary, commonplace, dull and monotonous. One can think of cities with superb locations, added to marked climatic assets, which are nevertheless dejected-looking because of the buildings. Often the

Broad Street, New York, Looking Toward the Sub-Treasury

"There, Mrs. Patterson, you've got some real tires on the car now. Barring accidents, they'll last you until you're ready to trade it in."

1 or 2?

Both can be beautiful

Your Dentist knows that teeth are of two kinds—(1) those easy to whiten and (2) those hard to whiten.

Maybe your teeth are in class 1. Many young folks *do* have EASY-to-whiten teeth. IODENT No. 1 is the correct tooth paste for them.

Probably your teeth are in class 2—the HARD-to-whiten kind—smokers' teeth, for example. They can be equally white if you use IODENT No. 2 regularly.

IODENT is the creation of a registered, practicing dentist—Dr. A. J. Lautmann, who is the president of this company. It is used and recommended by a large part of the dental profession.

You'll like its fresh flavored taste—and you will soon detect the beneficial effect of its iodine content (potassium and calcium iodides in easily soluble form) on the gums.

See what *your* Dentist has to say about IODENT.

IODENT CHEMICAL COMPANY
IODENT Building, Lafayette Blvd., Detroit

TOOTH PASTES *and* TOOTH BRUSHES

appearance is made worse by fussy ornamentation, which only accentuates poor design. Bad taste, awkwardness and jerry-building seem to reign over miles and miles of urban and suburban development.

Now and then one sees a very good building, but the effect is lost in the medley of styles and varieties. In so many city and suburban streets there is a barbarous lack of harmony and unity, without which beauty is impossible. It is like six orchestras playing different tunes simultaneously. The world seems to have been ransacked for every type of building and every style of architecture, the result being a jangling, chaotic conglomerate. There seem to be no standards, no objectives, no point to it at all.

This, I am sure, is a fair, simple and accurate statement of the facts with which all observing persons must agree. But the important question is: How did such conditions come about and how can they be remedied? Most unfortunately for us, each age or period of civilization has been judged worthy or unworthy by men of a later time, largely according to the permanent remains in the form of art. This in turn reflects the will and aspiration of the people. Man's mind and heart will not consciously mold materials into objects of beauty unless the spirit of the times requires such expression.

Consistent Through Necessity

Few people stop to appreciate the significance of architecture. It cannot be isolated from its surroundings, from climate, geography, history and politics. Styles mean nothing unless the circumstances are understood. Merely to reproduce the forms, without the life and spirit which made them, is no accomplishment. Architecture, like government, is about as good as a community deserves. One architect, Lewis Mumford, has said that the shell which we create for ourselves marks our development as plainly as that of a snail denotes its species.

"If sometimes architecture is frozen music, we have ourselves to thank when it is a pompous blare of meaningless sounds."

In earlier times builders used local material. One reason for the monumental character, purity of line and refinement of detail of the Greek temple is that marble lends itself to such treatment, and marble has always been found in abundance in the mountains near Athens. Not only were the ancients forced by lack of transportation to use local materials but they probably knew little about other kinds. The consistency and harmony of their architecture was due in part to the very lack of substances which did not fit into the local scheme. The very limitations of the situation resulted in harmony and fitness.

We must remember that there was consistent harmony of color in older towns and structures because the color was usually limited to that of the available building material, which was all of one kind. But we are familiar, through reading, with all kinds of materials and can obtain anything we want. In an American city an owner can paint his house any color he wants to and unfortunately he does.

Nature itself teaches us that for pleasing effect color must be dealt with only in large areas, on a broad general principle and with large effects, and not left to the taste of individual effort. Suppose every tree was colored according to its own individual whim! Color can hurt the best architecture and help the worst. Yet color is perhaps the most neglected branch of architecture. There are those who say that ultimately city color effects will be planned as carefully as city streets.

Then, too, our architecture lacks local, indigenous and natural character, partly because we are not obliged as were the ancients to conform so closely to climate. Almost any style can be given modern interior heating. In Egypt's mild climate, simple construction was logical and that quality is found in its great edifices. Likewise Greek architecture was one of exteriors. But in northern countries a low-wheeling sun made flying lateral members desirable and roofs were high-pitched to keep off snow. On the other hand, the classic horizontal cornice was adapted to sunny climes. But we use all these styles and devices, as well as many more, with little thought of climate or other special fitness, and so fail to get the harmony essential to beauty.

In olden times people left their homes but seldom and newcomers from outside were rare. Thus architecture developed naturally, in accordance with strictly local needs and conditions. But nowadays if a resident of Prairie Flat, Nebraska, wishes to reproduce a style which is indigenous to Pisa, Italy, there is nothing to prevent him doing so.

The early style in Southern California was suitable and beautiful; several million people from the outside have carried in hundreds of other ideas of form, with lamentable results spread out for all to see. We must not assume too hastily that the residents of a remote Vermont village, or even the ancients, had such superior taste; truth is that they had no opportunity to be perverted.

If we turn to political and social conditions we find an even more extreme contrast. In ancient and medieval times monumental works and masterpieces of architecture were carried out by despots, often with slave labor. They were to emphasize the power and glory of individuals, and in many cases expense did not matter. It was possible to override all private and individual interests. Now these are supreme. It is a very real question whether in a democracy the individualistic efforts of millions of private persons can be welded into noble harmonies.

Greek architecture was perfect, partly because it was possible to concentrate upon a few simple problems for long periods of time. Every detail could be and was worked out to final completion. It is said that for three centuries the requirements of the Greek temple did not alter. In the Middle Ages there were centuries of concentration upon an almost single type of church. Architectural genius and talent in ancient and medieval times spent itself upon temples, churches and a few palaces and castles.

The hovels of the masses did not matter. Even down to a hundred years ago in our own country there were few buildings except the church on the village green, an occasional town hall, the simple homes of the people and the barns which were hardly more than extensions of the houses.

Each Building a Problem

But what must the genius of architecture encompass in this country today? Well, besides churches and the palaces of the rich, there are university, college, high-school and grade-school buildings of every description, both public and private; there are Federal buildings, post offices, custom houses, army posts and many other structures of the central Government; there are state capitols, prisons and armories, courts, city halls, police stations, fire-engine houses, power houses, pumping stations and disposal plants; there are hospitals, laboratories, museums, convention halls, amphitheaters, auditoriums, opera houses, theaters and picture houses; there are factories by the thousand, large and small and for every purpose; there are railway stations for freight and passengers, bridges, airdromes and hangars, service stations, warehouses and stores of a thousand different sizes and kinds, hotels, apartments, two-family houses, row houses and millions of detached dwellings.

Each type of building tends to become not only a specialty but a problem in itself. Thus we have whole campaigns, with prizes offered, to improve the design merely of hot-dog stands or gas stations. Just to prevent freakish changes of styles in stores all along a street is a great civic effort in itself. To keep factory exteriors from being ugly and their interiors from being dark and dingy is a colossal undertaking. In other words, it looks almost as if the structures of man were too much for his human intelligence.

The rise of commercialism, the contract system of building and many other factors make for hurry, which is so often opposed to careful and beautiful work. No one wants to wait for anything. Even bishops are impatient, demanding that cathedrals be finished within a few years. As for ordinary moderate-priced dwelling houses, and even the greatest of office buildings, they are put up with shotgun methods. The great architectural triumphs of the past were the product of slow, painstaking artistry. Building construction now proceeds like a machine gun.

This country has been settled and developed with unprecedented speed. People have moved about, buying and selling, speculating in land and buildings. Houses could not be planned so much for a definite occupant and use as for a mass market. There is little chance for distinctive architecture without stability. Art develops slowly under pioneer conditions. When buildings change ownership or are torn down before their useful life is ended, just because the land can be put to more intensive use, there is no incentive to create beauty.

But still more definite facts need to be considered. In an age of industrialism the machine blunts craftsmanship in architecture and blurs the personality of building. To be still more specific in my meaning, it is very difficult to have beautiful buildings with continual change in methods and requirements. Even a single type of building does not remain the same very long. Buildings themselves tend to become more and more in the nature of machines, and we know that machinery is always being altered and improved upon.

An Expression of the Era

The plainest cottage today is a maze of intricate mechanical equipment for running water supply, plumbing, lighting, heating and refrigeration beside which the problem of the most regal temple or palace of earlier days was one in lucid simplicity. Business buildings have in addition fixtures and appliances for ventilation, fire escapes, fire prevention and elevators. All this makes for safety, comfort and convenience, but man's time, energies and attention are taken up with almost everything except sheer artistry.

Style in architecture is not mere chance, but is the concrete representation of the conditions, life and thought of a given age. Consider the Greek temple. Its stone columns and colonnades were suggested by those of previous wooden structures, which in turn came from the poles or standing tree trunks which supported the primitive hut. The Gothic cathedral is only the interior of the forest, and the stained-glass window is the sun shining through the leaves. In such a changing, mechanical, complex and to some extent artificial age as this, where is the inspiration to come from and how is a distinctive type or style to develop into unity and finality?

The obstacles to improvement, it seems to me, if not insuperable, are far more baffling than most people who have given the subject but casual attention have any idea. Then, too, as already suggested, it is a serious question whether the clashing and often barbarous tastes of millions of independent individuals in a wealthy democracy can be brought into sufficient harmony for beauty to exist. One possible way out lies in the municipal control of private architecture by means of an art jury or commission.

Already most cities have municipal art commissions, but these control public buildings only, and that is a very small part of the problem. In several cities there are unofficial juries which pass upon building plans and seek by persuasion to prevent unsuitable architecture. In a few restricted and limited communities there are private

(Continued on Page 116)

3 Reasons Why Ray-O-Vacs give LONGER LIFE *and* BETTER RECEPTION

Cell-Pocket Construction

The ordinary radio battery is filled with pitch to separate the cells and hold them in place. We formerly used this construction for Ray-O-Vac "B" Batteries, but recognized a serious fault. Poured in molten form, at high temperature, the pitch required hours to cool. Excessive heat is destructive to any battery. We knew this extreme heat stole a share of the battery's useful life, so we developed Ray-O-Vac Cell-Pocket Construction—each cell in a separate insulated pocket—making unnecessary the hot pitch application. Thus we safeguard the longer life which is built into every Ray-O-Vac cell.

Round Ray-O-Vac Cells

Ray-O-Vac cells could be made square, flat, oblong, or any other shape we might choose. But we make them ROUND, because we know from both experience and experiment that *round* battery cells will give you the best service. Why is a locomotive boiler always round? Why is a steam pipe always round? Why are oranges and peaches round? It is a scientific fact that power is delivered more efficiently—and juice is carried more effectively—in *round* containers. Ray-O-Vac "B" Batteries deliver power and contain electric "juice." Ray-O-Vac "B" Batteries make *any* radio a *better* radio.

Lower Prices

make Ray-O-Vacs more economical than ever!

Lower Internal Resistance

Every radio "B" battery has internal resistance—but the lower this resistance can be held the better is the effect on radio reception. Any electrical engineer will tell you that low internal resistance gives best results in tone quality, because it makes for the absence of interference with a flexible flow of current to meet all requirements. Ray-O-Vac "B" Batteries are known for their low internal resistance. Yet their rugged cells—plus life-preserving Cell-Pocket Construction—afford longer life.

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Also makers of Ray-O-Vac "A" *and* "C" *Radio Batteries,* Ray-O-Vac *Flashlights and Batteries, Telephone Batteries and Ignition Batteries*

RADIO IS BETTER WITH BATTERY POWER

—and Best with Ray-O-Vacs!

STILL HARD *and* SMOOTH AFTER FOURTEEN YEARS

One of the concrete paved traffic circles in the boulevard system of Galveston, Texas

FOURTEEN years ago, Broadway, in Galveston, was transformed into a modern boulevard by laying concrete pavement on its twin roadways.

Since 1914, Galveston has grown in population and commercial activity; traffic has multiplied many times; yet in 1928, the concrete on Broadway is as hard and smooth as the day it was finished.

Broadway has spacious width. In the strips of lawn between sidewalks and curb, and in the central track zone, there is ample room for pavement widening whenever necessary. It will be merely a matter of moving the curbs back, and laying more concrete in the space thus gained.

This has been done on many important concrete paved thoroughfares around Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles and a score of other great traffic centers.

Concrete is preeminent among paving materials because it is inherently rigid, and retains indefinitely the fine riding qualities built into it by the craftsman's skill.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
33 WEST GRAND AVENUE - - CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
A National Organization to Improve and Extend the Uses of Concrete
Offices in 32 Cities

Is your city modernizing its street system? If not, it is time to begin. Traffic grows yearly in volume, and the cost of making needed improvements increases the longer they are deferred. Would you like to know what *you* can do to advance the subject in your community? We can tell you exactly, and aid definitely in any local street improvement campaign. Ask us for information.

PORTLAND CEMENT
CONCRETE
FOR PERMANENCE

(Continued from Page 114)

restrictions upon architecture, but these cover only an insignificant number of places.

Every civilized country requires a building permit for erection, alteration or repair of any structure, and the permit will not be issued unless certain requirements as to safety are met. It is argued that such permits also should require reasonable decency of design, and such has long been the case in Germany and certain other European countries

But American state constitutions, with the possible exception of that of Massachusetts, do not permit the police power to be used for æsthetic purposes. The Massachusetts constitution was amended to give the state control over billboards on private land, but is now being fought in the courts.

Poor Long-Time Investments

The real purpose of many existing laws is to preserve and promote beauty, but they must always have some other and more utilitarian basis upon which the courts may support them. Yet public opinion will surely force constitutions to reflect æsthetic necessities before long. Remember that parks supported out of public moneys are a comparatively new feature. Yet we now have national, state, county and city parks—thousands of them. One motive at least for parks is to afford the enjoyment of beauty.

Then, too, we have art galleries maintained at public expense, and art is taught in the public schools. Civic centers and public buildings are erected at public expense to conform with standards of beauty. Zoning does not control the design of a building within a fixed class, but it does segregate classes, and it is a very new provision, indeed, although now found in hundreds of cities.

Moreover, there is the strongest kind of economic argument for architectural control. It does not make for poverty or excessive uniformity of design, but it does prevent buildings so badly designed that they injure the value of neighbors. At present there is enormous economic loss from ugly buildings, not only because they depreciate other property but because there is always a tendency to destroy unsightly structures. They are poor investments from the long-run point of view, for they do not permanently satisfy. A structure which is built with both stability and beauty in mind will attract mankind for centuries.

It has been said that beauty in architecture comes next to beauty in the human form. But if we could sprout members of the body as easily and with as little thought to the æsthetic effect as we sprout buildings, human bodies would be horrible in appearance beyond the ability of the imagination to picture.

Those who believe in architectural control would not deny that certain types of buildings have improved decidedly in recent years. The newer post offices and other Federal buildings show a desirable unity The spread of the civic-center idea is quite rapid. A civic center is only a small part of a city, but the harmonious grouping of public buildings, besides making for the efficient conduct of business, affords one of the chief opportunities for a city to raise its appearance above the commonplace. In Los Angeles, Denver, St. Louis and Indianapolis, to name but a few, the civic-center idea seems to be a real inspiration to the people.

Nor is there any question that the spirit of the country is finding really fine architectural expression in great numbers of university and college buildings, schoolhouses, libraries, banks and office buildings. Universal education as manifested in the public school is not only one of the most potent factors in our national life but one of the most remarkable and perhaps vital in human history. It cannot fail to produce its proper architectural medium.

Buildings That Make the Picture

But city halls, colleges, libraries, banks and skyscrapers constitute but a tiny fraction of the city's structures. The general run of the industrial, commercial and residential buildings—these are what count. They fill nearly all the area and run into tens and even hundreds of thousands of separate buildings. It is the medium-priced subdivision, the retail stores, the service stations and the factories that make the picture.

It is reported that the most far-reaching attempt at control yet made in America, and probably anywhere, was the recent

Mt. Baker as Seen From Near Friday Harbor, Washington

passage of a bill in the Quebec Provincial Legislature creating a town-planning commission for the city of Quebec. The commission has powers of veto on the design, spacing, location, height, area of land to be covered, access of light and air and general suitability of all buildings proposed to be erected. It is said that public-spirited citizens "have been disgusted with the building anarchy of recent years which, on the plea that business was business, denied the right of existence of historic places in their natural setting and botched the whole city with new structures flung up anywhere and everywhere in barbarous disregard of amenity and the rights of the community."

Architectural control, it must be repeated, does not mean monotony; it means only enough harmony to prevent clashing. There are old towns where it requires little more than uniformity in the height of cornice lines or a careful consideration of adjoining levels of cornices. Most towns which attract do so because of some special quality. This special quality makes personality, and it is often worth millions in attracting tourists. It may have a historic basis, as in the older parts of Quebec and New Orleans. It may have to do with scenery, with the industries, the customs of the people, or even the color of the building material.

It is astonishing how a few simple devices help to maintain the town picture or special quality of a place. The few farsighted citizens, who some years ago insisted upon restoring on one side of the old plaza in Santa Fé, New Mexico, the arcade that was once there, although opposed as being silly and sentimental, were laying the groundwork for the tourist movement that now flows through the ancient little city. Arcades are also being employed successfully in Santa Barbara and Riverside, California. A few changes in the old plaza of Los Angeles would give that city a point of attraction like the old quarters in the European capitals.

One purpose of the æsthetic legislation in Germany is to maintain the special standards of special localities.

"This rule for special localities," says Frank Backus Williams in an exhaustive treatise on the law of city planning and zoning, "is based also on economic considerations. The special character of the special locality is an asset of value to every property owner of that locality, of which no one owner has the right arbitrarily to deprive the rest."

A Nuisance to the Eye

Though architecture is the largest mass on the city horizon, it is by no means the only factor which enters into appearance; there are many others. Several of these seem wholly insignificant, but in the aggregate they count heavily. Within the control of municipal authorities are such matters as street lights and signs, minor considerations which, however, make a marked difference. The whole scheme of street layout may make or mar the city, but this was considered in detail in a previous article. Suffice it to say here that the straight rectangular street system so commonly found neutralizes the best of architecture.

Wholly outside the control of authorities in this country is the public attitude or frame of mind which permits the scattering of litter or rubbish in parks and along highways. Then there is the fact that public opinion does not yet support, or at least does not force through, changes in state constitutions which would place nuisance to the eye on a parallel basis with nuisances to the ear and nose.

Outdoor advertising is perhaps most injurious to rural beauty, and yet it mars and disfigures the approaches and entrances to many a town and city. How absurd to labor over the legality or technic of architectural control if we haven't the elementary common sense to prevent the natural setting of our towns and cities being destroyed by private signs. To a considerable extent the modern cement highway ruins the beauty of the countryside, and the highway merges under modern conditions into the city itself. Roadside improvement is sure to become relatively as important as architectural improvement.

Then, too, in the mental picture of a beautiful city the tree always plays an essential part. Even if we fail to control architecture in the new and ugly suburban subdivision, provided trees are planted along the sidewalk, the unsightly houses will in time be screened and softened. There is a most unfortunate tendency in modern street building to put sidewalks next to the curb without any separating strips of grass and trees.

A distinct feature of Pittsburgh's personality consists of its steep hillsides. But these are barren. Recently the city acquired a considerable acreage of these hills, portions of which are too steep for any utilitarian purpose, and in course of time planting will relieve the barrenness and greatly improve the general appearance of the city. The raw appearance of much of Los Angeles would quickly disappear if more streets were lined with trees, and the climate is one in which trees grow quickly.

City Park Systems

It is hardly too much to say that the ughest city can be made beautiful if enough trees line and arch its streets. Aside from monuments and a few public buildings, there is nothing notable about the actual structures in Washington, taking them as a whole. Indeed, thousands upon thousands are dull and monotonous, and even ugly. Yet Washington ranks very high in beauty, one of the chief reasons being the wealth of trees which line its streets. One does not even notice the buildings on an avenue overarched with noble trees.

Trees suggest parks and parkways, the development of which is perhaps the most wholesome feature of the American city. Parks are what save it. Parks are primarily for recreation and breathing spaces, but they take the eye away from dull houses and sordid factories. The people may not be interested directly in beauty, but they want a place to play and breathe fresh air, and in the park they have beauty as well.

The automobile has emphasized the need of parkways and park corridors as well as the older style of open space such as Central Park in New York and Fairmount Park in Philadelphia. The Bronx Parkway in the former city and the Roosevelt and Fairmount boulevards in the latter offset or neutralize, if they do not actually redeem, many a cheap and dismal section. We forgive Chicago for many of its dark and forbidding back streets after we have driven along its new lake front. Parkways have the advantage of affording decent and dignified entrances to cities. No matter how splendid urban architecture may be, its effect is lost if you approach the city through a mess of roadside signs, groups of enlarged kennels under the name of auto camps, squalid foreign quarters, and finally find yourself alongside the railroad freight depot or between the packing house and the lumber yard.

In a number of cities the finest park opportunities lie along stream valleys or water fronts. There are sanitary reasons of the utmost practicality for making stream valleys into park corridors. As for the larger river, lake and bay fronts, these are the places where public and private interests dovetail into one another more than anywhere else. There are large cities whose appearance would be revolutionized if their river fronts were cleaned up, and the result would probably be an addition to rather than a subtraction from economic values.

Looking at the whole question of the city's appearance from a broad point of view, it is apparent that there can be very little civic beauty without ground treatment, setting, perspective and space. A bridge must be appropriately located to be

(Continued on Page 121)

Nationwide

No matter where business or pleasure may lead you in this broad land—Ætna protection is there. Just as at home, the local Ætna representative stands ready to render you immediate and efficient service.

The Ætna Life Insurance Company • The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company • The Automobile Insurance Company • The Standard Fire Insurance Company • of Hartford, Connecticut, write practically every form of Insurance and Bonding Protection.

ÆTNA-IZE

SEE THE ÆTNA-IZER IN YOUR COMMUNITY—HE IS A MAN WORTH KNOWING

We found a

No more buttons off

Instead of feeding clothes piece-by-piece into a wringer . . . with the new Easy Washer, you merely transfer them altogether from the washing to the damp-drying compartment

No more torn clothes

WHEN the wringer was taken off the latest Easy Washer, it was because a better method of extracting water from clothes had been found.

The new method—which employs centrifugal force—has these advantages over the old:

It takes out more water than wringing does.

It puts no strain on fabrics; does not crack silk or rayon garments.

It does not stretch or distort woolen garments.

It cannot break buttons, nor injure hooks and fasteners.

It leaves clothes evenly damp and free from deep hard creases. It thus makes ironing easier.

Its operation is entirely automatic—and without an exposed part.

It is safe! Not the most meddlesome child, nor the most negligent grown-up can be harmed by the new Easy Washer.

▼ ▼ ▼

There are still Easy Washers with wringers.

These wringers are equipped with every known safety device.

The rollers are of deep, pliable rubber especially designed for the protection of the operator.

They are as good, and as efficient, if not more so, than any wringer-equipped washing machine on the market today.

But no wringer-equipped machine made, not even our own, can, of course, compare with the Easy Model R, with the automatic Damp-Dryer.

▼ ▼ ▼

Women everywhere, in countless thousands, are turning toward the new Easy.

The choice is a modern one: Greater ease, greater safety, greater convenience—these factors are counting heavily in Easy's favor.

Where Easy Washers are concerned, the choice reveals this significant fact:

Eight out of ten Easy Washers sold today are of the improved type—the wringerless, damp-drying type which saves time, saves strength, saves clothes, saves worry.

For homes without electricity, the new Easy is furnished with a built-in 4-cycle gasoline motor.

▼ ▼ ▼

Wringerless washing means damp-dry clothes without effort . . . without delay . . . without risk!

The day of slowly feeding clothes into a wringer—piece-by-piece and again and again—is swiftly passing.

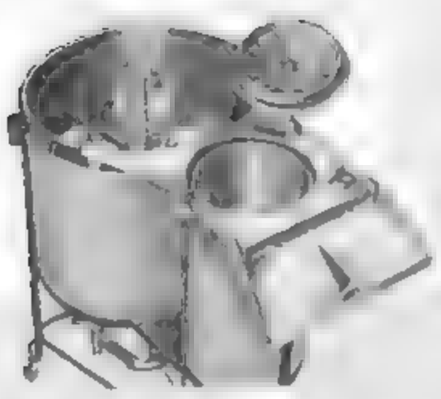
With the new Easy Washer, an enclosed compartment replaces the wringer. It takes a whole batch of clothes at one time and whirls out all the water in less than two minutes. All you do is move a lever.

The clothes are left so evenly damp you can hang them indoors. The hems and seams will not drip.

EASY

better method than *wringing*

—and it revolutionized the washing machine business!



The large compartment washes. The smaller compartment damp-dries. Both work at once. Each holds eight full-size sheets

So much more water is taken from the clothes in the Easy Damp-Dryer that drying time is greatly shortened.

Thus, even with indoor drying your washing and ironing can be done on the same day if you choose.

Things like feather pillows or blankets which will not go through a wringer are easily handled.

The Vacuum Principle

The fame of the Easy Washer was built on the vacuum principle of washing. In effect, the principle is the same as that employed by hand washing.

Like human hands, the Easy's three vacuum cups move up and down and around—flushing air, soap and water through the clothes and back again. This happens *sixty-six times a minute*—gently but positively cleansing, in an incredibly few moments.

No garment is too dirty, no piece too bulky, no fabric too fine to wash perfectly in the new Easy.

How It Saves Time

The new Easy does a complete washing from basket to line faster than any other washer. Yet no harmful short-cuts to cleanness are taken.

Speed is gained by doing two things at one time.

Eight full-size sheets, or their equal in other clothes, are washed thoroughly and gently in the wash tub while eight other sheets are damp-dried in the drying tub.

The clothes are not rushed and you are not hurried.

Keeps Water Hot

By means of a special gas heater beneath the wash tub, abundant hot water is provided constantly.

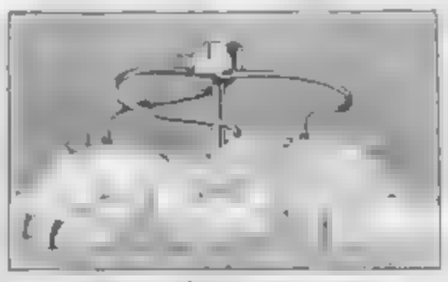
White pieces can be sterilized right in the washer without the fuss or bother of using a wash boiler.

No Burdensome Water

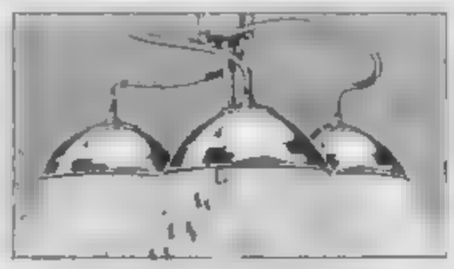
Every drop of water is emptied for you electrically. The sturdy, simple, trouble-free pump does this back-breaking job.

When you are all through washing and drying, just move a little lever, and the new Easy empties itself into the drain or sink.

Then, a few swishes of a cloth and the copper tubs, nickeled on the inside, are as new and bright as ever. No work at all.



Down stroke of vacuum cup



Up-stroke of vacuum cups

Air pressure and suction are the principles of the Easy vacuum-cup method of washing

A Week's Washing Free

Try this magic new Easy Washer free . . . in your own home . . . with your own clothes.

See how you can wash, rinse and dry your clothes in one operation. See how time is saved and effort spared.

Simply call the Easy dealer. He will bring the new Easy to your home and show you a miracle in washing clothes.

A demonstration does not obligate you in any way. And you can own an Easy on easy terms, with low monthly payments.

If you do not know the address of an Easy dealer, write us.

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

WASHER

Now, *for the world that walks*.....Rubber Heels made by Goodrich!

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Rubber Heels

There's quite a difference in rubber. Be sure you get heels which come in the attractive box—marked with the name Goodrich

(Continued from Page 117)

beautiful, no matter how well it is designed, and the same is true of any other structure. Elihu Root once said that New York has many noble works of art and many great and noble buildings, "but we are always passing by them."

Of course we cannot stop to see and enjoy them, because they are all jumbled in together, without regard to setting, composition or general effect.

This is peculiarly true of the New York skyscrapers. Much of the talk of their beauty is sheer rot, for the simple reason that no one can see them except, as Mr. Mumford points out, angels and aviators. The man in the street cannot see them except in photographs and on drafting boards. All sense of proportion and scale is lost when you put hundreds of skyscrapers in the same small area, and it is an absolute fundamental of beauty that it should include proportion and scale.

Providing for Vistas

In a detailed study of the appearance of Evansville, Indiana, by Harold Bartholomew and Associates, reference is made to the dignified portico of Doric columns and the excellent architecture throughout of the Coliseum:

"Its effectiveness, however, is tremendously reduced by the inadequacy of its site. The building is crowded on half of a small block, and provided with no foreground of lawn or enframement of trees and shrubbery."

The report then says that several of the fraternal orders have splendid buildings, but without foregrounds, the enframement of trees and the sense of freedom coming from space around the building. The same is true of churches. "Very few have the distinction of a commanding site." The report then adds that the city could make a considerable showing at low cost by buying the land across from one of the railroad stations for an open plaza.

I quote this because it is so typical of hundreds of places. A work of architecture is always part of a larger composition, designed or accidental, good or bad. In the magazine City Planning a number of city planners recently attempted to define their profession.

To a great extent beauty is an inevitable incident, by-product and consequence of good order, wholeness, balance and commonsense arrangement. A badly proportioned room cannot be made to look well no matter how elaborately it is decorated or how filled it is with works of art. Nothing so injures a city as unsightly railroad yards and other similar property. But sensible up-to-date arrangement and coöperation will take care of such a problem.

In other words, there must be a plan or social intention in the city for it to be beautiful. A city might have a good plan without being beautiful, but I doubt if it can be beautiful unless there is a plan. In no other way can there be any total effect or ensemble.

"It is true that the beautiful in cities comes actually through the works of landscape architecture, architecture, sculpture and engineering," says John Nolen, town and city planner; "but the point to note is that the city plan provides the location and arrangement, the elevation or gradient, the foreground and background, the vistas, balance and symmetry; it provides for a proper sense of scale, the broad relationships, the environment and the opportunity for the grouping, assembling and composition of such works."

In the long run beauty costs no more than ugliness—indeed, it is far cheaper. But under the conditions created by large numbers of people living and working in a small area it is something which must be striven for, deliberately worked for. It requires foresight and choice, and these in turn require effort. Frederick Law Olmsted, landscape architect, has said that the demands of beauty are in large measure identical with those of efficiency and economy, and differ merely in demanding a closer approach to perfection and in the adaptation of means to ends.

All of which is true enough in a way, but it quite overlooks the difficulties and complexities inherent in foresight and choice. Landscape architects and city planners are inclined to be impatient with the stubborn realities of government. They project noble cities, but fail to tell us where the capacity is to be found to realize their plans.

A Matter of Self-Government

Professor Beard remarks that all efforts may fail, but it is better to be associated with attempts to conquer fate than to be content with the dreams of an oyster. The Federal Reserve System, he says, is an endeavor to smooth out the jagged curve of industrial calamity, and the League of Nations is an effort, "feeble and absurd, if you like, to control the forces that threaten humanity. Shall it be said then that we can plan a world and not a town, master the titanic energies of nationalism and yet acknowledge defeat in the village council?"

But despite this keen thrust, Mr. Beard himself, as a student of government, points out that it remains to be seen whether any democratic community can acquire the unity of spirit and dictatorial powers necessary to realize a splendid city plan. In other words, the question of whether our cities shall be noble is not at bottom one of æsthetics, of architecture, or even of planning. The answer depends on whether we can control and govern ourselves.

MADAM VENUS

Continued from Page 13

up to her, looking straight into her gray eyes, looking deep down into them, looking as he had longed to look. "I'm beginning to think—that it is vital to you. I've—I've been asleep for weeks, but I've waked up all of a sudden and I see daylight. You think you don't like me, but you do like me. You don't want to like me, but you can't help yourself. You're—you're crazy about me. We're—we're crazy about each other."

"Look here," said Miss McCabe, backing away from him as he came nearer, leaning against the whitewashed wall, putting her hand against the breast of his coat to push him away, "are you engaged to Lil—or aren't you?"

He snapped his fingers. "Who's Lil?" he said briefly. "Or Francie? Or anybody in the world but you? I'm—I'm wild about you. Sometimes I hate you and sometimes I love you, but all the time I'm crazy for you. It's—it's burning me up. I turn hot and cold just seeing you under that spotlight. I wanta kill every man that looks at you."

Mr. Doner stopped speaking because he was enough of an artist to know that none of the words at his command could measure up. And his voice had failed him. He looked into her eyes and saw, strangely enough, that there were tears in them. He looked at her hands clasped tight together over her worn little purse. He looked at her mouth. Asleep for weeks, he saw daylight at last—sunlight—golden, burning, blinding, Latmian. After a moment he kissed Miss McCabe as he had never kissed a woman in his life. With this girl limp in his arms, he attained a height of feeling which he had never visualized above him. With this girl's cheek against his and his eyes closed, he seemed to be swung back into some far country, into some fairy region beyond all the seas, into some golden age. He seemed to be holding Love in his

And then a door slammed and footsteps echoed along the passage and it was over. Miss McCabe scudded for the dressing room and Doner adjusted his necktie.

"Well, Doner," said the boss, fat and gray and brutal in his wrinkled clothes, indicating the notice on the wall board above them, "is your car paid for?"

Mr. Doner, poor fellow, came flying back from his far country quickly enough under this lash of the everyday. He smoothed down his hair. He squared his shoulders.

"I'll be all right," he managed bravely. "I got plenty of money to carry me through. I know the door man at the Palace, and I'm—I'm going to arrange for an interview with Solomon West tomorrow."

The boss laughed. Even on gray days Doner amused him. "Doner," said he, "you're as likely to get an interview with Solomon West as you are to fry ostrich eggs in your new straw hat."

"Watch me, boss," said Doner superbly, adjusting the blue handkerchief in the breast pocket of his new white coat; "and wear goggles, boss, or you'll be apt to get some dust in your eyes." For Doner, poor fellow, believed that he must be a wisecracker or else why should Mr. Greer, even on gray days, so frequently laugh at him? He faced downright terror, however, as he walked along the passageway. His car—and his new white suit—and his room rent—Godfrey, he owed for his laundry too! A sudden blessed warmth flooded through him as he thought of Miss McCabe, that golden girl—her beauty, her fragrance, her response, her mouth beneath his own. But—but—he was behind on his rent and he owed for his laundry too.

It happened that while Doner was off duty that day Rosie McCabe left the Gem Theater forever. The manager called her into his office during the afternoon show.

"Phone, Rosie," he said, putting his feet back on his desk.

"Is it my sister's baby?" cried Miss McCabe, white and startled.

"Does your sister's baby speak in a deep bass voice with an accent, Rosie?"

"Oh, boss," begged Rosie, picking up the receiver, "she don't speak at all. She was only born yesterday and she's like a feather in your arms. Hello—hello—oh, Sol—gosh, Sol, why couldn't you give your name or something when you call me up in business hours? Scaring me to death. . . . Well. . . . Well, all right. . . . Tonight? . . . Now? . . . No, don't send the car. I'll come down on the bus. . . . Sure, I'll be there."

The receiver clicked home and Rosie stood for a moment looking at the wall. Then she squared her shoulders, walked over to the manager's chair and held out her hand to him.

"Good-by, Mr. Greer," she said briefly. "I'm leaving the old Gem. That was Sol West on the phone. They need me at the Palace."

"I wish they needed me at the Palace, Rosie," said the boss wryly, extending his hand.

"But you've got your ranch," said Rosie.

"Oh, I don't have to fry at San Benito. . . . Well, Rosie, I never had a girl in any of my theaters I liked better."

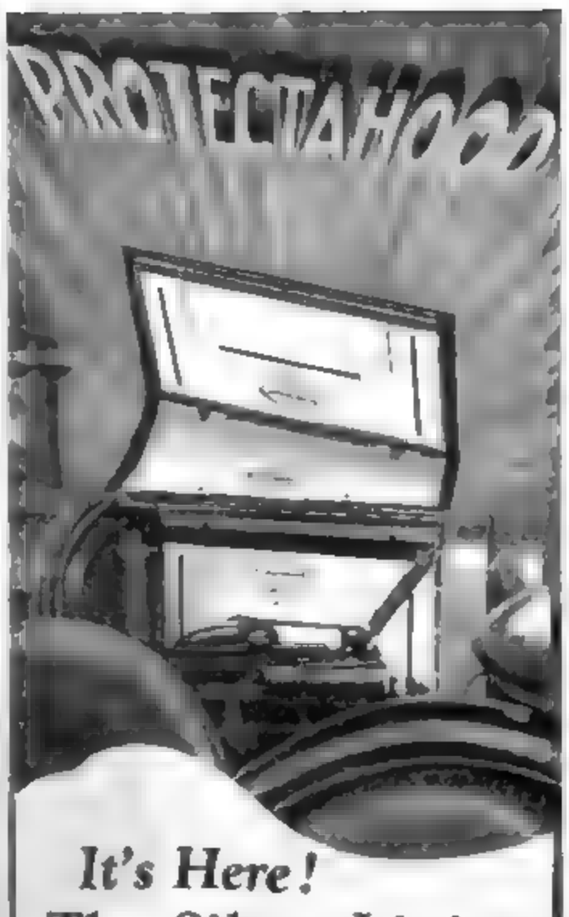
"You've been white to us all, Mr. Greer," said Rosie, her head up, "and believe me, we know yellow when we see it. I'll clear out my locker. And—and say good-by to Mr. Doner or—or anybody. Tell—tell him I'll be at the Palace."

"Doner!" said the boss, opening his eyes wide, removing his feet from the desk, rising. "Doner! Was it you, Rosie, he kissed backstage this afternoon?"

"Is it likely?" said Rosie, standing very tall and straight and proud and stiff.

"No, it ain't," said the boss, relieved. "Because Doner, between us, Rosie, don't amount to a hill of beans. Doner will land

(Continued on Page 124)



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THE EMANCIPATION OF THE American Business Man

...how he has found time to live and laugh ...while becoming a greater business builder

HE CAME home at night, haggard and irritable. Often, too late for dinner and too tired to renew acquaintance with his family and his friends.

In the morning, he caught the 7.10, so that he might be at his desk at eight. Thus beginning another eleven hour grind in his dingy downtown cell.

313 days a year he thus invested, with many Sundays and evenings of overtime added.

They called him the "tired business man." And well the impeachment fitted him. A weary and dreary fellow, with no contacts or interests outside his daily drudge.

A grub worm who wanted to be left to his grubbing and who sought no horizon above the top of his roll-top desk.

This was the business man of yesterday.

* * *

GREAT changes have taken place in American business in the past thirty years. But no more amazing than are the changes in the American business man himself!

Today's business man works less, in hours. But achieves more, in results. His day is shorter, but his projects are vaster. And he accomplishes them with plenty of time left over for relaxation and self-improvement.

Daily, his desk is clear, and so is his brow. For somehow, he has mastered the science of promotion without commotion. His office is spacious, and so are his views. He has learned how to live and laugh...and how to find sound

practical business ideas in his social contacts as well as in his business rounds.

What has brought about these changes? What has made it possible for the American business man to *do* more, to *earn* more, to *be* more . . . with lessened inroads on his home and social activities?

The answer can be written in five words: *The improved machinery of business.*

IN THE old days, moving the day's business was largely a matter of hand, leg and head work. The day's operations were figured and recorded by slow and plodding pen pushers.

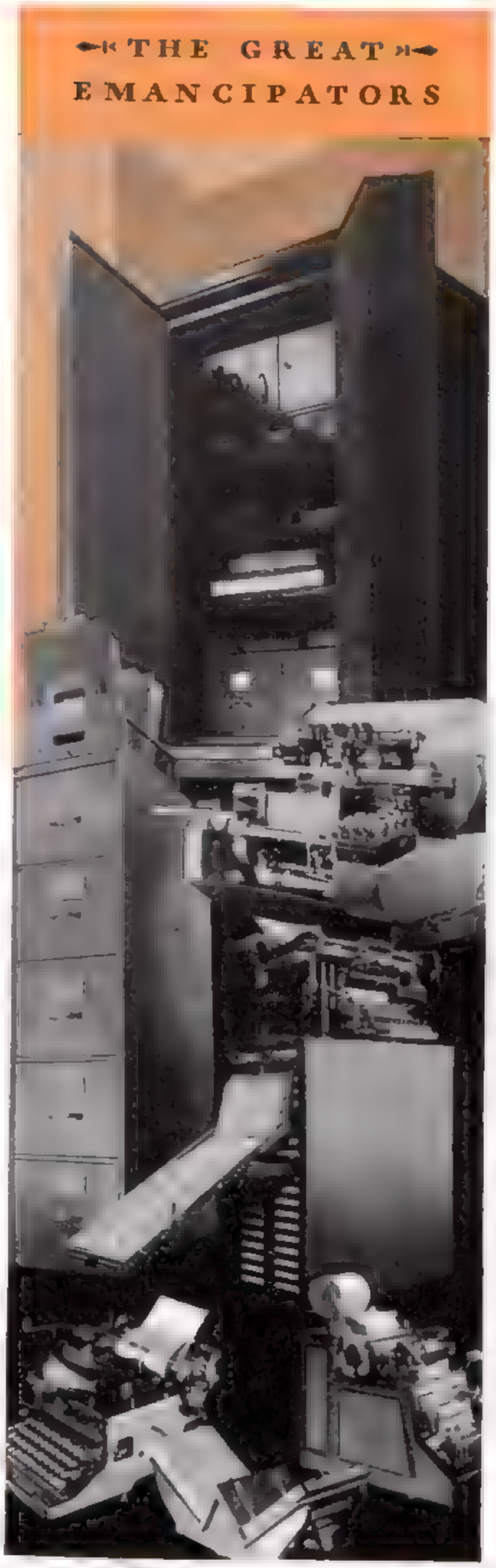
Most of the executive's time was spent in getting through the day's mail, the day's obligations. Little time was left for retrospection and comparisons. To get at the facts and figures of his business, he had to rely on his memory and a hand-powered clerical staff.

Mechanism has replaced Memory

TODAY'S business man gets his facts and figures almost as fast as they happen. Mechanism has replaced mind and memory in disposing of the day's routine. Entries, digests, tabulations and surveys are made mechanically. Events in the office, like news for the newspaper, get in print while they are hot and new. Freed from the fetters of detail, given a constant and daily television of his affairs, he is free to play a complete and unhampered *thinking part* in the building of his business.

AND THE March of Progress goes on! Tomorrow's work will be easier for the business man than today's.

For still greater steps are being taken to facilitate his plans, reduce his hazards and free his time for more productive activity. The most significant of these steps is the recent merger of the



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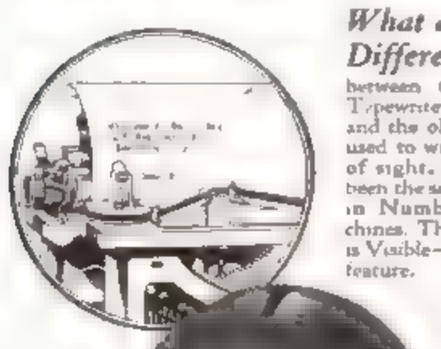

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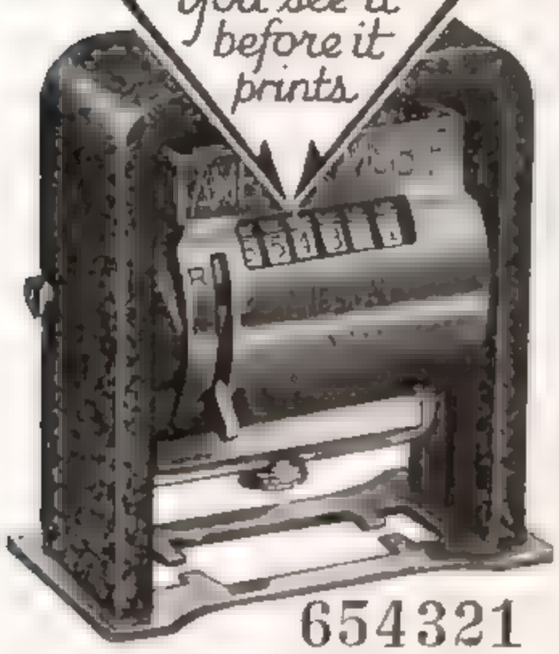

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(Continued from Page 121)

in a ditch somewhere and stay there until some woman pulls him out of it. And I'm glad, Rosie, the woman won't be you."

"Thanks, boss," said Rosie, shaking hands, keeping her head up. "Pat all the dogs out at the ranch for me."

"You bet," said the manager, opening the door for her. "And if you should ever get married, Rosie, I'll send you the best white collie pup I've got on the place for a wedding present. Good luck, Rosie. So long—good-by."

For the first week at the Palace, Miss McCabe wore a Pierrot costume which had been made for the former head usher. The Pierrot costume was of thin black silk ornamented with white chiffon pompons. From Miss McCabe's blond head a peaked black cap rose at an angle. There was a white pompon over her left ear. There were pompons on her strapped black slippers. The former head usher at the Palace had been a lesser girl in all dimensions than Miss McCabe, and in her costume Rosie seemed not so much a sensible business girl working at her new job as she did a goddess captured in full flight and prisoned in sheer black silk beneath a spotlight. She was pale during that first week at the Palace, and silent and very busy at her new job.

"She comes from the Gem," buzzed the other girls. "She high-hats the men. She uses lipstick, but no rouge. She don't talk. She's quiet all the time. She's got a magazine in her locker with pitchers of flowers in it. And it had a page of dogs, too—I seen it over her shoulder. They say Sol West knew her when she was a kid - lived in the same neighborhood till his mother died. Do you think she's good-looking? Well, I don't. . . . Oh, maybe—if you like the type. . . . I weigh a hund'ed-nine pounds, myself."

All through the first week at the Palace, Miss McCabe listened for the sound of the telephone bell in the manager's office just off the great white marble entrance hall. The telephone rang many times and she waited tensely, but it was never for her. During her second week at the Palace, Miss McCabe wore a rose-pink organdie ruffled dress and a huge flower-trimmed leghorn hat tied with pink ribbons under her round chin.

All the other girls wore blue organdie, or orchid or green. She was the only one who wore rose, and under her spotlight she looked a rose indeed. The public appreciated her effect to the full. Little girls stared up at her wide-eyed and sometimes touched her crisp ruffles.

Women gushed: "I had a dress like that once myself, dearie. How it carries me back! You look just be-a-u-tiful in it, dearie."

And men appreciated her effect to the full. "If—if you'd like to take a little run down to the beach tonight after the show, Miss ——" "Hey, sister, here's my card. It's got my real name on it and I ain't married neither." "Hello, Rosebud! Do you wanta go ——"

The Palace was a more opulent, sophisticated public than she had been used to at the Gem. The Gem had been neighborhood. This was largely tourist, eager to be amused, rarin' to go. She arranged a little formula, dignified and, she hoped, businesslike, but a little pathetic too—although she was not aware of this:

"Thank you, madam. I hope you will like the feature picture of the week, Southern Rose, as much as you do our dresses."

"Thank you, sir, but I have an engagement for this evening."

With the kids she could discard formula. She liked kids. Even when it was the second week and the telephone bell had not rung for her, she managed to smile at the kids—their faces crummy with pop corn, their jaws slowly revolving with gum, their unwinking eyes looking up at her tall beauty with reverence, with awe. Sometimes she chucked the little boys under the chin. "Run along in, son. You don't want to miss the Felix." She liked the kids. She had no engagements for the evenings. Even Sol was away in San Francisco. And the telephone bell did not ring.

During the third week she tried to call up the Gem, but there was no longer any Gem. The wreckers had it. Lil was away sick and Francie was no good. Francie never knew anything. At last, driven to it, she telephoned Mr. Greer at his ranch.

"I want Jim Doner's address, Mr. Greer. Doner—at the Gem. I—I've got to get in touch with him about a business matter. . . . 414 State Street—thanks. Do you know where he is or what he's doing? . . . Dropped off the earth? . . . Well, thanks, Mr. Greer. Good-by."

She wrote at last in spite of herself to State Street. She lost weight and color and luster. There was a fever within her. There was a blight upon her. On the day that her letter was returned to her marked "Not found. No forwarding address," Sol West came home from San Francisco.

"Sol," said Miss McCabe, driving along the boulevard that night after the late show —"Sol, have you ever been in love, Sol?"

For a moment the large gentleman did not answer. The car swerved as if the brown hand on the wheel had loosened momentarily, but Miss McCabe did not notice. When Sol West spoke, his voice was quite as usual, and the wheel was steady.

"I guess I've maybe been close to it, honey," said Sol easily, adjusting his cigar.

"Close to it!" said Rosie with bitterness, with pain. "Close to it! You can't measure love by inches, Sol. You can't stand on the bank and shiver and—and choose. You're either in it headlong or you're out of it altogether. It's—it's like deep water, Sol, that you're drowning in. It's like a fire that you're burning in. You're either in it all over or you're out of it—clean. You can't stand out in the street, close to it, and say, 'Oh, look at the pretty fire! How safe I am here near the nice engine! I'm glad it isn't my house that's burning up.'" Miss McCabe stopped, choked, pounded her knee. "It is your house, Sol, and you're being burned up to death in it."

There was a silence during which the large gentleman merely drove along the boulevard.

"Honey," he said at length, "all that doesn't sound so good to me—drowning—burning up to death. That ain't necessarily my idea of love, honey. It's one kind, I admit, but it ain't the right kind."

"I'm—I'm afraid it's my kind, Sol," said poor Madam Venus. "What's your kind, Sol?"

"Well," said Sol slowly, thoughtfully, driving along the boulevard, "I guess my kind is maybe old-fashioned, baby. It isn't newfangled. There ain't a fire engine has got a thing to do with it. My kind don't burn up the house, baby, but it's a clean fire on the hearth. And there's kids playing around the room, honey, and there's maybe a fool wire-haired terrier or two. And there's sure a radio—a good radio, honey. And there's books and comfort and—and peace after the day's work. There's kindness, honey, and pride in my family—in my wife—in my sons—in my daughters. There's anniversaries in it, honey, with maybe a new diamond bracelet for the wife. And there's trips in it—to Europe or maybe Honolulu in the wintertime. There's friends, and later college for the kids. I ain't got so much education myself ——" The large gentleman paused because the words at his command could not measure up, and his voice had failed him.

"My kind may not sound so good to you, honey," he said at last humbly. "Burning up to death has probably got more kick to it. . . . Who—who's the man?"

She flung out her arms in an inarticulate gesture.

"Oh, Sol, I'm so tired," she said helplessly, hopelessly. "It's—it's just a man who kissed me once"

"Good-looking?" said Sol.

"Oh, yes—yes—yes. Sometimes I love him and sometimes I hate him. . . . Don't ask, Sol."

"You're—you're crazy about him?" said Sol.

"Oh, yes—yes—yes. He's—nothing much, Sol. He's nobody. And he's gone, Sol. He's gone off somewhere without a word to me, without even a telephone ——"

"Do you want him back again, honey?"

"Oh, yes—oh, yes. . . . I don't know. . . . Can people be found, Sol?"

"Anybody can be found," said Sol competently.

"Oh, Sol, could you? Would you?"

"There's nothing in God's world I wouldn't do for you, honey."

"Oh, Sol, can I put my head down on your shoulder? Maybe I could rest a little there—maybe I might even go to sleep if you drive slowly—if you drive softly."

"I'll drive like a hearse. I'll drive like a cooing dove. . . . There—there, shut your eyes, baby. How can even a clever girl who is head usher at the Palace Theater go to sleep with her eyes wide open?"

It was Miss McCabe herself who found Doner. In her lipstick chiffon, beneath her wide black hat, she was hurrying through the crowd at Main and Eighth early one hot afternoon when suddenly she saw him. He was picking up a pink newspaper which someone had dropped, and as he walked slowly along he looked over his newspaper. He had on his second-best striped blue suit and his straw hat with the bright-colored ribbon, but Miss McCabe noticed at once as he held up his paper that the seal ring was gone. Halfway down the block, she stepped forward and touched his shoulder.

"Hello," she said.

Doner whirled. Doner had been colorless enough, poor fellow, but as he looked at Miss McCabe, realized Miss McCabe, he turned gray. There was a little hole in his shirt where his stiff collar had rubbed it. There was a little frayed edge to the stiff collar itself. The blue striped handkerchief in the pocket of his coat was not arranged. It was put in anyhow. And he needed a shave.

"Why—why—hello," said Doner at length, inadequately. "Where—where you been all this time since—since you walked off and left me flat?"

"I walked off and left you?" echoed Miss McCabe incredulously. "Didn't Greer give you my message?"

"Greer?" Doner laughed. "Greer gave me nothing but a fine swift kick," said Doner. "He wouldn't even recommend me for San Benito—because of mirrors, he said. Mirrors!"

"Mirrors!" echoed Miss McCabe stupidly.

"He said I straightened my tie and smoothed down my hair ——"

"Mirrors!" said Miss McCabe again thoughtfully.

"He said I looked into them ——"

"Now that I think of it," said Rosie, "you do look into them."

"The old Bolshevik wouldn't even take me on at his ranch."

"You went to his ranch?"

"He give me a fine swift kick and five dollars."

"You—took—the five dollars?"

"It was either that," said Doner helplessly, "or walk back."

For a moment there was silence between them. The Main Street crowd surged about them, bells rang, whistles blew. Main Street, approaching mid-afternoon, was roaring. But for them there was silence between them and about them.

At length Miss McCabe spoke. "Jim," she said quietly, "are you hungry?"

Doner flushed, paled, visibly shrank. His eyes, which had been looking at nothing but Miss McCabe—his hungry, hopeless eyes—fell away from her steady look. He shuffled his feet.

"Hungry? Me? Well, I guess not!" blustered Doner. But she put her hand on his arm. Turning, she glanced about her.

(Continued on Page 126

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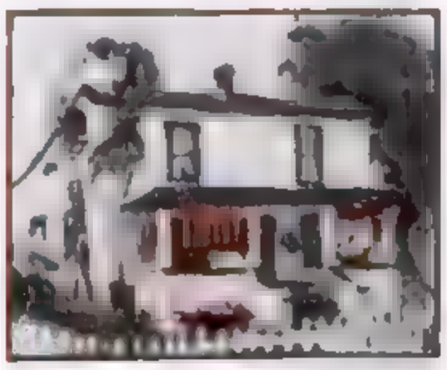

Drawing made from an actual photograph of the home of August Arcishewsky, Neffs, Ohio, saved from total destruction by fire because SHEETROCK is fireproof

"It Saved our Home and our Lives, too"

(Published in co-operation with National Fire Prevention Week)

THE crying of their baby daughter awakened the Arcishewsky family, Neffs, Ohio, in the middle of the night of March 20, last. They found the house filled with smoke.

"The roaring of the fire in the room below scared us all so badly we were sure the whole house was afire and was doomed," he writes. "An overheated furnace had burnt out our living-room floor and every bit of woodwork in that room.

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WALDEN CUTLERY

(Continued from Page 124)

Main Street is lined with restaurants of a sort. Miss McCabe's eye lighted upon a white-tiled window which displayed a pyramid of oranges. Good Eats was written in tiled letters across the plate-glass window.

"We'll go in here," she said briefly. "It's clean. I could stand a cup of coffee myself."

Like a fairy godmother, like a friend, like a mother, Miss McCabe fed Doner. When he had finished his steak and his French fried potatoes and his green corn on the cob and his coffee, she ordered more coffee and his particular brand of cigarettes. And for his dessert she ordered strawberry shortcake—three layers of it—white and sticky and sweet and soothing. Once Doner held her hand across the table and once he kissed it, but Miss McCabe apparently did not notice. At least she gave no sign. When he had quite finished she stood up.

"Sol West is in San Benito, but he will be in his office at ten o'clock tonight," she said briefly. "I'll expect you then."

She paid the bill at the white-tiled desk. She even walked back and gave the girl a quarter.

"Thanks, sister," said the girl, surprised, pocketing her quarter. "Now and then life gives you an even break."

"Now and then," said Rosie.

Outside, Miss McCabe straightened Doner's necktie and arranged the handkerchief in the pocket of his striped blue coat. She slipped a folded bill into the pocket behind the handkerchief.

"For a haircut," she said, "and a shave and a shine, and ten cents to the barber, and—and cigarettes. Be at the Palace by ten. . . . You look better."

"I feel better," said Doner, squaring his shoulders, standing taller than he was. "I feel like a—a god or something."

"The dinner," said Rosie.

"You," said Doner tenderly.

The feature picture at the Palace that week was called Madam Venus and was the result of an attempt upon the part of the producers to lift the industry by its boot straps.

Miss McCabe stood beneath a spotlight in the great white marble entrance hall. Her sheared blond head was bound with pearls and pearls dripped from her lovely ears. Her bare feet were strapped into pearl-embroidered sandals. Her finger nails were tipped with scarlet and one of her arms was banded in pearls to the elbow. Her tunic of flesh pink crêpe de chine achieved the classic line merely because Miss McCabe was in it, for the wardrobe designer at the Palace, grumpy and derisive and speaking through pins, was a very great artist indeed. She had colored Miss McCabe's lips to a bright scarlet and had creamed her cheeks to an even paleness, and when Miss McCabe was quite finished the wardrobe designer stood off and looked at her for a moment in silence.

"Dearie," she said at length, "just looking at you now makes life worth living."

Rosie flushed beneath her creamy pallor. "Then I'm all right?" she asked shyly. "I'll—do?"

"You're my masterpiece," said the designer. "I'll never come up to you again. I've created a goddess in the flesh with three yards of crêpe de chine and some strings of pearls. I'm scared. I didn't know I had it in me. Some day, dearie, go to the Louvre—that's in Paris—and look down a long corridor toward the Venus—and think of me—and then you'll know. Now run along and remember to stand on the balls of your feet. Venus didn't wear high heels—not so that you could notice it, dearie."

Miss McCabe stood on the balls of her feet beneath the spotlight in the great white marble entrance hall. Behind her hung a curtain of Burgundy velvet and about her throughout the evening pushed and surged a group of people. The composition of the group changed as the evening wore on and the show inside progressed to a fanfare of trumpets, but the group itself remained inviolate, breathing, chewing, staring, reacting. The public reacted to Miss McCabe's effect that night to a degree that was embarrassing, uncomfortable, stifling.

"Right aisle, please. . . . Give these to the usher halfway down. . . . Tickets, please. . . . Keep moving, please. . . . Yes, madam, a super-special production—very artistic. . . . Yes, madam, I am dressed to match the title rôle. . . . Kindly keep moving, please ——"

By ten o'clock Miss McCabe was worn down to a point that approached exhaustion. It had been a hard day, a searing day. Heat, hurry, a two-hour fitting in the morning and in the afternoon—Doner. It had been a hectic day, a cataclysmic day. She felt all this to the full, although she did not attempt to express it—did not even think it. All she could do by ten o'clock was to stand on the balls of her feet and suffer.

"No, madam, the pearls are not real. . . . No, sir, I have an engagement for this evening. . . . Kindly keep moving, please. . . . A very artistic production—a super-special ——"

And then Sol West pushed his way through the crowd and stood for a half of a clipped second staring at her. Staring! Even Sol! She swayed a little in her pearl-embroidered sandals and the balls of her feet seemed to roll suddenly away from beneath her.

"Sol!" she gasped, holding out one hand toward him helplessly. "Sol!"

After that there was an interval during which she seemed to be sliding downhill somewhere in the snow—in a place where it was cold and dark and safe, where there were no crowds, where there was no Doner; and finally, as the kindly darkness fully descended, where there was not even Sol. And then she was lying on the leather-covered davenport in Sol's office and Sol was bathing her face with a large handkerchief dipped in ice water. Lil seemed to be floating about in her green tunic and Francie seemed to be doing nothing at all in her orchid tunic. Francie was never any good. And then that phase passed and the room was cleared and she was propped up with a leather-covered pillow behind her. And Sol was standing at his desk lighting a cigar.

"Sol," said Miss McCabe faintly "Sol—come over here, Sol."

The large man came slowly, almost reluctantly. He pulled up a chair beside the davenport and sat down upon it. He did not look at her, for he was occupied with his cigar.

"Sol," began Miss McCabe again faintly, "you remember my telling you that time about—about love, Sol?"

"Sure," said Sol, looking at his cigar. "I remember."

"Well, today I found him, Sol," continued Miss McCabe slowly, weakly, wearily, "and he's down and out, Sol. He hasn't a job. He's seedy. He's hungry. He's lost his nerve. I—I want you to give him a job, Sol—anything—anywhere—to put him on his feet—to give him a break. I want you to fix it, Sol, so that I won't have to worry my heart out about him any longer. I can't stand it, Sol. It's wearing me down."

"Sure," said Sol, looking at his cigar. "I can fix him up. We can't let you get worn down, honey, because you're—you're just about right—as it is."

"Hold my hand, Sol," said Miss McCabe with a sigh. "You've got such a strong, kind hand, Sol. I like to hold it."

"Do you?" said Sol, not moving.

But after a moment he held out his hand and she slid her own within it. She closed her eyes and lay for a time in silence.

"His name's Doner, Sol," she began again with an effort. "He was assistant manager at the Gem. All the girls were in love with him—or thought they were. He's selfish, Sol. He's conceited. He looks at himself in mirrors. He's pitiful."

"Well," said Sol slowly, tolerantly, "if the guy's so good-looking, why not? Mirrors ain't a sin."

"You don't look in mirrors, Sol, and smooth down your hair."

"What would I see if I did?" asked Sol. "And besides, honey, I haven't the time."

"No," said Miss McCabe. "It goes down deeper than that, Sol. You're a real man, Sol. You're real. He was to be here by ten. Could you see him out in the hall?"

"Why not in here?"

But at this she sat up suddenly, nervously. "I don't want to see him in here," she said, beating her hands together. "I don't want to see him again anywhere—in my life. Doner never loved me, Sol—not loved. All Doner can love is himself. And I never loved Doner. . . . There, somebody's knocking. Maybe it's him." In her panic, her hurry, she rose up from her sofa and pulled Sol West to his feet. She pushed him toward the door. "Give him a job—one he can hold, Sol—one he can get married to Lil or somebody on and run a little car on and wear white suits on and be happy on." In her eagerness, her weariness, she pulled Sol West to the door and opened it. She pushed him through and closed it behind him. Then she went back and lay down on the leather davenport and closed her eyes. And after a time utter peace descended upon Miss McCabe. Sol West was out in the hall talking to Doner, giving him a break—and presently Sol West would be coming back again.

And presently Sol West did come back again. He said nothing at all to Miss McCabe. He didn't even look at her on her davenport. Through half-closed long lashes she watched him. He sat down at his desk and he got out his check book and he wrote out a check. He pushed a button and when the page boy appeared he gave him the check.

"For Mr. Doner," he said—"in the red velvet chair—outside."

When the page boy disappeared he put away his check book and closed the drawer and lighted a cigar, and for a time he smoked his cigar bravely. Miss McCabe, through her half-closed long lashes, watched him. And then suddenly, Sol West sitting at his desk, smoking his cigar, dropped it anywhere, anyhow and slumped forward in his great chair. He slumped forward anywhere, anyhow. He dropped his arms on his great desk and his face down upon them. Sitting so, he looked smaller than he was, younger than he was. And so he sat in silence. So he was sitting when Miss McCabe rose up from her sofa. She crossed the room and sank down upon the arm of his chair. When he merely quivered but did not move she put her arm around his neck, she pulled his head back on her shoulder, she looked down deep into his eyes, brown and dazed and hopeless.

"Sol," she said unsteadily—"Sol—my darling, it's you I love, Sol. Will you marry me, Sol?"

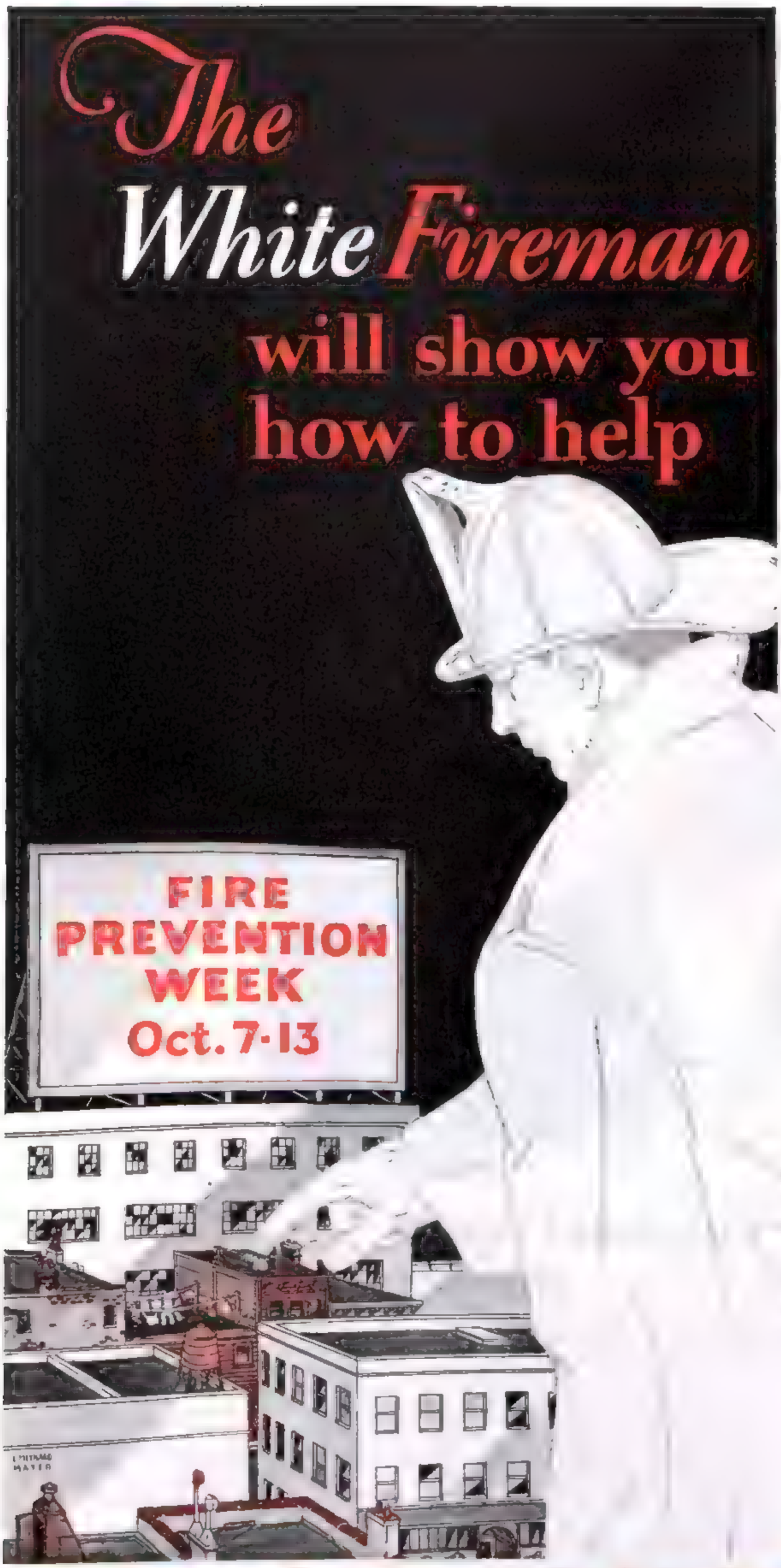
He was quivering all over, trembling, but he tried to pull back, to push her away.

"Not if it's friendship, honey—not if it's the way kids are fond of Santa Claus," he said imploringly, pushing her away. "I couldn't stand it, baby. I couldn't live. I'm just crazy about you, honey. I've loved you for years—before even mamma died—since you were a kid. I wanted to kill every man out in that crowd tonight. I want to wall you up, to shut you away, to have you for my own forever. I love you any way—all ways. It's my house that's burning up—it's my house ——"

But Miss McCabe slid over the edge of the great chair into his arms. She pulled his face down to touch hers. She closed her eyes.

"Sol," she said, feeling her way, "there's friendship in it, but it isn't friendship. There's Santa Claus in it, but it isn't Santa Claus. There's home in it, Sol, but it isn't only home. There's everything in it, Sol. I found it out today on Main Street. Doner stepped aside, Sol, and I could see the sun. I couldn't see anything but you, and you were so big, Sol, you filled the world."

Sunlight—filling his life—flooding his life. Sunlight—golden—Latmian.



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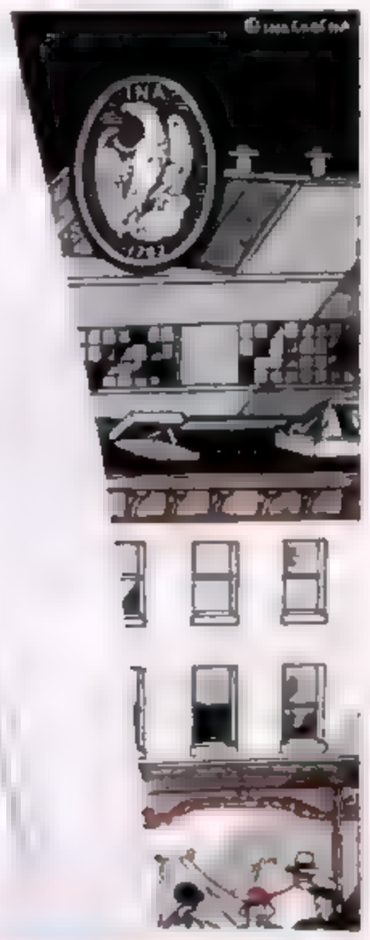

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ELSPETH COMES OUT

(Continued from Page 27)

peals of laughter, and with that she ran down the road to the others.

XIV

CHRISTOPHER and Agnes Duchois left immediately after this. The others, however, spent the night at Lyken Hold. First, they consumed the banquet that provided calories in a Renaissance way. After that they patiently watched a pavan executed by two dancers clad in costumes fulfilling the sentiment of the day. After that, however, all the guests seemed to break under the strain of being fifteenth century, and when Melville Laird proposed bridge his suggestion was taken up with universal enthusiasm.

As there were only seven of the young people, Miss Beaumont was obliged to take a hand at one table. She did so on condition that the stake be no higher than a cent a point, and I lingered downstairs just long enough to see the gloomy prospect of such diminished hazards overcast the face of Melville Laird.

The first time that Elspeth was dummy she came up to my rooms.

"Oh, Mrs. Pemberton," cried she breathlessly, "do you realize what it's all meant—our discovering them like that today? From this time on Agnes Duchois is simply in our power. Now, if she won't invite me to her parties Melville is going to tell her mother all about her running off to meet this—this Lovegrove"

"And why do you suppose that this—this—Lovegrove"—I imitated gravely the difficulty she always displayed in uttering Christopher's name—"drove right into us like that?"

"Oh, that! That's the most interesting part of all. Guess what Mr. Pigrim told me on the way back. He said this very morning Lovegrove happened to meet him in town and asked—oh, particularly—just which way the hunt was going. Now what do you think of that for nerve? Of course he ran into us on purpose."

"H'm—if that was his object he certainly gained it at the expense of the Duchois girl. It wasn't a pretty position for her. Besides, why do you suppose he wanted to run in on us?" And then I smiled as I hazarded: "Is it because you made such an impression on him that evening in the kitchen he never got over it?"

"Oh, don't be ridiculous!" she blazed. "No, what he wanted was to make me eat humble pie because I wouldn't speak to him that day on the street—you know, the time he was carrying the stuffed owl. Well, he did it, all right," she conceded grimly. "Only, didn't I just pay him back at the end?"

I did not see how Christopher could have foreseen either Mrs. Lyken's invitation or his opportunity for making Elspeth repeat it. But although the young man's motive was still shrouded I was one with Elspeth as to the result. Nor were we doomed to disappointment. Before the year was over Agnes Duchois had asked her to a party.

One cannot estimate how much this invitation facilitated the social path of Elspeth Lyken. One does know, however, that without it our pre-debut campaign would have been much more tedious. For even had the other two girls invited to the hunt included Elspeth in an occasional festivity, their names carried no such weight as did that of Agnes Duchois. There were perhaps thirty junior members of New York's Social Register who awaited the sanction of this youthful leader before letting down the bars to any newcomer.

But in delivering Elspeth from her long obscurity the work of Stacker Decke is not to be underestimated. The girl's first dissatisfaction regarding those published photographs was soon replaced, in fact, by another sentiment. Soon after the Sunday supplements had run those high-priced likenesses by Rappello we began to hear reverberations. Photographers and painters appealed to us for the privilege of making gratuitous studies of the beautiful young Miss Lyken. A famous theatrical manager offered her a rôle in a current spectacle. But the most notable of that first social quarry brought down by the falcons was Mrs. Tilson Artley.

It was just after pictures of the fifteenth-century chase had been published that the famous social leader wrote to us. She was giving an entertainment for the benefit of her pet charity, the Working Woman's Summer Rest. This entertainment was to take the form of living portraits, and she very much desired to have the exquisite young Miss Lyken, whose photographs she had recently seen, pose for the most famous of Fra Filippo Lippi's Madonnas.

Mrs. Lyken, when apprised of this signal honor bestowed upon her daughter, was in what one must call for want of a better name the Oriental room of our mansion. Walled in the genuine teakwood brought home by one of Nelson's officers to grace his English home, and with a floor hollowed into a circle occupied by the silkiest of rose-colored rugs, it offered its exotic hospitality only to curios. There were cabinets of these already filled, but still my employer felt the lack of a few homelike touches. Every now and then the representative of the biggest importer of Oriental merchandise in the city would call upon her with suitcases and from his wares she would carelessly select some new inmates for those already overpopulated cabinets. This morning, as I came upon her here, she held out to me a piece of jade, cool and green as a sea wave.

"Look what I bought just now!" she exclaimed. "And so reasonable! Mr. Dorrance let me have it for just a thousand dollars."

"And look what I've got," I retorted, putting into her hand the note from Mrs. Tilson Artley.

She beamed with satisfaction while she read it. Immediately afterward, however, her brow puckered above the uneasy eyes with which she regarded me.

"Are you sure it's all right?" I heard her ask.

"What's all right?"

"Why, mightn't people criticize us, you know? After all, Elspeth is so awfully young to be a Madonna."

I assured her that I did not think her daughter's character would suffer from the incident, and thus lulled she reverted to the artless, appealing smile that was fast becoming habitual.

"Of course," said she, "I know so little of the ways of your big world—you have to tell me everything. Just a poor little home body—that's all I'll ever be, I'm afraid."

Ever since the day after Mrs. Nest's luncheon my employer had given up her repertory in favor of this one rôle of home body. Poor Mrs. Lyken, that occasion had penetrated to the innermost recesses of her being and not once nowadays did she refer to her "real friends." At last she had confided her own fortunes in those of her daughter.

When I communicated to Elspeth the news of Mrs. Artley's invitation she surveyed me with frank delight.

"Great!" she exclaimed, and then, after a second, she added: "Don't you suppose the newspapers will show some of the portraits?"

In view of all that happened, her anxiety seems now a little neurasthenic. Throughout that winter there may have been several issues of the Sunday supplements that omitted her, but such arid spots were forgotten in a steady drizzle of publicity. Before very long there was, I am sure, no lonely outpost of our country unrefreshed by news of the Lyken heiress. Nor was this news without its cultural value. Every time I saw that slogan, "Known as the Botticelli Girl," I had a vision of a thousand feminine fingers opening the encyclopedia at the letter B.

And did the publicity inspired by both the falcons and Mazos' portrait do any good in those circles it was intended to influence? Undoubtedly it did. Even if it accomplished nothing else, it shifted the basis of interest in the Lyken family. Whereas previously people remarked, "Oh, yes, the Lykens—they're those terribly rich Western climbers," they now said, "Oh, yes, the Lykens—they're the people with that beautiful subdeb daughter—falcon—Botticelli—all that."

Perhaps Elspeth herself expressed the situation on the day when she picked up the issue of that society magazine the Beau Monde which contained a reproduction of Mazos' portrait of herself. Reading those ritualistic words that accompanied it, the girl grinned impishly. "The Botticelli Girl," she repeated—"I'm beginning to feel just like a tooth paste. Do you know what's going to happen, Mrs. Pemberton—by and by people will walk up to the counter and say absent-mindedly, 'Give me Botticelli Girl.' It won't be that they really want me—it'll just be that my name is on the tips of their tongues."

And that was precisely what happened. First came Mrs. Tilson Artley's command for the Botticelli Girl, and to this doughty member of New York's Old Guard of Society may be traced much of Elspeth's subsequent success. I very much doubt, for example, if Agnes Duchois would have been permitted to invite Elspeth to her house had it not been for the living portraits.

This entertainment, which was given late in November in the ballroom of the Ritz, was patronized by both the exclusive and the excluded. Apparently nobody in New York was insensible to the claims of the Working Woman's Summer Rest, and so it happened that at least five hundred people were present for this first appearance of the girl whose photographs had already inspired so much curiosity.

But even Rappello's likenesses could not have prepared society for that apparition revealed by the lethargic opening of heavy velvet curtains. For more than a minute Elspeth looked out from her gold frame with those eyes weighted by some solemn, brooding vision. When the portières finally closed upon her it was to leave a little pain. Some brief, almost unbearable loveliness had disappeared never to return.

After it was all over Mrs. Artley came rushing up to Mr. and Mrs. Lyken.

"Where in the world did you get her?" she cried. "She isn't a daughter—she's a phenomenon. She was simply unearthly this evening. She made the cold chills run up and down my back—just the way an organ does. Where did she get this marvelous beauty?"

Although her mystification was not exactly flattering, my employer assumed one of her sweet, selfless smiles.

"Ah," she returned, "Elspeth is a real answer to prayer. Before she was born I simply surrounded myself with the primitives. My father, Doctor Bannister—such a scholarly man, Mrs. Artley—got me reproductions of Giotto and I used to look at them by the hour before Elspeth came."

At this speech, reflecting the fact that Mrs. Lyken, too, had been driven to the encyclopedia by her daughter's slogan, Mrs. Artley gave a hearty, good-humored laugh.

"Dear—oh, dear," she said, "how I wish I had tried Giottos instead of jockeys' You see, all my three daughters were born just before we entered some horse in a race" She lingered until Elspeth, still in the gown and coiffure of her tableau rôle, joined her parents, and when she went away she laid a hand on the girl's arm "You're a charming young creature," she pronounced, "and I'm going to see you soon again"

Up to this time my employer had been frankly exhilarated by the evening, but as she found herself dismissed now with a pleasant nod, a twinge crossed her face.

And going home she remarked, "After all, Elspeth, this Mrs. Artley of yours isn't so very aristocratic. Why, she took a villa one summer with that awful climber, Mrs. Bolling Doe—you know, the Alimony Queen"

What she said was quite true. Mrs. Artley was, in fact, often referred to as the social climber's alpenstock. No suspicion of an ulterior motive darkened this title. Unlike a few poverty-stricken members of fashionable society, she did not expect financial gain when she assisted someone to a firmer foothold. Quite rich enough to be independent of money, she was not yet rich enough to be independent of fresh associations. That was the reason why an outsider who was beautiful or amusing found in her an immediate ally.

Her conservative family was constantly being shocked by the fields into which this hunger for more varied society drove Mrs. Artley. Once her brother-in-law, bearer of one of the oldest names in the country, found himself at one of her dinner parties in close proximity to a young interior decorator.

"Well, Mary, what next?" he is said to have remonstrated. "Anything that the ragpicker leaves is good enough for you."

Thereupon, according to legend, she flashed back: "Yes, one is driven out into the street to pick up something after forty years of New York dinners with you and old Armington Squibbs."

Mrs. Artley was especially fond of youth, and her own children had done nothing to humor her in this respect. She had brought into the world three adults who viewed with alarm any face or personality they had not known all their lives. Their marriage must have constituted a relief to that fearless and freebooting soul of hers. For now she was free to indulge her quest of those combining immature years and youth.

After that evening "the climber's alpenstock" included Elspeth in a matinée box party graced by some of the most irreproachable members of the junior crowd. But her most important contribution to us at this point was in connection with the Young Alliance, that charitable organization which has enrolled so many of America's fashionable young women.

The impression that every girl who goes to an approved school may become a member of the Young Alliance is an erroneous one. On the contrary, numerous young misses who long to do good in a fashionable way find themselves crossed in charity. For the Young Alliance makes some discriminations which are not always overcome by either wealth or position It was with considerable anxiety that Elspeth appeared before the board of dowagers that passes upon the fitness of each applicant.

"Pooh!" she sniffed the day of the ordeal "I don't care if they turn me down or not. The Young Alliance what does it amount to, anyway? Octavia Van Wampum passed last year, and she never even bothered to take their old lectures"

But I had every reason to suspect the integrity of this carelessness For, however alienated by temperament from the aims of the Young Alliance a schoolgirl may be, she is seldom oblivious to its social advantages. "Member of the Young Alliance"—this phrase possesses a sanctity quite as impressive as "graduate of Barrett"

And upon Elspeth was now conferred this hallowing touch. The dowagers who might possibly have objected to the ambiguity of her parents' social position were overcome by both Elspeth's appearance as the Fra Filippo Lippi Madonna and by Mrs Artley's pleas. And now she was permitted to add the weekly lectures of the Young Alliance's probationary period to her already crowded schedule.

But it was December that marked the conclusive step in Elspeth's path For it was then that she was invited to the dinner

(Continued on Page 132

Do you live in a house— or a home?

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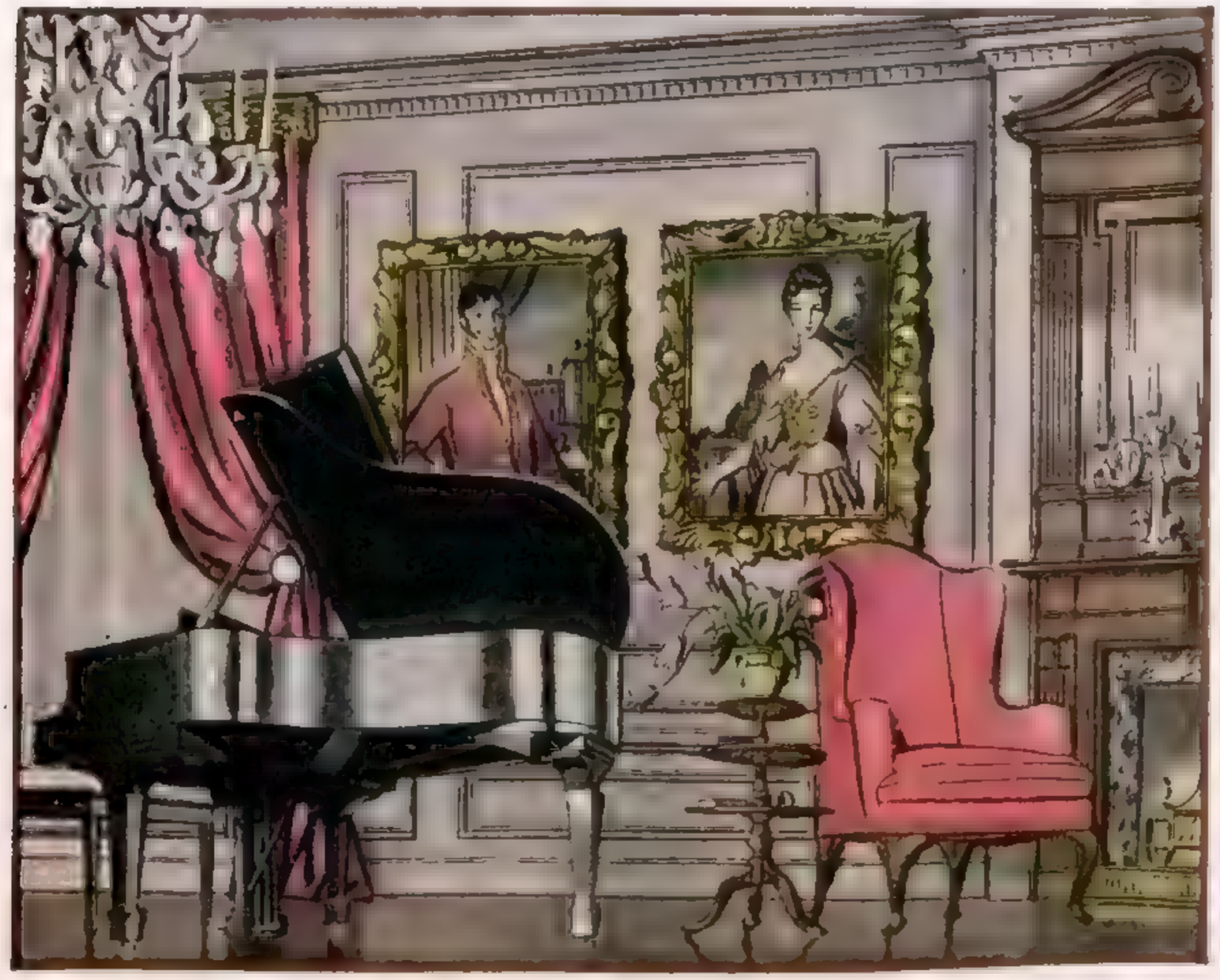

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It is generally conceded that in The Fire Music, from "*Die Walküre,*" Wagner attained a new level of orchestral tone-painting. The writhing, whistling flames, the glittering sheets of fire burn quenchlessly in this immortal score. It is unquestionably one of the supreme achievements of descriptive music.

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(Continued from Page 129)

party with which Agnes Duchois preluded Gladys Beaumont's annual Christmas dance for the subdebs. There were many other junior parties arranged for that evening, but the thirty young people honored by Agnes represented the most exclusive elements in New York and Newport tradition. The only outsider to be admitted was Elspeth Lyken.

The Beaumont dance lasted only until one o'clock and I was waiting for Elspeth when she came in. Reynolds brought her and Celeste up in the elevator and as she approached my door I heard her speak irritably to the French maid.

Poor Celeste—she had taken her young mistress on a two-hour shopping expedition that morning and she had waited for her exactly seven hours that evening. So seldom was she allowed off the nest where our young debutante was hatching that it is hardly surprising she looked bored and moody as a setting hen. I had time to reflect on her plight before I heard a light rap on my door.

As the girl entered my room her cheeks were flushed with excitement and her eyes were exactly the jeweled blue of the taffeta period frock which had been ordered from Paris by one of the Fifty-seventh Street specialty shops at a cost of five hundred dollars.

I may remark that this evening initiated Elspeth into that fitted bodice and bouffant skirt which Mazos had advised as the only modern garb that did not do violence to her type. She took these words seriously—a fact demonstrated by her long and unbroken career of wearing period frocks in the evening.

"Well, I see it was a success," began I.

"Oh, yes, the dinner was delightful. But the dance—oh, it was an awfully mixed affair. And who do you suppose was there? Why, that awful Lovegrove! Ellen Nest saw him at the falcon hunt and asked Miss Beaumont to get him as one of the extra men. And didn't he have the nerve to cut in on me while I was dancing with Third Squibbs?"

"Oh," remarked I dryly, "Squibbs acknowledges his interest in you in public these days?"

"I should say so—nasty little snob. I wish you had seen his expression when he saw me at Agnes' dinner. But let me tell you about that Lovegrove. What do you suppose he said to me while we were dancing? 'Do you faint by special appointment only?' he asked, and then he said, 'I was hoping a fox trot might prove as debilitating as a falcon hunt.' Imagine! Oh, how I do hate that chap!"

"Why do you hate him?"

"Oh, what makes him such a climber? Why isn't he contented with his own place in life? And if you could have seen him tonight! Agnes didn't dare look at him, of course, because her mother was one of the chaperons, but he was playing up to the Nests with all his might. And Ellen's mother was so glad to see somebody rushing Ellen at last she didn't say a word. Just sat there and beamed. Oh, you'll see, he'll make our set somehow or die."

Our set! And this from the girl who only a few months before had cried out that she was traveling second cabin! Her first dance, Agnes Duchois' dinner, Mrs. Artley's interest, her unremitting publicity—already these had effected an altogether different type of class consciousness.

XV

AFTER the holidays Elspeth subsided into a routine. Even this, however, did not quench the pure flame that had been lighted in the heart of our press agent. In January he refreshed a world parching since December for another glimpse of the Botticelli Girl with a photograph of her as she ministered to a settlement-house pottery class. And in February he satisfied a universal hunger to know just how Elspeth and Boadicea would look in the snow.

When Easter came, Stacker's ingenuity was no longer taxed. For then he could present a picture of his client as she appeared at the hotel dance with which Gladys Beaumont again enlivened the younger generation. The overpowering news value of this latest reproduction was clearly indicated in a text which read:

Miss Elspeth Lyken, the beautiful subdeb daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Lyken, known by her friends as the Botticelli Girl, who was hostess at the largest dinner party preceding the Junior Dance.

In this caption Stacker had not overstated the case. Elspeth's first dinner party was the largest of these festivities. It was also the costliest. To it she invited the same exclusive nestlings who had partaken of Agnes Duchois' Christmas-holiday dinner and she entertained them on a scale which the comparatively impoverished Duchoises could never hope to attain.

That it was not even more magnificent in its scope was due to my own influence. Two days before the dinner the house was in a state of upheaval. A tiny lace-trimmed mat had disappeared from its leash of blue ribbon in the linen closet and Mrs. Lyken saw in the occasion a chance for the drama of life denied her through more legitimate channels. The head chambermaid, who kept the linen book and who jotted down meticulously each day every piece returned her by the laundresses, was under grave suspicion. So were the laundresses. Even Harleigh and the footmen did not escape her acid catechisms. And the whole house was combed for that missing trifle worth at the most ten or fifteen dollars.

"It just seems to me," stormed Mrs. Lyken, "that I can't stay away from that linen closet a single morning. If I do, something's sure to go astray. All this happened just because I was picking out a new piece of jade when the linen was brought back this morning. Where do you suppose that mat could have gotten, Mrs. Pemberton? We've searched every single place in the house, and still ——" Here she paused to accommodate a sudden flash of inspiration. "The chest where the banquet cloth is kept!" cried she. "We haven't looked there!"

"Nonsense!" retorted I. "The key to that is in the safe. How could your mat possibly get there?"

But no practical consideration such as this could defraud her of a legitimate excitement. A few minutes later the chest was opened to those inquisitorial fingers.

"No, it isn't there," she announced to the mob scene of servants she had assembled in the linen closet. But suddenly, as she ransacked those folds of princely lace under their crackling blue tissue paper, her disappointment seemed to vanish. She looked up at me glowingly.

"Why did I never think of this before?" cried she. "We ought to use this cloth for Elspeth's dinner."

"Use that cloth for her dinner!" repeated I, and had it not been for the servants, my voice would have risen to the heights of a lawful horror.

But she did not abandon the idea. Coming to me that afternoon, she went back to her suggestion.

"I don't see why it wouldn't be all right to use it," she put forth sullenly. "I'm sure these friends of Elspeth's are the very cream de la cream of New York society."

"Exactly so," assented I. "That's why they're used to skimmed milk. The more elegant these people are, the simpler is their way of treating young people. To use a thirty-five-thousand-dollar lace banquet cloth for a girl who hasn't yet come out! Why, you'd never hear the last of it!"

Frustrated at this point, my employer seemed to cast about her.

"Then how about the favors?" she inquired gloomily.

"Oh, they must be very simple too," I replied.

The caution was not superfluous. Otherwise, who knows what she would have substituted for those gold cigarette cases and photograph frames, those opera bags and jeweled vanity cases with which she ultimately contented herself? Not knowing, however, that these favors bought by her mother represented a disciplined expenditure, Elspeth almost wept when she looked at that hoard.

"But we simply can't afford to give those things, mother," she remonstrated.

Her mother bridled. "We can afford to give anything. Anyway, these are simply nothing—not a single one cost more than a hundred dollars."

"But I don't mean that!" wailed Elspeth. "I mean —— Well, it's considered awfully vulgar to give such expensive favors. Why, only the other day Veronica Silver was talking about Mrs. Bolling Doe—how she gave thousand-dollar favors to her dinner guests. Everybody was splitting their sides over it. It seems some Russian princess got in line three times."

Mrs. Lyken, however, was adamant in her principle that providing entertainment meant providing a glare. Nor can I truthfully say that that three thousand dollars' worth of gifts proved distasteful to Elspeth's twenty-nine guests. It was, indeed, interesting to see how the Armington Squibbses, the Van Feder Nests, the Stone Lairds, the Van Borens and all these other youngsters who had been nurtured on the rather Spartan fare of good taste were converted to more succulent forms of nourishment.

After these Easter festivities there was a sudden lull in printed matter. As a matter of fact, indeed, Elspeth no longer needed it so vitally. The winter had realized for her that slogan of every aspiring subdeb. She was "in" before she was "out."

From this time until the autumn of her debut Elspeth's history may be reduced to a few outstanding incidents. One of these was an invitation from Mrs. Tilson Artley, who had kept in constant touch with the girl throughout the winter, to spend July and August at her Newport villa. This solved the problem of that first summer, which obviously, if Elspeth was to strengthen the ties formed in the winter, could not be wasted at Lyken Hold, and which, just as obviously, would lose some of its efficacy if spent in the Newport villa of a mother who had not been accepted socially.

At Newport, the sea, so far as Elspeth was concerned, lost none of its reputation for tonic properties. More invigorating whiffs of prominence seemed to come up with each salt breeze. When Gladys Beaumont staged her revue for the junior set, Elspeth utilized Tom Turnstyle's instruction in one of the most prominent acts. When a committee of young girls was appointed to welcome a prominent aviator the Lyken heiress was equally conspicuous. There were pictures of her at the Casino and Bailey's Beach, snapshots of her as she contested in an archery meet and as she appeared with one of the crippled children sent to the resort by the Young Alliance—so many reproductions of her, in fact, that the Prince of Wales must have felt at this period a gnawing sense of uneasiness.

Meanwhile the same sea that was doing its best by Elspeth was sparing none of its customary affronts to Mrs. Lyken. Rather than be immured in Lyken Hold, she had again taken to the penitential yacht. But again she was buoyed up in her martyrdom by a sense of lofty mission.

My first intimation of this fresh source of cheer came to me one day when Harleigh inquired, "Why does Mrs. Lyken want the name of Viscount Bockton's country seat? Does she wish to make any further inquiries about me?"

I said nothing, but already a dark foreboding had crossed my mind. Yet could my suspicion possibly be true? Would it occur even to Mrs. Lyken that a butler could furnish the link for a social intimacy? Yet eventually I had it from her own mouth. When she disembarked from the Nike in England she was going to motor to the Bocktons' country seat, and all in vain were my remonstrances.

"Why, naturally they'll want to know about their old groom of the chambers,"

(Continued on Page 135)

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(Continued from Page 132)

she justified herself irritably. "You've got to remember that it's different with them over there. None of these common come-and-go American servants with them. Those people love their old vassals."

Certainly, too, that visit did nothing to undermine her faith in the integrity of the British household. She returned to America radiant over her call. She had been invited to tea at the Bocktons'—"Such dear democratic souls! Nobody would ever dream they had a title!" And next summer she had promised to pay them a visit.

"They have one son"—thus she concluded the jubilee—"a graduate of Oxford, and so well-bred and polished and everything. They call him St. John—you know, it's spelled S-t. J-o-h-n, but they pronounce it Sinjin—and —— Well, anyway, he's just crazy to meet Elspeth. So I asked him to come over next autumn when she makes her debut, and he said he would."

When we came back to New York that autumn the season was not only to repeat Elspeth's triumphs but to whisper in her mother's ear the first faint words of hope which had ever greeted that attentive organ. Slowly—very slowly—more people were getting to know Mrs. Lyken, and sometimes she was able to surmount even that disadvantage. To this gratifying enlargement of her circle two causes must be ascribed. One was that after the crushing blow administered by Mrs. Nest she had assumed that indifference which has ever proved one of the strongest weapons in the hands of the outsider. The second was Elspeth. As I had predicted from a wide experience with climbers foresighted enough to have beautiful and popular young daughters, Elspeth finally lifted her mother from the status of being allowed to subscribe to some fashionable charity.

One may easily trace such hoisting processes. There was Mrs. Tilson Artley, for example. As she became more attached to Elspeth, she found it increasingly difficult to be detached from Elspeth's mother, and she finally included the latter in a few of her luncheons and dinners. Then there were the mothers of Elspeth's friends at Barrett. These encountered Mrs. Lyken at the various school entertainments, and in making arrangements for youthful parties it was inevitable that they should sometimes communicate with her. Of course some of the most exalted members of society did not yet unbend, but those who did were sufficiently uplifted to make Stacker Decke's pulse beat with a wild triumph.

Ever since Stacker's first call at Lyken Hold we had seen this gentleman at regular intervals. Sometimes he dropped in for a cup of tea and sometimes he was invited to one of the small dinners with which Mrs. Lyken was responding to the invitations which nowadays occasionally came her way. Always he was a welcome visitor.

One February afternoon when he was having tea with Mrs. Lyken in the Oriental room, I entered in time to hear the press agent say gleefully: "And that was the way she got in—through the lawyer that got her divorce. Not the first time that has been worked, either. If Stanley Beaswick didn't belong to one of our best families, he wouldn't get so many of the best divorces."

My employer cackled heartily as, looking up at me, she explained: "Stacker's been telling how that awful climber, Mrs. Knapp Sachs, got in. You know, I was wondering just the other day why anybody ever noticed her."

I observed that Stacker was glancing from his teacup to Mrs. Lyken with a strange pregnancy of expression, and I was not surprised to hear that soft, gleaming voice reflect:

"Yes, the Beaswicks are among our good old families. It's queer the influence they have with people." He waited for a second, and then, seeking Mrs. Lyken's eyes, he added: "Now I've just been thinking. Stanley's younger brother Bert is out of a job. Do you suppose Mr. Lyken —— Well, could he find something for a sap like that? He'd be no end useful for the debut, you know. Elspeth ought to have some real men handy then—not just these babies she's been playing around with—and I don't know anybody that could round up the eligibles better than old Bert."

His suggestion was gratefully followed, and the very next week found Mr. Bertram Beaswick receiving a salary of one hundred dollars a week from the enormous brokerage house controlled by James Lyken. Presumably he earned it by not coming down too often to annoy the other employes. For the job of bearing an ancient name had unfitted Bertram for more frivolous responsibilities and it was widely recognized that his presence in an office could never be misconstrued as work.

I had long been wondering just how and when Stacker was going to collect on his snowplow services and it seemed to me probable that part of Bertram's weekly stipend might be diverted. But Mrs. Lyken repudiated this base suggestion.

"I tell you he doesn't want anything from us except our friendship," affirmed she with all the ardor of that nature determined to see the best in everybody. "Stacker's a gentleman to his finger tips."

My own observation was that she had named the boundaries of Stacker's gentlemanliness with uncanny precision. And I was still curious to know just what those finger tips would touch before we were through with our publicity agent.

The social method applied by my employer in the case of Bertram is familiar to all students of social phenomena in New York City. Big banking and brokerage houses often constitute, in fact, so many Bide-a-Wee Homes where pets of society are kept until claimed by wealthy maid or widow.

With equal frequency, too, one sees another side of this zoölogical picture. Then these same vast temples of business assume a resemblance to kennels in which are nurtured young men determined to become pets of society.

This latter aspect was brought into relief by the case of Christopher Lovegrove. He was graduated from college in the June following the falcon hunt, and no sooner did this occur than he was taken into the old Wall Street firm of Van Feder Nest & Sons. This news was communicated to me by Elspeth with the same vigor of tone that marked all the Lovegrove bulletins.

"It's sickening," she commented, "to see how that chap has pulled every wire to get in. Everybody knows he picked out Ellen Van Feder Nest because she's the most unattractive girl in our set and he knew she'd get him in with the others. And now they're grooming him in her father's business."

Considering that our own choice of poor Ellen for the falcon hunt was hardly free from this taint of calculation, I might have been surprised. Yet I was not. For the sense of proportion which we call sense of humor was rapidly vanishing from the consciousness of Elspeth Lyken. In a little while it would be interred—gloriously laid to rest under mortuary wreaths, each labeled, Another Social Success.

So vital is this sense of perspective that its leave-taking was attended by Wit, Sympathy and Mental Curiosity—all those fair handmaidens of the spirit which had first endeared Elspeth Lyken to me. She did not change in her attitude toward me. She continued to come to see me almost every day. But I was now reduced to the position of waste-paper basket—something into which she threw all those tag ends of gossip about "our set" that had supplanted her former conversation.

In the June following our second winter in New York, Elspeth was graduated from Barrett, and immediately afterward she and her mother went to Paris to select the clothes necessary for a fashionable debutante. I shall not go into details regarding that wardrobe brought back from Paris to hang on the glorified hangers and under the shimmering curtains of our closets de luxe. For the girl herself supplied all these details for you in a magazine which, under the title of What Every Debutante Should

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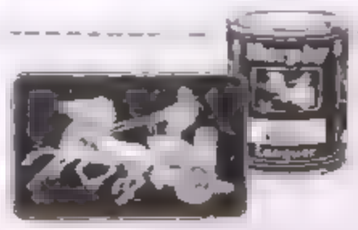

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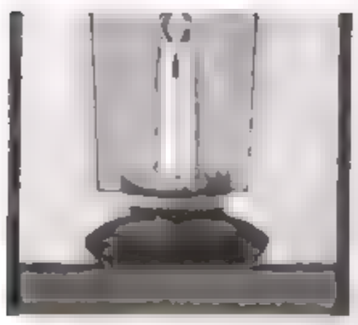

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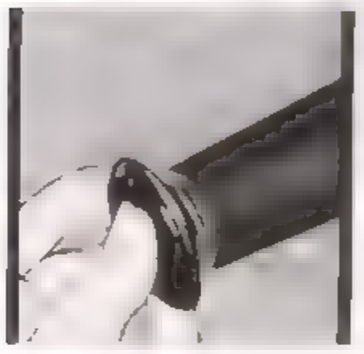

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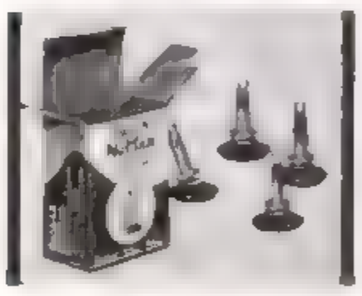

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Street

City State

Wear, is just full of helpful suggestions for the average young woman.

In it she mentions the fifteen evening gowns and five evening wraps essential to the social fledgling; it stresses the importance of many dancing slippers, and supplies photographs of original models designed in Paris for the gifted young author; it gives twelve sports costumes as the conservative rallying point for similar apparel expected to come several months after the debut, and it speaks of the satisfaction to a sensitive girlish heart in having each piece of lingerie designed by a real artiste.

Yet through this article is breathed that ineffable spirit of good taste which one might expect. Never once does Elspeth speak of the price of anything. Loyally does she screen her public from the information that those fifteen evening gowns, averaging four hundred dollars each, meant an investment of six thousand dollars; that for a single pair of evening slippers the charge was one hundred dollars, and that the bill for all her shoes totaled nearly two thousand dollars. Who, in fact, of the thousands who read her article ever suspected that this debut wardrobe of Elspeth Lyken had exhausted thirty-five thousand dollars?

XVI

THE course of making a subdeb into a superdeb, revealed in the history of Elspeth Lyken, is representative only in direction. Otherwise it is set apart from the universal experience by the unlimited millions of James Lyken and by the beauty of his daughter.

One thought inevitably of such advantages in contemplating those hundreds of girls who came out during the same year that launched Elspeth into society. For only a few of these had arrived by the effortless path of money combined with position. The majority had mounted to their dizzying eminence over privations and through heartaches impossible to gather from the newspapers' glib announcements that Miss So-and-So had been introduced to society.

Many of these girls had come from families that had skimped for years in order to provide the fashionable school, the clothes, the entertainments and the other preliminaries for a debut. Others, like Doris Knaben, had been endowed with sufficient fortune to render such expenses insignificant, but these had lacked the overwhelming millions and the great beauty which in Elspeth's case had offset a nebulous social position.

With both these groups the predebut struggle had reached back to earliest childhood and had involved each contestant in rivalries, disappointments and snubs always reflected painfully in the hearts of her parents.

One there was, however, who could contemplate such phenomena with absolute serenity. This was the subject of these memoirs.

She was in my office just a few days before her debut, when her mother entered it.

"Elspeth," began Mrs. Lyken promptly, "I'm so glad I caught you before you went out with Melville. Your father's just been talking to me about those falcons."

"Oh, bother the falcons!" retorted her daughter, moving off toward the door.

"Now don't say that. Your father thinks it's perfectly ridiculous to keep Mr. Pigrim and the birds if nobody ever uses them. Here two years have gone by and the only time Boadicea and the others have ever got an airing is when some of the servants go out with Mr. Pigrim."

"But I tell you I hate falcon hunts," breathed Elspeth irritably, her hand on the door knob.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Lyken swiftly, "and I hate yachts. But does that keep me from going on the Nike?"

Even the expiring sense of humor in Elspeth Lyken revived at this simple pride in a superior fortitude.

"Yes, mother," she smiled, "nobody can say you haven't kept up on your yachting."

At this the other woman moved over and laid an appealing hand on her daughter's [illegible].

"Now, Elspeth," she pleaded, "please don't be unreasonable. For more than two years you've been so good—such a comfort to your father and me—now don't be stubborn about the falcons. Somebody's got to use those hawks."

"But I've told you a dozen times to sell them," answered Elspeth peevishly.

"Now there you go again. How often have I told you that we can't possibly get rid of them—not when your whole name's so bound up with falconry? Why, we'd all be the laughingstock of the town! Now I've got a plan. Suppose that next week, when St. John Bockton comes ——"

"Bother St. John Bockton!" cried Elspeth. "I've heard nothing else for two weeks!" And with that she flew out of the room.

After she was gone my employer sat down near me.

"Is Elspeth going out with Melville this afternoon?" she asked crossly, and my assent did nothing to dissipate the character of her tone. "Well," sniffed she, "I'd just like someone to explain to me how he can get away from his studies all the time."

Her wonder was legitimate. Some people there were who spoke of Melville Laird as going to college. Closer observers, however, described the process as coming from college. The famous university where he was now enrolled as a sophomore seemed to supply him merely with a base of departure.

"I don't like it one bit," reflected my employer. "Here is Elspeth just coming out and already people are saying she is engaged to Melville. Why, at Mrs. Artley's luncheon yesterday Mrs. Silver and several of the other women spoke of it as if it were quite a settled thing. 'Nothing of the sort,' explained I. 'Just a boy-and-girl friendship, that's all.' And then I told them all I thought a girl ought to have a chance to meet all nationalities and all ages before she made up her mind to a serious thing like matrimony. Why, it's perfectly ridiculous! Melville Laird, mind you, a boy of twenty-one and not through college yet!"

My employer's conversion to this viewpoint just expressed had not been a hasty one. Ever since Elspeth's meeting with young Laird there had been nothing really offensive to her in the coupling of the two names. In fact it was only during the past month that she had seen in the situation a menace to her daughter's broad horizons. To be concrete, her objections had begun to crystallize on the very day when she received word that Viscount Bockton's son was coming to pay his promised visit.

He arrived just ten days before Elspeth's debut, and from this time forth my employer was in an abnormal state. She was sleeping under the same roof with a young man who would some day be a viscount, and the sheer joy of it kept her awake at night. I was convinced that her ecstasy took this particular form when once, after midnight, I found her staring down at the boots outside our visitor's door.

She was looking at those untenanted boots as sentimentally as a maiden at a daisy. In another moment I feared she would stoop down and pull out the laces with a singsong croon of "He loves me, he loves me not." Instead, she merely lifted those blissful eyes to mine.

"Isn't it just like a page out of Dickens?" breathed she. "Oh, how I just love every one of their dear, quaint customs!"

At her first meeting with St. John, Elspeth did not share these transports. Neither, certainly, did I. Mrs. Lyken had informed me that the young Briton was twenty-four, but after a moment's contact with him I could not believe it. Nobody could possibly have become as rude as St. John in only twenty-four years. Such finished ill breeding needed at least half a century of steady application.

But though his first impression upon the girl was not favorable, several days did much toward inuring her to his charm. At the end of a week she was telling me that the European man certainly had much more to offer than the average American.

"The only trouble with St. John at first," she explained, "was that we were all too polite to him. There is something just frightfully obsequious about the American good nature. Now I've found out that the only way to get along with him is to be just as rude as he is. Oh, I positively work trying to say nasty things to him!"

That her five-finger exercises in bad manners proved acceptable even to this foreign virtuoso was very soon apparent. The young Englishman simply melted under her technic, and as Mrs. Lyken observed the pair together, her glance at the nocturnal row of boots in the hall was probably more fervent than ever.

"They belong to my son-in-law, the future viscount," she doubtless said to herself.

I seldom saw Elspeth during these days before her debut. They were too fully occupied with other people's debuts. For all "our set" were coming out that fall and every day brought its round of teas and dances. Carrying the future viscount proudly in her wake, the Lyken heiress usually sallied forth at luncheon and her chores did not end until three and four in the morning.

A word right here about these debuts which kept Elspeth so busy. It is frequently said that the present-day coming-out party has lost much of the ostentation that characterized it during the era when Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle was the ringmaster of the New York circus set. There is some degree of truth in this statement. We have outgrown the taste which, twenty years ago, was responsible for the million-dollar debut of one New York girl. Even so, the rites are not yet pastoral in character.

First of all, there is the question of a proper setting. Totally unfitting would it be that the tremulous, exquisite young thing should wing her way into that great untried world from anything save the most chic of cocoons. In Elspeth's case the chosen chrysalis was a famous and costly restaurant which charged five hundred dollars for that afternoon when Mrs. Lyken presented her daughter to adult circles.

As my employer moved about among her guests during that coming-out tea, I wondered often if the grotesqueness of her position struck her. Did she realize that these men and women to whom she was introducing Elspeth had really been introduced to her solely through the personality of this debutante daughter? I think not. All she knew was that at last her favorite tableau had come true. At last she, Mrs. James Lyken, snubbed and buffeted outsider, was securely inside.

And there was, indeed, food for triumph in that afternoon. Did not each of those fifteen girls assisting Elspeth represent the most exclusive elements of New York society? Was it not natural that the mothers of these same girls, including even the haughty Mrs. André Duchois, should accept Mrs. Lyken's hospitality? And was it

(Continued on Page 138)

Into *the* scrap-basket

modern wives have cast another tradition

Up-to-the-minute women go to one store . . . the A & P store . . . for all their table needs

THROWN out . . . . . discarded . . scrapped! That queer old custom of tramping from store to store for foods, is no more. Like last year's styles and countless other out-of-date things, it has been thrown into the scrap basket.

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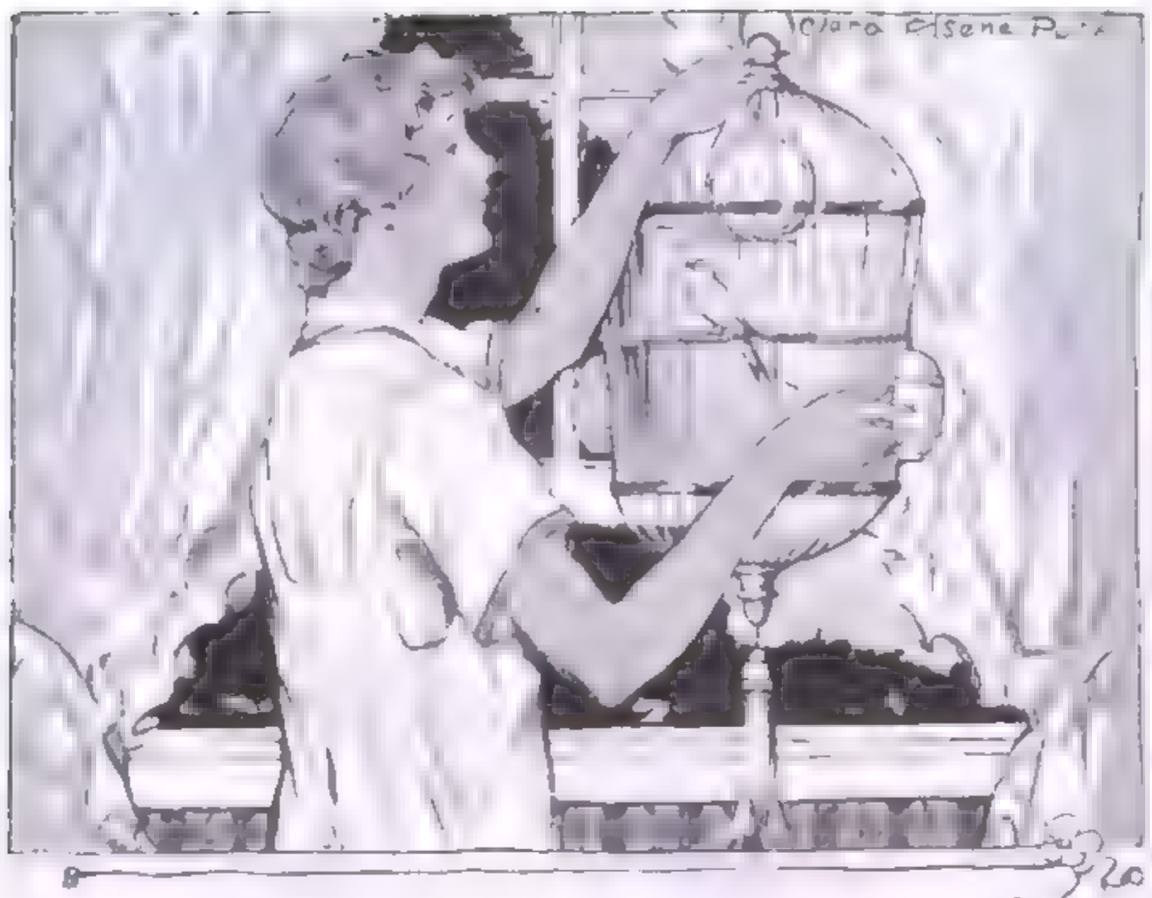


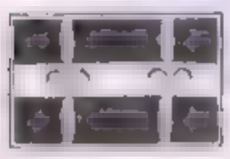
Her Little Feathered Companion cheered her through the long winter days

THEY had been born and raised in the heart of one of the busiest, noisiest cities in all the world. He was a cost accountant, and she was a stenographer in one of the great towers of the city where the sound of street traffic broke around them like distant thunder.

When they married and put their life savings together, they found they had enough to buy the farm of their dreams. "It will be wonderful," they said, "to get back to Nature and not have to worry about human nature any more."

At first it was. Then the loneliness began to get on her nerves. Sometimes, that first winter, her courage almost failed her, when she was forced to spend the long, gloomy days alone. For the first time in her life she longed for the crowds.

"I think the silence would have driven me mad, if it hadn't been for my gay little canary," she said. "All day long, as I went from room to room, I could hear him singing to me while I worked. He refused to let the endless brown fields and leaden skies dampen his spirits. And, somehow, he kept my courage up until I became accustomed to farm life, or I'm afraid that I would have deserted the little home that I had dreamed about so long."



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In the Bird Store

"Dearie, dearie, cheer up!" warbled the Littlest Bird. "Don't you know that most humans enjoy a grouch?" asked the Wise Old Bird. "That's because they don't know how good it feels to laugh and sing But I am showing them. Just watch them stop and try to whistle to me!"

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(Continued from Page 136)

not even more reasonable to suppose that Mr. Bertram Beaswick should evince gratitude for his annuity by bringing all the smartest bachelors in New York society?

Yes, and there was even more nourishing fare for a hungry ambition. Mrs. Quentin Van Feder Nest—she who had once repaid Mrs. Lyken's ten-thousand-dollar check by inviting her to meet other bulwarks of charity—had mellowed sufficiently to grace a scene where her own unprepossessing granddaughter was one of the assisting buds. Mrs. Percival Squiffen Van Clef—she who only two years before had picked up our Sèvres plates to look at the marks underneath—also was present. Not one of the women, in fact, who had insulted my employer during that first season absented herself from the tea. Through Elspeth's publicity they had become used to the idea of a Lyken being in society and they had fallen meekly in line with the democratic Mrs. Tilson Artley and the younger members of their group.

Was it any wonder that today Mrs. Lyken's glance at her husband said: "Now, you see. This is why I urged you to get rich"? Or that James Lyken, restlessly carrying his cargo of dry "Uh-huhs" from one guest to another, was warmed into life by the proffered elixir?

But although the tea marked the end of the long upward pull, it was not yet the summit. The heights were gained that next evening, when the Fifth Avenue mansion was thrown open to two hundred and fifty guests at Elspeth's coming-out dance. Of these, a hundred and fifty had been asked for dinner and a hundred extra dancing men were supposed to arrive simultaneously with the orchestra.

Although the majority of these guests belonged to Elspeth's set, an exception had been made in favor of the Artleys and the parents of Elspeth's fifteen assisting buds. For this reason the coming-out ball took on the character of that housewarming which, had it been undertaken at a timely period, would certainly have been misconstrued as a house cooling.

And how about Stacker Decke? To my amazement, Mrs. Lyken refused to include the publicity man who had assisted so notably in rearing the stately edifice of the Lyken fortune in this the first of her big entertainments.

"But why not?" I remonstrated. "You haven't had any difference, have you?"

She hesitated for a second.

"N-o-o," returned she, but I was struck by the prolongation of the syllable, and her explanation of a second afterward did nothing to reassure me. "You see," said my employer, "I'm so afraid people will get a wrong impression—seeing Stacker Decke always with us. I don't want everybody saying we had to have him get us into society."

"But, Mrs. Lyken," pressed I, "you simply can't offend Stacker Decke. Why, he'll never forgive you!"

She surveyed me with a serenity tinged by compassion for a nature so beset by petty apprehensions as mine.

"My dear Mrs. Pemberton," said she, inhaling her vowels more thoroughly than I had ever heard her, "he can't do anything to hurt us."

Certainly, on this great occasion of the housewarming debut, no thermal quality was lacking. For it our thirty-five-thousand-dollar lace banquet cloth was brought forth from its long retirement. Five thousand dollars' worth of champagne, to say nothing of less costly beverages, had been confided to Harleigh Woods, the fashionable caterer, had brought his squad of extra men to our nucleus of four footmen. Flory had done nothing to detract from his reputation, and his bill of four hundred and eighty dollars for the bouquets of Elspeth and her assistants conveys a fragmentary idea of this particular total.

Yes, the Botticelli Girl was out at last—out in a world which would have submerged any other girl of her set. Yet she managed to dominate it. As she stood there in the drawing-room, where afterward the dancing was to take place, I turned frequently to that tall figure in the turquoise period frock dominating the long reception line at one end of the room. Appropriately enough, the Mazos portrait which had done so much to assist her to this present elevation, where, as graduate of Barrett and member of the Young Alliance, she welcomed Gotham's Mayfair, hung over her head. For tonight of all nights Elspeth Lyken lived up to her slogan. By sheer force of that famed early Italian beauty she had redeemed vulgar extravagance into a sort of Medicean splendor.

Others there were who must have shared this thought. Melville Laird, for example! Ever since St. John's arrival this young man had found his frequent absences from college extremely unprofitable. That now he had read the handwriting on the wall—this was evident enough from the wretched eyes which he kept turning upon the girl who, a little more than two years before, had conjured him from far-off magical shores.

It was now past eight, and for twenty minutes the guests had been ascending that stairway past the beautiful Fragonard and other masterpieces, through aisles of footmen in green-and-buff liveries, then to the doorway where Harleigh awaited them. At last came a lull, and it was probably Mr. Lyken, appreciably nervous from the strain of standing in one spot for twenty minutes, who instigated an inquiry. Had everybody arrived?

Harleigh came back from the footmen on the stairs to report that all but one were in. The belated guest was Mr. Christopher Lovegrove. As Elspeth heard that name she tapped the floor impatiently with one slender foot, incased tonight in hundred-dollar slippers.

That Christopher had been invited at all was due entirely to Mrs. Lyken's influence. Although the young man was now firmly intrenched in "our set," although Elspeth probably danced with him every day at somebody's tea or somebody's dance, she saw no reason why fate should develop into calculation.

"You simply can't offend the Nests like that," had insisted her mother. "I think he's really engaged to Ellen. Anyway, Mrs. Nest was talking about him yesterday—what a nice fellow he is—and we both agreed we didn't mind the sort of family anybody came from, provided he was only simple and natural about it."

"Simple and natural!" had scoffed her daughter. "He's anything but that. Some of these days the Nests are going to have a sad awakening. Everybody knows it's Agnes Duchois he's really mad about."

After Harleigh's report, we waited at least two minutes longer. Mrs. Lyken began to look flustered. Mr. Lyken continued to look desperate.

As for Elspeth, I saw her trying to converse with St. John Bockton, who had just come to speak to her, but her eye wandered angrily to the door guarded by our princely butler. Finally, she could bear it no longer.

"Let's not wait another minute," she whispered to her mother. "Fancy being held up like this by the junkman's son!"

Hardly were the words out of her mouth when the eyes fixed beyond Harleigh's shoulder widened in sudden terror. I wheeled about then just in time to see a big-framed man of about seventy enter the door. For a moment the man blinked dazedly at the brilliant room. In a moment, however, he recovered himself.

"How do you do?" said he in a great, windy voice that blew to the most sheltered corner of the room.

Even in that supreme shock of being treated as a fellow being, the butler did not forget the debt he owed to the world.

"Your name, if you please," said he stiffly.

"I'm Dr. Victor Bannister, and I've come to see my daughter, Mrs. Lyken."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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"If I hadn't another *I'd still be*

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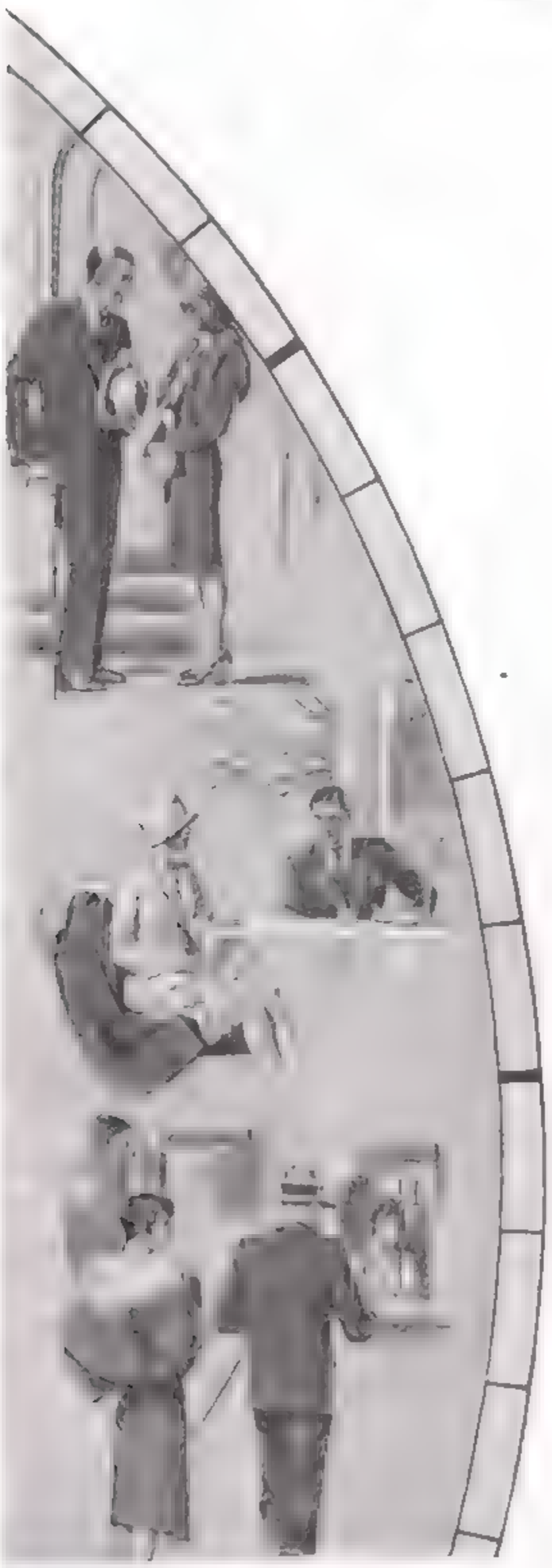

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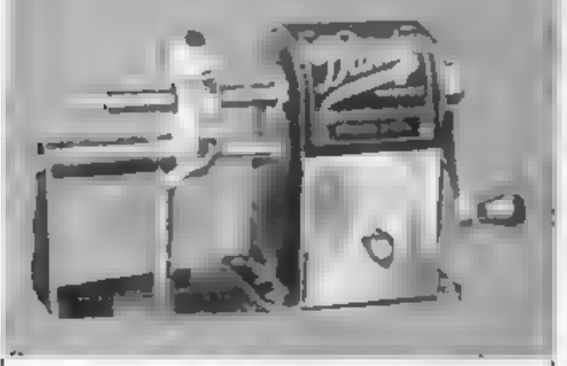

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CONCERNING MOONEY

(Continued from Page 25)

for him to give me the word on. It will be a sweet play, and I am going to get my customers into it for good money. I swore to Mooney I wouldn't say anything to anybody, but it is something Bailey Wallace is going to work."

"So Mooney is close to Bailey Wallace, is he?" I says.

"Sure he is," says Bill. "He gets a look-in on everything Wallace does. They played around together down in Florida last winter. Mooney told me they did."

Bailey Wallace is a big plunger that got a terrible swipe in Parvin Stores some time ago. He had come back strong, though, and I wasn't surprised Mooney was claiming to be his intimate friend, like he was everybody's—in a pig's eye.

By this time I was so interested I wanted to see the laddiebuck doing his act, so the next time he was gabbing to the crowd around the ticker I drifted out that way and set in on the comedy. Bill Steck was there, and Old Man Cook had his nose wiping the tape as usual, and one of our regular chair warmers named Harry Kelly was also in the party. They had been scrapping over something and Kelly must of lost the decision. He was sore as a boil at everybody, and specially Mooney.

Just when I come up somebody says, "Look at Hilltop Pete! It's up four points today."

Then they all looked at Mooney like he was the one that certainly would tell them why Hilltop was strong, and he done so pronto.

"It's the Standard Oil doing that," he remarks. "One of the important directors that I know pretty well tipped me off to it when I was up playing golf with him last Sunday."

"Let's see the dime he give you," says Harry Kelly.

"Oh, it wasn't John D.," says Mooney, quite serious. "I ain't played with John D. since down in Florida last winter."

"I'm surprised," says Kelly. "How long since you went fishing with Coolidge?"

Mooney just give him one of these blank stares and says: "Where did you get that idea? I never went fishing with Coolidge or anybody. I don't care much for fishing."

"Listen!" says Bill Steck. "Why didn't you say something about Hilltop? I would of put some of my customers into it."

"It just slipped my mind," says Mooney. "I get things like that all the time, and I can't keep them all in my head."

"I should think you would have a notebook and jot them down," says Old Man Cook.

"He would get writer's cramp the first day," cracks Harry Kelly. "It is safer to train the mind, if any."

The old man give Harry a dirty look and says to Mooney: "Don't be disturbed by this noise around here. Hilltop acts like it was a buy right here. How high did you hear it is going?"

"I didn't hear," Mooney admits. "My Standard Oil friend would of told me, of course, but I didn't think to ask him."

"Instead of dropping out, I will call that," says Kelly. "What's his name, so as we can get him on the phone and you can ask him now?"

"He went out to Chicago," Mooney says. "I was going with him in his private car, only I couldn't make it this week on account of having something important on the fire."

"I have been smelling it," remarks Kelly. "It's air, and it's been hot some time."

"No," says Mooney, "it's a deal we've got with the Chase Bank. I'm on my way over there now to sign up some papers."

"Don't hurry," says Kelly.

"I'll have to hurry if I want to get back and see how the market closes," Mooney says.

"That's what I meant," says Kelly. "Don't hurry back."

So Mooney digs out, and then the whole crowd lights on Harry.

"What do you think you're trying to do?" yelps Old Man Cook. "Mooney will be sore and he won't come around again. Do you want to kill the best information this office ever got?"

"That's right," says Bill Steck. "You can't ride a high-class man like Mooney that way."

"If he don't come back I'll give a party," says Kelly. "He's a phony and you're all crazy."

They all acted like that was a personal insult, and for a while it sounded like a dog show. I went back to the order room and told Johnny Neff about the conversation, and I said:

"What do you suppose this bucko's game is? He might of got a cut out of Doc Ellison's profit on that five hundred Blue Creek, but what else is he getting?"

"He's getting a reputation, ain't he?" says Johnny. "Mercenary enterprise will follow in the due course of human events. In the meantime watch the way the oyster opener is goo-gooing your boss and mine."

"Do you mean Willoughby Wilson?" I asked Johnny. "What's Mooney doing to him?"

"How can you sleep so sound with all these lights going?" says Johnny. "Don't you notice Mooney draping himself along Willoughby's primrose path every chance he gets?"

I hadn't noticed it before, but I watched, and it turned out Johnny was right. Then one morning the boss sent for me to come in his office.

"Larry," he says, "this remarkable Mr. Mooney is forever telling me astonishing things."

"Yes, sir," I said. "He is a kind of a queer bird."

"So is the eagle on an American dollar, yet it is very well thought of," says Mr. Wilson.

"Yes, sir," I said, "and so is Mooney well thought of."

"But Mooney may not be an eagle," says the boss.

"No, sir," I said.

"Then we agree on that," he says. "Please report to me anything you discover either for or against our mutual theory."

"Yes, sir," I said; and I went out in the customers' room and run smack into Mooney.

"I want to see Mr. Wilson," he says. "I want to tell him something important."

"He's busy," I said. "Won't it keep?"

"No," says Mooney. "I want to tell him the Federal Reserve is likely to put the discount rate down."

"Your train's late," I says. "It was all in one of the morning papers, and Mr. Wilson can read as good as you can."

"Yes, but you couldn't believe that," he says. "It wasn't official."

"And how is yours official?" I asked him.

"I just got it private from a certain friend of mine down in Washington," he told me. "He is an important man that is right next to Mellon."

And that was the way it was with all of Mooney's guff. You couldn't answer him except by expressing a polite opinion he was a liar.

He didn't keep passing out hot tips, either. Instead of that he set back and acted like an information bureau. Old Man Cook says to him, for instance:

"The papers say this Modern Motors dividend is likely to be increased, and I would buy some of it if I only knew for sure. Do you hear anything?"

"They're going to increase it," says Mooney, right off the bat. "I heard about it a week ago. A friend of mine that is on the executive committee told me confidential."

So Old Cook bought two hundred Modern, and he made a lucky get-away with over three points' profit the next day just before the stock broke wide open on the news that the dividend wasn't increased at all. And then he come yapping to me about how good Mooney's information was that he made three points on. Can you beat it?

Of course the way the market was climbing made it easy for the guy. Half the list was jumping every day, and everybody was excited and making a little money with their eyes shut, so it was real Mooney weather. About the only one around the office that didn't think he was Queen of the May was Harry Kelly, and even Harry come in finally when Mooney put on his big stunt. And that's what I started to tell about.

Little Johnny Neff smelt it coming. One afternoon he says to me:

"Larry, let's us take a squint at certain phases of Kid Mooney. He has grabbed off a lot of applause from Ellison lately, but I can't remember him actually shoving the doc into anything by force since that one Blue Creek splash. Am I right?"

"Check," I says.

"Nor yet," goes on Johnny, "has the alligator kicked in with them sure things he was going to get from sundry elephants of finance and pass out to lesser animals in our own menagerie. Am I still right?"

"Check," I says, "so far as I know."

"Well," says Johnny, "what's he holding off for?"

"He is too busy cracking other jokes," I said. "Wait till the market quiets down."

"No," Johnny says, "opportunity will then be gone blooey. The fish has got to do his stuff ere this harvest moon wanes in Wall Street or else human nature is a flop."

The thing started the next day. Only a minute or two before the market closed, Blue Creek Coal run up a couple of points to 73 and Mooney went into action.

I told you before how Doc Ellison took over six points' profit on five hundred shares of Blue Creek on that first tip. He done it by buying around 71 and selling out around 78, and the stock never went much higher than that. Instead it soon backed down to about 70 and went dead for a while; and this little jump to 73 was the first sign of life it showed since.

The little move didn't look like much to me. The tape showed how only a few hundred shares changed hands on the way up, and baby spurts like that might happen any time. But Mooney had a different idea. He come running in to me and wanted Ellison on the phone quick.

"Doctor," he yodels, "Blue Creek has started like I told you it was getting ready to. Buy it right now."

By that time it was three o'clock and I yelled out the market was closed. So Mooney says to the doc:

"I could of told you sooner, only Dan Nugent didn't intend the move to start till tomorrow. I was going to let you know tonight. Somebody must of bought ahead of time, and Dan will be good and sore at whoever it was. I'll go see him now and phone you later. Get ready to jump in on the opening tomorrow. We can buy it anywheres this side of 75 and make fifty points on it."

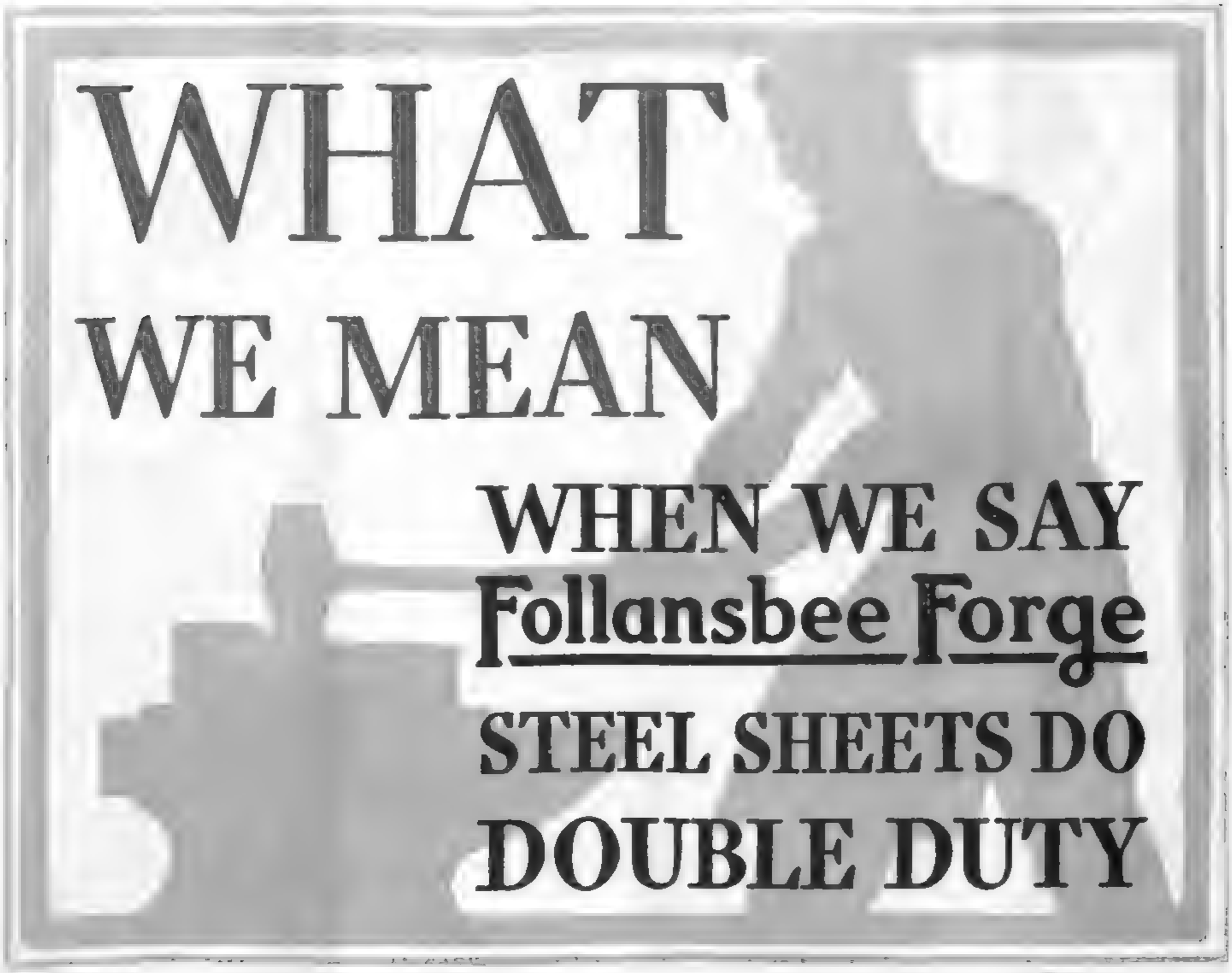
Then he beat it out, and Johnny Neff says to me: "Didn't my subconscious tip me off to us being on the brink of the ides of March? Either the hour is now zero or my clock is cockeyed."

"Maybe I was wrong thinking that was hooey about him knowing Nugent," I says. "He wouldn't pull the same gag a second time if there wasn't something in it."

"You couldn't of had a very good psychology course in Harvard," Johnny says. "If you had, you would know you don't know what a rooster like Mooney wouldn't do."

Early the next morning Ellison shot me an order to buy a thousand Blue Creek at

(Continued on Page 145



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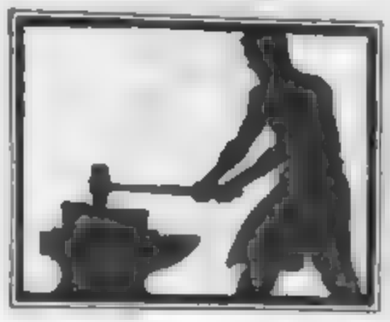

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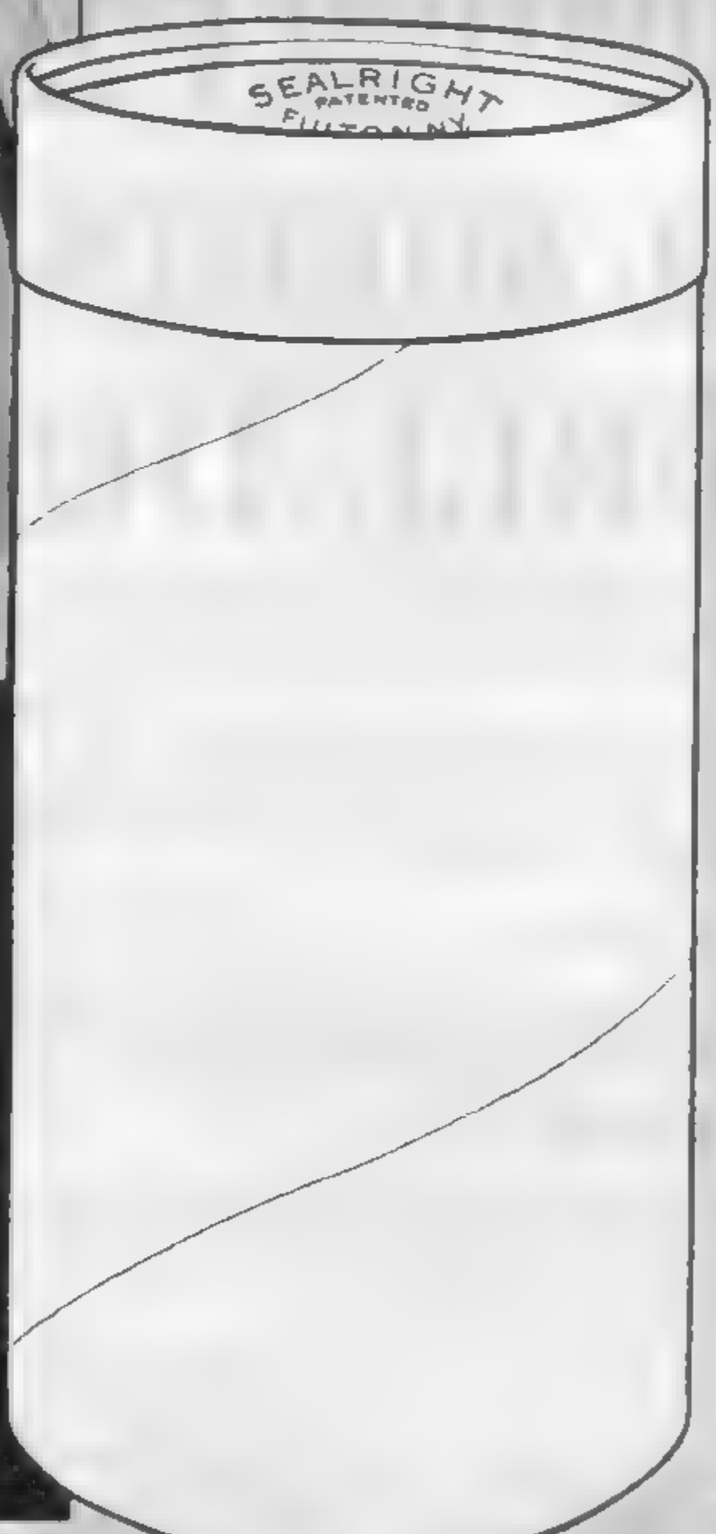

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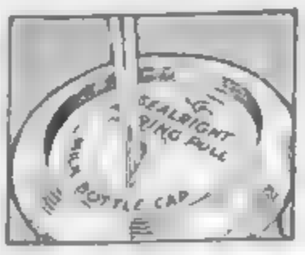

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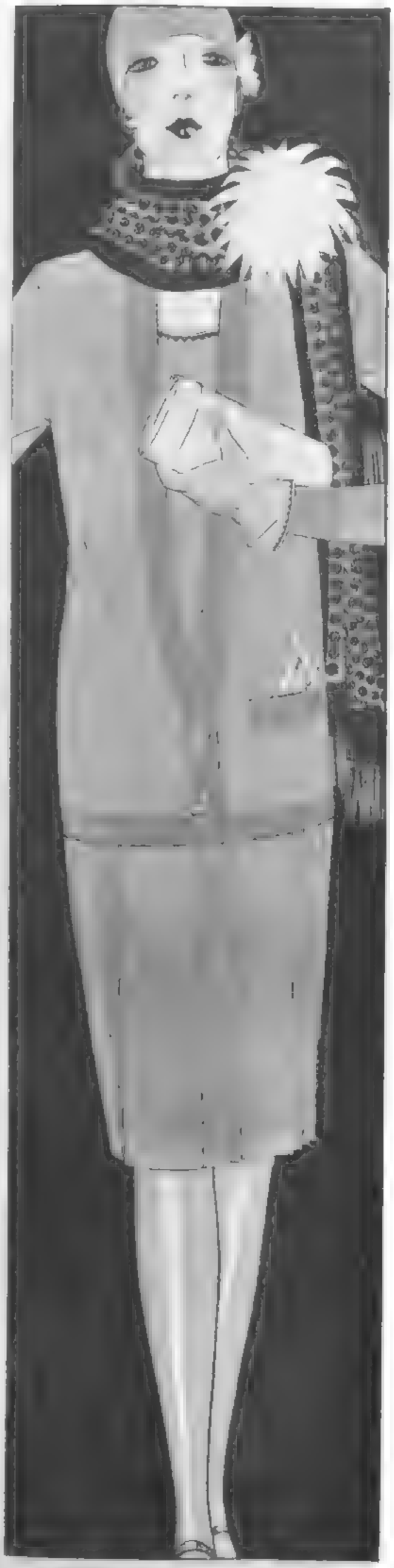

SEALRIGHT
Liquid Tight Paper Containers

(Continued from Page 142)

the opening. We paid all the way from 74 up to 76¼ for it, and you should of heard the doc's line of language when I phoned him the prices. If any poor boob was in his office waiting to get a tooth bored out, I will bet he changed dentists without delay.

Mooney was sore, too, when he heard how high we paid, and I knew by that he must have an interest in the doc's gamble. He scooted out of the office like he was mad, but in about an hour he was back again, and talking hard to Bill Steck. And pretty soon after that, Bill begin to slide buying orders for Blue Creek in through my window. First he bought five hundred shares for one of his best shooters and then he bit off some for four or five more.

"Whose bright idea is this?" I asked him, but he pretended he didn't hear me.

Then Benny Powell and one of the other customers' men come along and bought a few hundred Blue Creek for some of their people, and two or three of the sitters bought a hundred apiece. And finally Old Man Cook shoves me in an order to buy four hundred shares.

"You're getting to be a plunger," I told him.

"I know my business," says the old crab. "All I want out of this firm's order clerks is polite service."

Blue Creek was up another couple of points by this time, and we paid 78 for Cookie's four hundred. I wanted to see what was going on around the ticker, so I took his report out to him. The usual gang was there, with Mooney and old Cook squeezing the tape and Harry Kelly getting off sarcastic remarks about their latest favorite investment. Of course Cook made a yell about how high we paid for his stock, and Kelly says to him:

"What do you care what you paid? Didn't I hear it was a perfect bargain anywheres south of 150?"

"That's the price it will go to," says Mooney. "You'll see why when you get the news."

"News won't be enough," Kelly says. "It will need the bedtime stories, and Mutt and Jeff, and a couple of department-store ads."

"Yah!" Cookie snaps at him. "Go on and get short of it if you think Blue Creek is such a joke. Then I will laugh."

"Don't go short unless you enjoy getting squeezed," Mooney says. "We'll give the shorts a run-in when the news comes out."

"When is this news coming, and what is it?" asks Kelly.

"I can't say anything yet," Mooney told him, "but don't be surprised when you read about Blue Creek going into a big coal combine at a high price."

"You will have to think up something new if you want to have a secret from me," says Kelly. "I read that one on the news ticker an hour ago."

"Where?" says Mooney. "I didn't see it."

But I noticed he didn't bother to go look for it, either. The egg probably seen it before Kelly did. Anyhow Old Man Cook run over to the news machine, and he read out a piece that said the early advance in Blue Creek was accompanied by rumors of a coal consolidation, but they couldn't be confirmed.

"Oh, that one," says Mooney. "I give that out myself just to have something in the papers. The real official news won't be let out for another day or two. We'll hold it back till the stock is higher."

That was when a change come over Kelly. "Listen," he says to Mooney, "is this on the level about Blue Creek?"

"Did you think I just invented it?" says Mooney.

"I didn't know," says Harry, "but that coming out on the ticker makes it different. I might take a chance on some Blue Creek myself if it drops off a little."

"Why will it drop off?" Mooney wants to know.

"All right," says Kelly, "I'll watch it." And ten minutes after, he give me an order to buy two hundred. We paid 78½ for it.

The stock didn't do much more till a little before the closing. Then Bill Steck rounded up a couple more customers for two or three hundred apiece, and we paid as high as 79 for some. Right after that Mooney blew in from wherever he was out to that time, and he gets Doc Ellison on the phone.

"It will probably open up above 80 tomorrow," says Mooney, "and then you won't be able to catch it. Why don't we buy five hundred more right here? We got nearly four points already on the thousand we bought this morning, and the way to pyramid it is to buy another five hundred anyhow."

So the doc bites and puts in an order to buy five hundred. We paid 80 for the last hundred of it right on the close.

Well, when I come to figure up, we had bought a total of fifty-one hundred Blue Creek for the different customers that day, and Mr. Wilson was away that week, so I couldn't tell him about it. I tried to tell Mr. Reilly when he come over from the Stock Exchange, but being the firm's member on the floor of the exchange, he never paid much attention to what went on in the office. He said:

"All I know is every time I went in there with a new order, somebody around the Blue Creek post seemed to know it was a buying order I had, and they would bid up the price on me, and then hit me with the stock higher up. I can't be sure, but I think practically all the selling came from that slick outfit that trades in Garfield & Co.'s office."

"What other houses bought it except us?" I asked him; and he says, "Outside of a few traders, Reilly & Wilson was nearly the whole show on the buying side."

That didn't sound so good to me, so I got hold of Bill Steck.

"You must think a lot of Mooney's dope," I says.

"Well," says Bill, "I been waiting some time for this one, and I thought I would hit it on the nose."

"Oh," I said, "do you mean this is that extra-special hot one that Mooney said Bailey Wallace was going to put over?"

"This is it," Bill says; "only there has been a change, and Dan Nugent is handling it instead of Bailey Wallace."

After that I went and buzzed Old Man Cook. He was still hanging around the office, reading over the news slips, and I says to him, "I suppose this Blue Creek is the big thing Mooney told you the Rector Street Bank crowd was going to pull off sometime."

"This is it," Cookie says; "only now Dan Nugent is doing it, with the Rector Street people backing him. It is going out of sight, but not being a regular hog, I am going to be satisfied with fifty points' profit on mine."

The next morning, of course, everybody was all set to see Blue Creek open way up and go on mountain climbing. Only it didn't. It opened at 80, right where it had closed. We had seven hundred shares more to buy for different customers and we got it all off a hot plate at that price. Ten minutes later the stuff was down to 78, and by twelve o'clock it was around 75. Then it didn't do anything the rest of the day. The last price was 75.

You might know Mooney was kept busy explaining, but he got through the day pretty good. First he went shooting out of the office like he was going to a fire. Then he come shooting back, and said he found out Blue Creek was just having a little temporary reaction that couldn't last long. Instead of feeling sore, everybody ought to buy more, like his own crowd was doing.

He pumped Doc Ellison full of how Dan Nugent had just told him this and that, and he even kept Old Man Cook from being more peevish than usual, which was quite a trick. So as long as the stock didn't go any lower than 75 in the afternoon, there wasn't as much beefing around the office as you might expect.

But the next morning was different. The first sale of Blue Creek was 73½, and then

"... Flashed right in his face"

"My young nephew, not 10 yet, was playing with an old powder can. He foolishly thought he would burn the pinch of powder he managed to shake out of the 'empty' can. There was an explosion, right in the boy's face. One whole cheek was blackened. Eyebrows were singed off, and one hand was scorched. We treated the burns at once—with Unguentine. The first application soothed the pain. The burns were healed with surprising rapidity. And left no scars whatever."

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LEFT

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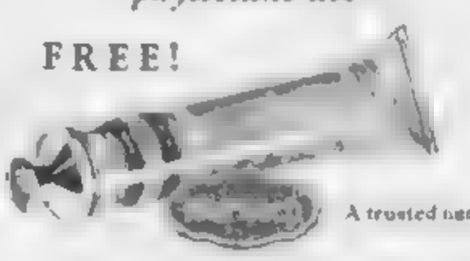

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it slid right down to 70. That was enough punishment for Harry Kelly, and he stopped swearing long enough to yell in to me to sell out his two hundred shares at 70 or better. Right away word come back from the exchange that plenty of other stock was already offered at 70 and the best bid was 68½. And while I was passing out that glad news to Harry, Blue Creek come out on the tape on a run down to 67.

You can imagine Mooney didn't find that so easy to get away with. Everybody went up in the air at once.

"Jumping Christopher!" Old Man Cook yaps at him. "Go do something! Go find out about it! Go ask somebody! Call somebody up! Hell's bells! You got me hooked in it, and I want to know something! Jumping Christopher!"

"Go right now and in a hurry," says Harry Kelly. "Stop off some place and give out that news you been talking about. I want to see that news, Mooney. I certainly want to see that news, or else I will make some for the papers myself, and me and you and an ambulance will all be in it."

"Oh, you'll see it," Mooney says, trying to laugh it off. "You'll see that stock come back to 80 in five minutes too. Can't you see it's only a shake-out going on in it? I'll get hold of a certain party and I'll know just when they are going to turn it."

Bill Steck stopped him on the way out and I heard Bill saying: "I'm in an awful hole with a lot of my customers, Mooney. I got to have something to tell them. I got to know what's what. You go see Nugent or Bailey Wallace and find out. I got to know."

"That's where I'm going now," Mooney says. "I'll be right back."

Then I caught him. "You better come in and give Ellison something to relieve the pain," I says. "He will be bughouse when I tell him where Blue Creek is."

"Wait till I get back," says Mooney. "Just tell the doctor I went over to see Dan. He will know who I mean. Tell him I'll let him know what Dan said as soon as I come back."

But he didn't come back. What Dan said come out on the news ticker that afternoon. Dan said there wasn't a Chinaman's chance of Blue Creek going into a coal combine, because there wasn't going to be no coal combine. Dan said the only news he could see coming on Blue Creek was the annual report, and it was going to be rotten. But I can't tell if Dan said any of that to Mooney, because we ain't seen Mooney since.

Maybe you noticed Blue Creek got as low as 43 that time before the slump stopped. It didn't get a wide-open break, but just kept slipping three or four points a day. The crowd in our office took an awful beating, of course. Most of them sold out on the way down, one by one. Doc Ellison is keeping his fifteen hundred shares yet. Mooney was supposed to get a third of the doc's profits for giving him the Dan Nugent information, and the other day the doc says to me, "I would give a third of the loss to have Mooney up here in this comfortable operating chair of mine for a third of an hour."

Old Man Cook held on a while and finally took his medicine around 60. The same day he sold out, Tidewater Freight had a twelve-point jump and the old man just went off his nut.

"Look at that Tidewater!" he yelped, grabbing hold of Mr. Wilson and nearly crying. "Mooney lied to me about that too. He got me to dump mine twenty points lower. He told me the Allens sold out all their stock over in Garfield's office. Nobody around here knew enough to tell me different. That's the kind of a place this is."

The minute he said Garfield's I got a hunch. It come in my mind how Mr. Reilly said he thought it was Garfield & Co. that sold us all that Blue Creek the day we bought so much of it. Then I begin to guess around, but it didn't get me anywheres; so when I got through in the office that afternoon I dropped over to see Eddie Valentine. Eddie is head order clerk in Garfield's and we used to be great buddies. He is just like that with Sidney Garfield himself.

Eddie give me a funny grin when he seen me come in, and he says, "Hello, Larry Santy Claus. I been expecting you. Take a seat and tell me some secrets I am interested in."

"I'll swap some with you," I says, not knowing what he meant.

"All right," says Eddie. "You shoot first."

So I asked him to tell me confidential if the Allen boys had sold out all their Tidewater Freight a couple of months ago, before the stock started to go up.

"Whoever told you that couldn't of come out of the ether yet," Eddie says. "We haven't done anything but buy Tidewater for the Allens for a year. We're carrying more of it for them right now than we ever did."

"I was just checking up on something I heard," I said.

"I have checked it," says Eddie, "and now I will ask you one. How did your boob firm enjoy the way we stung you in Blue Creek Coal?"

"It wasn't the firm," I told him. "It was only some of the customers."

"Come clean with me," says Eddie. "Reilly & Wilson tried to get away with a bonehead play in Blue Creek and we trimmed them. That firm of yours is a hearty laugh."

"You ought to lay off meat," I says to him. "What happened was a lot of the customers bit into a bum tip and got plastered, and that's all."

"And who handed them the tip?"

"A fish by the name of Mooney," I says; and then Eddie let out a yell.

"Mooney!" he says, and it took him a minute to get his breath back. "Are you telling me all that happened just through Mooney giving your yokels a steer?" says Eddie. "Who did he tell them was going to put Blue Creek up?"

"His intimate friend Dan Nugent," I says; and then I thought Eddie would laugh his head off. Finally he give me the scenario.

"Listen," Eddie says, "we are kind of cute around this shop, and it happens we are pretty well acquainted with Dan Nugent. Dumb ikes like you didn't know it, but two or three months ago we handled a move in Blue Creek for him. We shoved it up to near 80, and Nugent slipped out of practically all his stock. Naturally, we had to know he was selling on account the company's business was punk and getting worse.

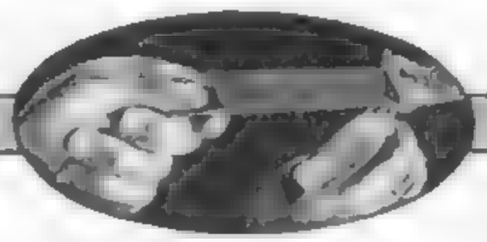
"But after that party was all over, this wall-eyed pike Mooney butts in on Mr. Garfield one day and tells him a story. He says Dan Nugent is getting ready to make a big bull play in Blue Creek and it is going to be handled in Reilly & Wilson's office. Mooney says he is Reilly & Wilson's sweetheart, or something, and he will know every move they make in this Blue Creek circus. So if we will only buy and carry some of the stock for him on no margin, he will tip us off to everything Reilly & Wilson does before they do it.

"Of course, Mr. Garfield goes to Dan Nugent with this yawp and Nugent says it is all the bunk. He also says, 'If Reilly & Wilson or anybody else tries to jack up Blue Creek Coal you needn't be afraid to sell it to them, because the way business is going the stock is selling twice too high right now.'

"So from that Mr. Garfield can figure out either Mooney is lying about the whole thing, or else Reilly & Wilson are framing it to fox the Street into believing Nugent is back of the game they want to run in Blue Creek Coal. Being a suspicious guy by birth, he picks the last as the best guess and he gathers a few of our best shooters into a friendly little bear pool. Then he says to Mooney:

"'I don't want to do anything in Blue Creek till Reilly & Wilson starts to put it

Continued on Page 149

STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL  TO THE PERFECT SHAVE

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Because it solves the problem of men with stubborn beards, the new Valet AutoStrop Razor is taxing our factories' capacity to meet America's demand.

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Beautifully finished models complete with blades and an improved strop in handsome cases at $1.00 to $25.

Also a New and Finer Shaving Cream

Produced by the Makers of The Valet AutoStrop Razor

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AutoStrop Safety Razor Company, Inc., 656 First Avenue, New York City — In Canada: AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 83 Duke St., Toronto

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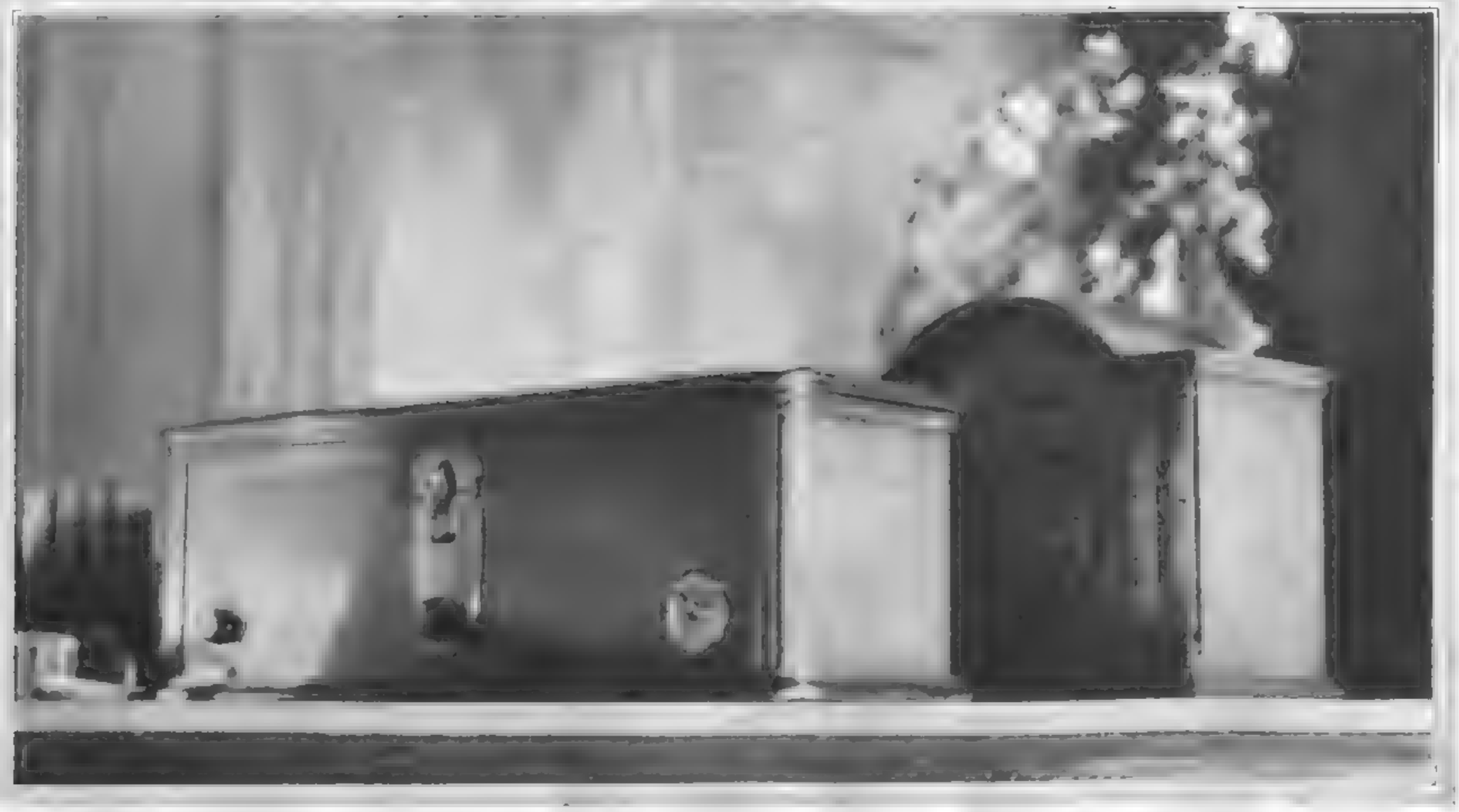

Brunswick Radio, Model 5KR. A highly perfected 7-tube set that attains a new standard in musical quality. Complete light-socket operation. Price $115, less tubes. Brunswick Model "A" Speaker, electro-magnetic type with output filter. Reproduces naturally the full audible frequency range. Price $35.

More to Choose From *on* Brunswick!

Panatropes • Radio • Records
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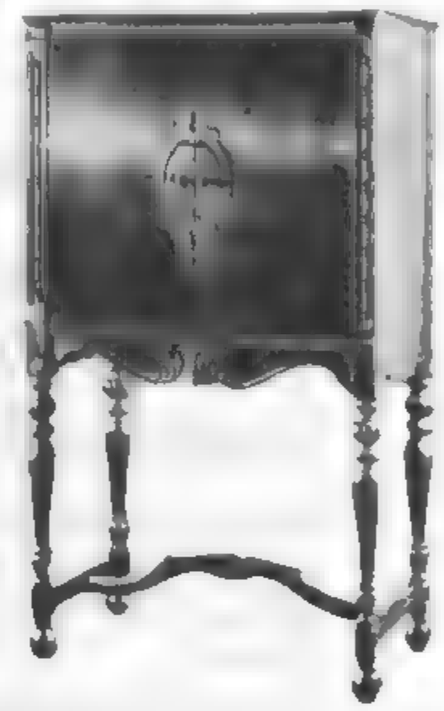

Brunswick Radio, Model 5KRO. The same equipment as described at the top of page enclosed in beautiful highboy type console of American Walnut. Built-in Brunswick Model "A" Speaker. Price $215, less tubes.

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BRUNSWICK offers this year the greatest variety in radio and record-playing instruments of any manufacturer! Certainly, since this is so, you will want to inspect Brunswick's great new line before making a purchase in either field.

Brunswick Radio is our newest development . . . radio built to the same high musical standard as the Brunswick Panatrope. In Brunswick Radio, as in other Brunswick instruments, you will find tone is natural and beautiful in new degree. Bass and high notes are in their exact natural relation. Cabinets are of the fine craftsmanship for which Brunswick is famous. Operation is entirely electrical . . . from the light socket. Single dial tuning.

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Panatropes • Radio • Records • Panatrope-Radiolas

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., Chicago • New York • Toronto • Branches in All Principal Cities

(Continued from Page 146)

up. But as soon as they do, you come and tell me, and then I might make you some money if the stock goes higher the way you say it will.'

"Sure enough, one morning you birds start bidding Blue Creek up, and Mooney gallops in here and tells us the move is on. So Mr. Garfield says thanks and tells him to keep us wised up to whatever Reilly & Wilson does. And then our little bear pool begins to sell all the Blue Creek you people or anybody else happens to want to buy. On the way up to 80 we got short of about eight thousand shares and Reilly & Wilson bought the most of it. We certainly felt sore when you pikers stopped buying, on account then we couldn't sell any more without breaking the price.

"But when we found you had stopped, we naturally jumped right in and kicked Blue Creek in the face. You can see now what a pipe it was to crack it. All we had to do was breathe hard and it would fade away another five points. Nugent helped us when he come out with that statement about no combine, but there wasn't no buying in the stuff anyhow. So we let it break below 50 before we covered a share of our shorts, and finally the pool cleaned up around a quarter of a million on the play. And that's all, and don't you think it was a good trick?"

"Some people might think it was good," I says. "Did you give Mooney a pension, or something?"

"Why would we?" says Eddie. "All the crook done was try and frame us, the same as he framed you poor dumb-bells."

"Speaking of crooks framing somebody," I says, "why ain't the cops in here now?"

"Yeah," Eddie grins, "but we got away with it, didn't we? This pickle duster didn't."

"What do you mean—pickle duster?" I asked him. "Mooney is in the confidential publicity business."

"If I see your nurse I will tell her it is time for your bottle," says Eddie. "Mooney is in the delicatessen business up in Third Avenue. One of our stenogs lives around the corner from him. She says you wouldn't know the duck with his apron on."

I told Mr. Willoughby Wilson the whole thing the next morning. "Only," I says, "we can't tell the customers, because it would get Eddie Valentine in dutch for spilling office business."

"What good would it do to tell them anyhow?" says Mr. Wilson. "Any other Mooney will smell as sweet to them if he don't use the same name."

So I didn't tell anybody but Johnny Neff and Johnny says: "Let's us dress up and pay a call on Mooney in his delicatessen some night. I would like to purchase some of his merchandise to give for a souvenir to Old Man Cook."

"What would you buy for the old man?" I asked him.

"A carving of Limburger," says Johnny. "It will remind him of Blue Creek Coal."

OUR VISIT TO THE CZAR OF THE VALLEY OF ROSES

(Continued from Page 11)

expecting our visit, and had been informed of all our movements by his police after we had landed in Bulgaria.

He knew all about us and his keen interest had been excited for more than one reason. Two of the ladies of our party were French princesses and Ferdinand took legitimate pride in his French descent. Was he not the son of Princess Clementine, daughter of Louis Philippe, the last French king of the Bourbon family? He knew well the Duke de Rohan, and one of Princess Murat's uncles, Count de Lasteyrie, had been brought up with the princesses, daughters of Louis Philippe and his wife Queen Marie-Amélie.

As for the other Princess Murat, she was a cousin of the imperial family of France, the Bonapartes; and Princess Clementine of Belgium, King Ferdinand's first cousin, had been married, only a year previous, to the head of the Bonaparte family, the Prince Pretender, Victor Napoleon.

The Bibescos, also, King Ferdinand knew well by name, and the French minister said he had graciously alluded to my recent book on Persia which had been crowned by the French Academy.

Listening to all these flattering words, we felt that we had been discovered and that it was too late to attempt to slip out of Bulgaria unnoticed. The minister added that even our motor performances would be a matter of interest to His Majesty, as the king was very fond of motoring and was about the only person in Bulgaria, except the diplomats, to own and drive motor cars.

Our trip through his country had interested him to such an extent that we were told he had postponed his annual voyage to his shooting place in Hungary expressly to receive us in Sofia. His special train, ordered for that same day, had been countermanded and his journey put off. This was a great proof indeed of his interest and courtesy, and it was quite out of the question that we could fail under the circumstances to go and write our names on the royal register this very morning.

The arguments sounded very strong. Princess Lucien Murat, my husband and myself were ready to surrender, but Princess Eugène Murat's resolution was still unmoved, and so was our cousin Emanuel, though on quite different grounds. He had no suitable clothes to wear, either for tea or dinner, with the king and queen. His principle when motoring in a somewhat rough country was to dress on simple lines and not be bothered with servants and extra luggage. His wardrobe was in a single bag he could easily carry himself and consisted exclusively of flannels.

This the French minister thought quite a serious objection. King Ferdinand was known to be a great upholder of court etiquette; it was quite impossible that a stranger should be admitted into his presence for the first time wearing flannels. Princess Eugène Murat had quite other reasons for not wishing to see the king and they had nothing to do with her garments. Brought up as a free citizen of a republic, she avoided kings by taste, and nothing, she told us—absolutely nothing—would induce her to write her name in Ferdinand's book. She was so perfectly frank and firm, and even obstinate, in the matter that we had to let her do as she pleased. We started for the palace under the leadership of Monsieur Paleologue—Princess Lucien Murat, my husband and myself

The streets of Sofia were somnolent under the clear sunshine of half-past eleven and not many people were to be seen in the better quarters of the town.

The palace itself, a whitewashed edifice of very moderate proportions, looked no better than a well-kept barracks. A sentry at the door, an old servant in the hall, a table covered with the ordinary red velvet tablecloth, the two books with a crowned F for Ferdinand and a crowned E for Eleanor—that was all. The lackeys held the pen for each of us in turn and it was over.

Coming out of the palace, I urged the French minister to take me to what was, for me, a tourist and a writer, of as much interest as the royal grounds. This was the open-air market of Sofia that was held every Friday in the lower part of the town. My husband and Princess Lucien Murat left us, and during our walk to the market place Monsieur Paleologue reveled again in his favorite subject of conversation—the extraordinary personality of Ferdinand of

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SHORTS of fine material in white, stripes and patterns. Flaring leg gives ample seat room. Side tapes insure perfect waistline adjustment. Shirts of specially knit, moisture-absorbing fabric. Plain white, or with a rayon thread stripe in white or various color combinations. The William Carter Company, Needham Heights, Massachusetts.

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It is every bit his fault!

THE wife told him twenty times, if she told him once, that leak in the roof should be fixed. "I'll tend to it some time soon," was always the mumbled answer from the depth of the evening paper. Now look what's happened. Divorce actions have been started for less!

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IT'S NO trouble at all to apply Rutland Roof Coating. Spreads on just as easily as paint. It requires no mixing, thinning or heating. It makes your roof *lastingly* watertight. You save the expense of frequent repairs, a new roof or leak damages.

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Bulgaria. In his opinion this monarch of a small Balkan realm had all the shrewd intelligence and artistic tastes of the Valois, the French kings during the Renaissance. He was uncommonly gifted, imaginative, cruel and artistic. A writer of novels himself, Monsieur Paleologue depicted him with all the skill of a literary man.

We had seen no roses in Kazanlik, but we should see some marvelous ones in the king's private gardens if we went to Vrania, his country place. At Vrania he had planned the gardens and made them beautiful with all kinds of water lilies, lotus, nenuphar, and even the African Victoria Regina in a special hothouse. No, indeed, the Valley of Roses was not in Kazanlik, inhabited by these coarse-looking peasants, among those dusty bushes, but nestling at eleven kilometers from Sofia, behind the walls surrounding the royal grounds; and he, Ferdinand, was the Czar of the hidden Valley of Roses.

His refinement and taste for everything beautiful went so far with him that it even extended not only to the breeding of rare animals, such as gazelles, but also to the keeping of an unheard-of game in his forests of Vrania and Exinograd. These were some wonderful specimens of butterflies, especially imported from South America. When he walked among the clearings of his forest his greatest pleasure was to see the flight of those strange butterflies, as beautiful as living emeralds and sapphires.

Precious stones he treasured, and not only did he make a collection of them but he also loved playing with them, and he always had ready at hand on his desk some rare stone of great beauty and value to toy with

Dreams of a New Empire

As a man of wit and extreme pleasantness of manner, King Ferdinand was everything one could wish; but as far as politics went, he was not to be trusted. He rather despised the simple people over whom his ambition alone had brought him to reign. He relied only on the brutal force of their fighting qualities. Assassins and convicts, he used to call them. At other times "My bullocks" was his endearing term for his people. But he was confident of their fighting qualities. He hated Russia for pretending to be the protector power over Bulgaria. He was impatient to break the ties of gratitude his people were supposed to have with Russia.

His ambition was so great that it sometimes made his intelligence waver. He dreamed of restoring for his benefit the Byzantine Empire, and Bulgaria for him was only the military background for Constantinople. When he had had the impertinence to call himself a czar, it had been in provision for conquering one day Tzarigrad, the Balkanic name for Constantinople—Cæsar's town.

His inordinate ambition had for a first result to make him superstitious. Feeling that his schemes were perhaps out of proportion to the power of the Bulgarian nation, he called to his help the powers of darkness. All sorts of things were muttered about his doings in a supernatural direction.

How was the queen, I then asked. Did he like her?

Queen Eleanor was just a convenience to him and nothing more; she was known in court circles in Europe for her charity and nursing work during the Russian-Japanese War. She had remained a spinster for a very long time. He had just married a German hospital nurse ready to help in time of war.

Bulgarian Women

His first wife, Princess Louise of Bourbon-Parma, mother to his four children, had been a delightful, very popular princess. She was said to have suffered much by him and remained a sentimental and pathetic figure in the minds of the people.

This long talk about King Ferdinand brought us to the market place of Sofia, which I had so wished to see. My eyes were dazzled with color and the movement of thousands of peasants trading in the open air. Vegetables, live chickens, ducks, geese, lambs, pigeons, fruit and eggs in quantities were displayed on the ground on large squares of rough linen.

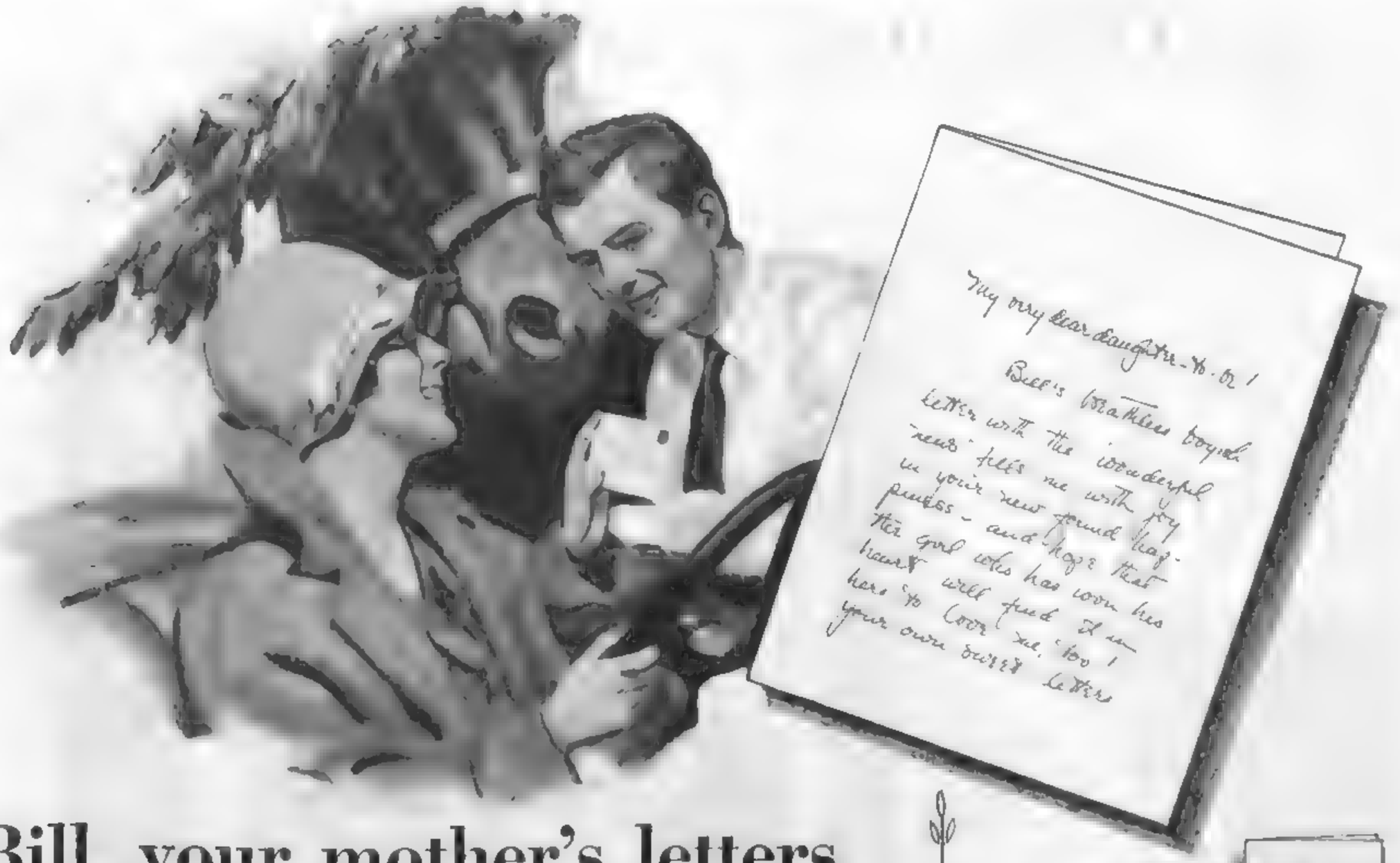
At my request we entered the thick of the crowd. Everything interested me; I wanted to see all I could of the Bulgarian peasantry. After one hour of investigation Mr. Paleologue made a remark showing his great keenness of observation, to which I agreed on the spot:

"Did you notice that among those many peasant women, from the old to the very young, we have not passed by a single pretty face?"

This was perfectly true, and it reminded me of the opinion I had often heard expressed by my father and my uncles, who had fought in this part of the world during the war of 1877. They had spoken about the lack of beauty of the Bulgarian women. High cheek bones, small wrinkled eyes, large flat mouths, noses in the shape of potatoes, long narrow plaits of colorless hair.

(Continued on Page 153)

The Old Hillside City of Tirnova, Bulgaria, the Capital Before Sofia Became the Seat of Government


My very dear daughter-to-be!
Bill's brothers boys
letter with the wonderful
news fills me with joy
in your new found hap-
piness - and hope that
this girl who has won his
heart will find it in
her to love me, too!
your own sweet Letters

"Bill, your mother's letters are just like her..."

The girl he was going to marry could pay his mother no higher compliment. His mother . . . whom everyone admired!

How proud he was of the way his mother did things. The way she entertained his friends . . . as if they were her own! How even young girls envied the way she wore her clothes—with such an air!

And now her letter to Mary-Louise. Not only what she said but the paper it was written on, left no doubt in Mary-Louise's mind that his mother always did the *correct* as well as the *charming* thing.

Write on Eaton's Highland Linen
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Modern people now choose their writing papers by a simple rule. They select the style of paper which will make the impression they want their letters to give.

Which explains why more and more people use Eaton's Highland Linen. For these fine papers come in sizes and styles for the various modern occasions. And they cost no more than other papers.

A whole cyclopedia of valuable facts is packed into "The Etiquette of Letter Writing"—a tiny blue book to tuck in your desk. Send 25 cents for a copy to Eaton, Crane & Pike, Dept. B, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

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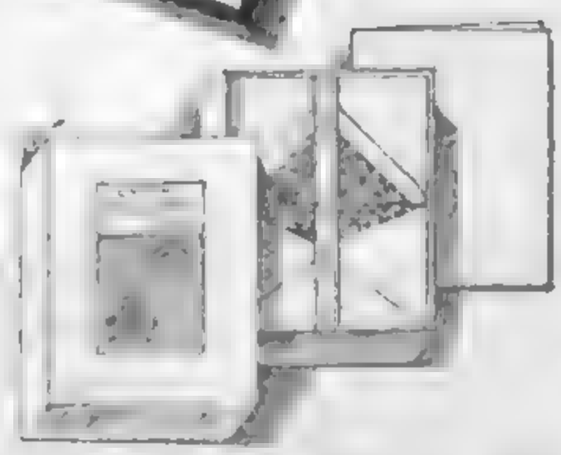
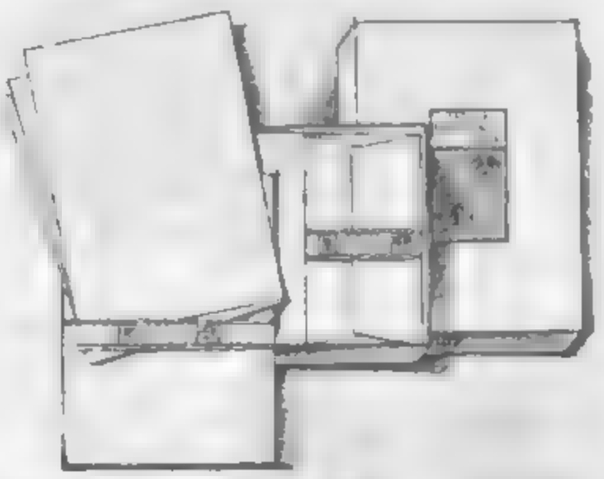
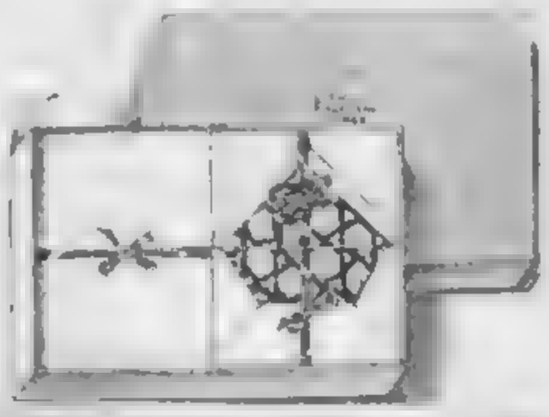


EATON'S HIGHLAND LINEN . . 50c
New modern tinted bond envelopes in the fine as Highland Linen box at the same price. Eaton's Highland Linen Alone is a most popular writing paper—it is always fashionable with unlined envelopes if preferred. In the most accepted colors.



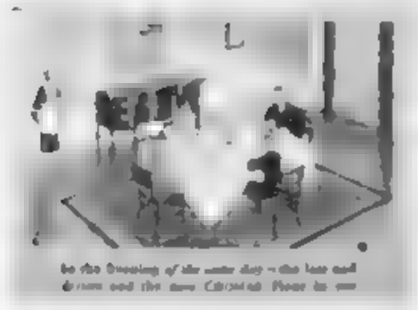
EATON'S HIGHLAND LINEN . . 75c, $1.00
The style for flat sheets makes this a favorite for men or women or for the home typewriter. White, scotch gray. Plain or deckle edge. Smart large envelopes.



EATON'S HIGHLAND LINEN . . . $1.00
A beautifully packed fine writing paper, envelopes lined with tones of smartest colors and patterns. White, scotch gray, buff. A splendid gift.

IN ONE DAY - - - *you can change to a Hardwood Floor!*

CROMAR Oak Flooring is scraped, sanded, filled, twice varnished, and treated to resist moisture—at the factory. That's why it can be *laid and used the same day.*



Send for a free sample of CROMAR and try the famous CROMAR Hammer Test on its surface! You will, of course, dent the wood and crack the varnish, but the CROMAR varnish will not flake off—as does an inferior brittle varnish.

It's really the floor that makes or mars a room. But to replace an old, worn softwood floor with new oak flooring used to have two big drawbacks: the long delays and the unbearable muss. CROMAR Oak Flooring removes those drawbacks.

CROMAR reaches you safely *crated.* A carpenter nails the beautiful, completely finished strips right over your old floor—their tongues and grooves snugly joined—and the new floor is ready to use! The simplicity of the thing is amazing.

While this one tremendous advantage alone might be enough to make you choose CROMAR in preference to any other flooring, you receive many additional benefits.

For instance, since all finishing operations are performed by ingenious machines, you get a more uniformly beautiful finish than the best-trained human hand can give. And CROMAR finish is more lasting; the strips are treated to keep out moisture; and—a CROMAR floor costs you no more than a hand-finished floor!

Write for booklets which explain, in a non-technical way, the reasons for these and other technical advantages.

CROMAR is sold by lumber dealers, but carpenters and contractors install it. Consult any of these for further information. If you have the slightest trouble in getting satisfaction, write us and we shall give your inquiry immediate personal attention.

THE CROMAR COMPANY
Williamsport, Pa.

CROMAR
FACTORY FINISHED
Oak FLOORING

(Continued from Page 150)

gross skins, flat square bodies—this is their description. I had heard my father explain half jokingly the historical reason for this ugliness of the womenfolk of Bulgaria. While Rumania, on the other side of the Danube, in spite of her defeat and numerous invasions by the Turks, remained a self-governed country under her own princes, Bulgaria had to surrender completely to the power of the sultan, and to such an extent that she was governed by Turkish pashas for more than four centuries. The pashas acted in Bulgaria as they always did in every conquered province. Their emissaries in every village gathered all the nice-looking girls and sent them over just as cattle to the harems of Constantinople. The only women who remained to be wed by the poor Bulgarians were the ugly ones, the pimpled and the badly shaped. This form of selection had for effect the decrease systematically of good looks in the Bulgarian people. With his artistic taste, King Ferdinand certainly had to suffer from the plainness of his subjects, both male and female.

We reached the hotel for luncheon at a late hour, after entering, on our way back, a shop in the window of which a display of post cards had attracted my eye. I had found there a gilded post card of a make I had never seen before. It represented King Ferdinand in the array of a Byzantine emperor, his face and hands showing among golden garments of the erratic shape used for icons. Thus he looked something like the Emperor Justinian. On his gilded shoes the Byzantine eagles stood out in relief. This amazing post card, sold for a few pennies, was a vivid illustration of what the French minister had told me of Ferdinand's immeasurable ambition. I acquired the post card, and often did I think of it when one year later the first Balkan War was started, which took Ferdinand and his army close to Constantinople.

Court Dress in Bulgaria

We were late for luncheon at the hotel and found our party discussing a letter my husband had just received from Count de Clinchamp, the French secretary of His Majesty the Czar of the Bulgars. This letter contained a formal invitation not only for the three of us who had written our names in the book but also for the refractory ones who had refused to do so. For Prince Léon Ghika and Mr. Cantemir the question was settled, as they had left by an early train, having an appointment in Bukharest they could not postpone. But what about Murat and Emanuel Bibesco? She tried her best to resist, once more to escape her fate, but the French minister was so firm this time, and spoke so haughtily of the harm she would inflict on the reputation of French good manners, that at last she surrendered; and so did our cousin, Emanuel Bibesco, for the sake of our family's reputation. He only warned us that we should have to put up with such clothes as he could find in Sofia ready-made in the short space of time that remained between three o'clock and half-past four. This was the hour appointed by the royal invitation.

Soon afterward Emanuel disappeared on his errand, leaving us slightly puzzled as to what he would look like after his visit to the Bulgarian tailors. We were soon to be edified. Five minutes before we were ready to start for the royal palace, Emanuel appeared in the most extraordinary array. A redingote, probably intended for a fat Oriental minister, floated round his thin body like a drapery, glittering cuffs showed at his wrists, and they were so obviously independent of his shirt that he had to push them back every minute toward the interior of his sleeves. His necktie, trousers and top hat were above description—all of them borrowed from a mysterious person he called one of his Bulgarian friends. He looked so disreputable, on the whole, that I jokingly told our French friends, considering our party consisted of two Princesses Murat and only one Princess Bibesco, I did hope Emanuel would be mistaken for a Prince Murat.

On this we all left for the palace, crowding into the car of the French minister, ours being in hasty reparation for the injuries they had suffered from the Bulgarian roads.

Tea in a high Russian samovar was served in the sitting room, where we were first introduced. A large portrait representing Queen Marie-Amélie, the wife of Louis Philippe—probably a copy of the famous Winterhalter, showing her in her old age, all dressed in beautiful lace—was the great feature of the room. A moment after our entry, Her Majesty Queen Eleanor was announced.

I saw Emanuel fidgeting with his glaring cuffs once more. The queen entered the room, greeted us all, and went to take her place behind the tea table. She wore a very simple black dress, as if she were in mourning. Her face looked kindly and tired; she spoke in a low tone of infinite sadness. She carried a little fan, and during the interludes of conversation she fanned herself somewhat nervously.

After about ten minutes the door of the sitting room, opposite to the one by which Queen Eleanor had entered, opened and King Ferdinand came in.

A New Make of Car

At first appearance he looked more like a man of science, a shrewd philosopher, than anything else. A short pointed beard, grayish, a very long and prominent nose, a tall, somewhat heavy body, in black civilian clothes, and suddenly as he came nearer to me my eyes met his and never shall I forget the surprise they gave me. Under heavy wrinkled eyelids, those eyes possessed a glance full of extraordinary malice; they were at the same time infinitely wise, infinitely ironical, and they seemed to mock at everything he or you might say. They were small eyes, but to such an extent expressive, shrewd, insistent, superior, they made you feel quite uncomfortable.

When the king sat down I had noticed nothing of him except those extraordinary eyes. One might have called them foxy, if they had not given the impression of belonging to a far more powerful animal than a fox. No, what they really reminded me of were the cunning little eyes of an elephant. Perhaps the resemblance to this animal was completed by the long nose that had made the fortune of so many political caricaturists all over Europe. Superficial observers had all noticed the nose, so much so that its owner was said to have named it The One Who Endures. But no photograph, no portraitist, had ever given to the eyes their curious expression, their full value.

While the king talked in a slow nasal voice, his hands played incessantly with a beautiful sapphire hung by a narrow black ribbon to his neck, as an eyeglass might have been. Naturally this reminded me at once of what I had been told about his passion for precious stones. Since he was in the room, Queen Eleanor seemed to have sunk completely into the background; he alone upheld the conversation. He addressed his speech to one and then another of his guests until his attention was finally fixed on Emanuel, in spite of his comical appearance. The monarch seemed at once to appreciate the vivid wit of my cousin and his extraordinary knowledge of the geography of Bulgaria. They went into the deep waters of economic and ethnographic conversation and everybody else listened.

Then King Ferdinand inquired about the mark of the automobiles that had carried us to his country. With great presence of mind and a tinge of irony Emanuel answered quickly: "The mark—Franchi Obstacle, sire," which meant "The mark—cross obstacle."

The twinkle in King Ferdinand's eyes increased. "I understand what you mean," he said in his slow nasal voice, and the sapphire in his fingers twinkled too. "Well, well! All the good pavements in Bulgaria

The Successful Hostess insists upon Genuine Engraving

Here are a few of the many functions for which you should use *genuine* engraving to be socially correct:

Weddings
Receptions
Dances
Dinners
Teas
Debuts
Parties
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have been of Turkish make. But, alas, since the Turks the incapacity of my predecessor and the sloppiness of my own government have left everything in decay."

We repressed smiles. Never had we heard before a king speaking of the "sloppiness" of his government, as evident as it might have been!

I then entered into the conversation for fear the remark of my cousin should have hurt Ferdinand's feelings; and wanting to bring his thoughts back to his great scheme, I said: "It is a fact the roads are somewhat bad in Bulgaria. Perhaps they are insufficient for private automobiles, but I dare say they are good enough for artillery guns."

Again the curious eyes looked crossways at me, with their funny twinkle. The king smiled, but did not answer. Then he got up and asked me, "Are you interested in visiting this old Turkish hovel, my palace?" I protested that I was intensely interested.

We went from room to room and I was asked several questions—about Rumania, the Rumanian court, Paris and the literary salons, and how had I spent my morning.

I said I had been visiting the market and buying post cards. I did not mention what post card.

"Ah," said the king, "it is Friday. Today is market day. My good people exchange their bad smells."

I laughed, but he did not. Seeing his seriousness, I repressed my gayety; evidently, I thought to myself, this refined man, this highly cultivated brain, resents bitterly living among these primitive half-educated people.

The Hidden Valley of Roses

As if he were reading my thoughts, he then said, "How long do you intend to stay among my bullocks?"

I said we intended leaving next morning for Plevna, and then back to Rumania, sailing across the Danube.

When taking leave, the last words of the czar were to recommend us to visit his gardens at Vrania on our way home, and also to give a special farewell to Emanuel Bibesco, whose knowledge of the map of Bulgaria seemed to have stirred his admiration. To him he addressed his last bow

"I salute you, great geographer," he said, and with a last waving of the hand, still toying with his sapphire, King Ferdinand left the room.

Next morning, our cars being repaired, we left Sofia early and visited on our way back, as King Ferdinand had allowed us to do, the gardens of Vrania.

There, indeed, a paradise of color and fragrance awaited us. Brilliant with dew, the September roses of the most exquisite essence, the latest production of the horticultural industries of France, England, Belgium, Germany, were grouped on the lawns of the regal park. Ponds were covered with the large leaves of the Japanese lotus. The late water lilies were flowering.

We were shown to the hothouses by the head gardener, a Frenchman. We admired the Victoria Regina in its tank filled with hot water, and some allusion was made among our party to my splendid isolation sitting in my tin tub during that eventful night in Tirnovo. We also visited the stables under the leadership of the stable master, and to our great surprise we were also shown two elephants standing in a great separate stable.

We were told they were His Majesty's pets, his favorite animals. To my intense amusement, I was confirmed in my first impression. In looking at the oldest elephant I discovered in the twinkle of his small malicious eyes the very expression of wisdom, keen understanding, malignity, that had struck me the day before in other eyes.

In the autumn of 1912, only one year after our motor journey to Bulgaria, the first Balkan War had broken out. The heavy guns we had seen in long procession on the bad roads were firing at Tchachaldja, Queen Eleanor was nursing the wounded, and the great powers in Europe began to fear the lesser czar would push his way to Constantinople. Was it that the gilded post card had not been printed in vain?

But Russia was on the watch. Could the benefactress allow her protégée to go so far as to realize for her own selfish benefit the scheme of Peter the Great? Would Ferdinand of Bulgaria walk into St. Sophia as the Christian prince, avenger of the cross and destroyer of the crescent?

But this was not to be. The Bulgarian Army, for some mysterious reason, suddenly stopped, almost in view of the old Byzantine walls.

In court circles in Rumania, among diplomats in Paris, many contradictory rumors were to be heard. Well-informed people were pretending that King Ferdinand had heard there was a dreadful epidemic in Constantinople among the Turkish Army. The sick soldiers had been carried into the mosques, and St. Sophia itself had been turned into a hospital for the cholera sufferers.

King Ferdinand was known to have a terror of microbes. Some people gave that reason for his not entering Constantinople at the head of his troops. But those better informed knew that he had been stopped from doing so by strong advice coming from a northern great power. He then wrote to one of his friends in Paris: "You can tell those who think that I am afraid of microbes that the form of cholera which stopped me entering St. Sophia is called Russia."

Bulgaria, soon after, started her quarrel with her two allies, Greece and Serbia, over their common prey—the Turkish Empire and the second Balkan War of 1913 began, short prelude to the World War of 1914.

In Search of Butterflies

When King Ferdinand joined arms with Germany and Austria, it was to avenge himself for having been stopped by Russia on his way to Constantinople. His malignity had been stronger than his wisdom. His country was to be involved in the defeat of the Central Powers. Queen Eleanor, the wife he had wed to nurse his soldiers, had fulfilled her hard duty and died during the war.

Ferdinand was the first of so many kings in Europe to lose his crown in 1918. His flight from Sofia marked the first sign of the coming peace. He fled to Germany and remained hidden in Coburg—the old home of his father's family—unnoticed, unseen, unheard of, all through the German revolution. His son Prince Boris succeeded him and reigns now over a diminished Bulgaria.

Twelve years after, in 1923, another journey took me, my husband and one of the French delegates to the League of Nations on another visit to Bulgaria. Again we crossed the Danube and went to Sofia, but it was by train this time. We were taken to Vrania, still the show place of Bulgaria, and once more we saw the roses. This time it was in July and they were in their greatest glory; they had survived their master's fall.

We were shown, as before, the lily pond, the hothouse and the stables. The old elephant was still in his box; a young one alone had died during the war.

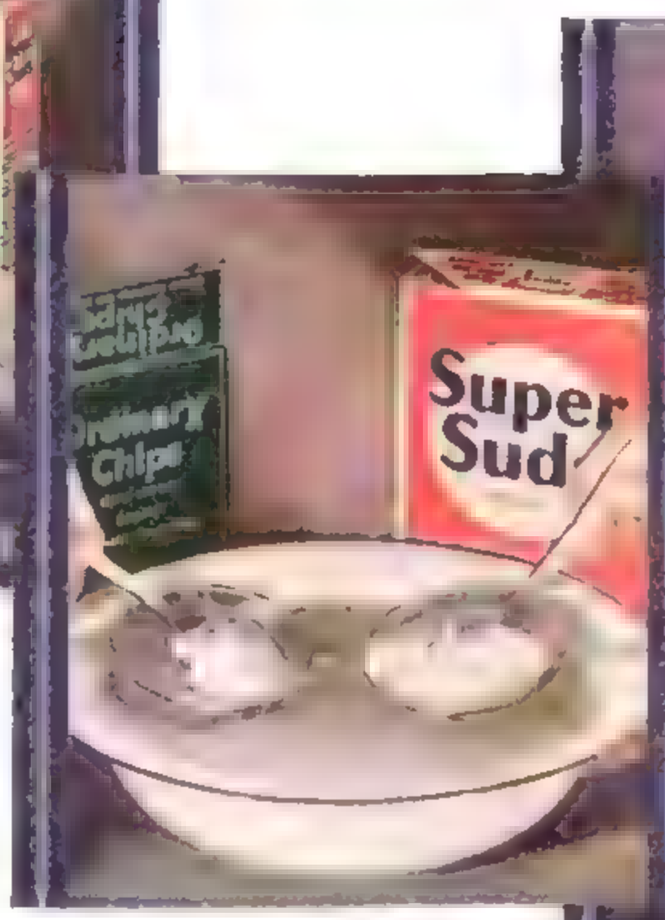
"He has grown very wild in getting old," said his guardian.

The Rumanian minister who visited the place with us, once a young secretary in the time of King Ferdinand, whispered to me, "Do you see the resemblance?"

Lately the papers commented on the trip of the ex-King of Bulgaria to the tropical forests of South America, seeking solitude. The once ambitious Czar of the Valley of Roses concentrates now on his old taste for rare and beautiful butterflies. It may be that he has learned more wisdom.

COMPARE! . . . Put Super Suds to the test

1 *A pan of warm water. Two strainers. In one a tablespoon of chip soap. In the other a tablespoon of Super Suds*



2 *Plunge both strainers into the water Stir both briskly with spoons while you count ten. Then—lift both strainers!*

3 *In the chip strainer—half the soap still there. In the other, quick-dissolving Super Suds all gone—vanished. Article below tells what this means in your daily work*

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Make this test
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A soap that dissolves instantly! Does it sound too good to be true? Then try the easy, simple test shown above, and begin to enjoy the freedom from drudgery which will be yours once you see what a splendid household soap Super Suds really is.

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Quick suds . . . Washes cleaner . . . Perfect rinsing . . . Better in hard water . . . Safe for tender hands . . . No dish wiping—just drain

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OLD SOLDIER

Continued from Page 19

"Gee!" remarked Cornwell. "Between the M. P.'s and the state cops in the red tam-o'-shanters and the ordinary town cops, they must make out to keep order here, especially since they all got rifles. This is like the Army—two M. P.'s to every man."

"Not that bad," laughed the other, "but they need 'em. They don't like any disturbance in Spain. It's too liable to grow into revolution. The Spanish go mad at these fights. Hear that crowd in there? Well, they paid their money to see some good work, but there are ever so many things that can't be prevented that may disappoint them. There are more alibis in bullfighting than in all other sports put together."

"Yeh?"

"Yes. The matador may have been hurt in his last fight, or the sun may be too bright or not bright enough, or the sand wet, or his *cuadrilla*—the men that help him—ignorant and incapable, or the bulls may be no good. Ninety per cent depends on the bulls."

"Um," remarked Cornwell—"wouldn't you know it? And leave it to a spik to work his alibis too!"

"Ah, no!" said Mr. Paine quickly. "I didn't mean that that way. I meant that those things are real reasons why a man can't do his best. Not on your life—the crowd won't take any excuse. They paid to see a fight and good work, and if they don't see it, you watch the nicest little riot you ever saw. No alibis with this crowd. There are forty thousand people in there, hence all the police."

They went up a short flight of steps and into the glare of the arena. The place hummed like a hive. A subdued roar of conversation swept up from those packed seats that beat on the ears like the throbbing of an enormous heart. The place was black with people. It seemed to waver, to sway, to palpitate with the waving of thousands of fans and of people coming in and moving to their seats and others making way for them. The sun beat down blue-white and was reflected again from the red sand. Tier upon tier rose the crowd, *barrera*, *contrabarrera*, *tendido*, up to the columns of a gallery, under which was row upon row of *gradas*—cheaper seats—to another gallery that held the boxes of the aristocracy; and above these, on the roof, where for a few pesetas a man could get in and stand up and look down into the ring and roast in the sun, was a row of heads that went all the way around the ring and that were packed so close they looked like the beading of a balustrade.

"Man, what a gang!" gasped Cornwell.

"And yet people think they can run bullfighting out of Spain!" laughed Mr. Paine.

They had seats in the first row—the *barrera*, as it is called—where the real bullfight enthusiasts always sit. Three rows of solid wire rope prevented anyone from falling over the edge into the arena—and also prevented the bull from jumping into the laps of the spectators. Just below their seats a runway encircled the ring, separated therefrom by a low barrier.

There were several collarless men, badly in need of a shave, that clustered just below Cornwell's seat. He did not need to ask what they were, for he had seen prize-fighters' seconds in his time. These evil-looking men carried baskets of capes on their shoulders—huge yellow things, lined with pink. They sharpened swords and prepared towels for the matador to wipe his fingers on.

Cornwell turned around and looked up back of him, row after row, to the roof. The place shuddered with fans waving, and the music of a band across the arena was almost drowned by the subdued roar of voices.

"Aren't those some more of your fellows?" asked Mr. Paine. He pointed to the left, about four rows back. Sure enough, there were six or seven men there wearing the overseas cap of blue, and beside some of them were their wives, in the wide béret and cape of the Auxiliary.

"Hey!" shouted Cornwell suddenly, to Mr. Paine's intense horror. "Where yuh frum?"

"Never heard of it!" roared back the others instantly; then stood up and looked to see who had called to them.

"Here, here, what's this?" gasped Mr. Paine. "You mustn't shout like that! Good Lord, they'll have us all arrested!"

"I was just giving the password," grinned Cornwell.

"Well, don't give it any more. Heavens and earth, man, I'm known here!"

"You see," grinned Cornwell, not a whit abashed, "when the convention first started, a guy would see another with his Legion cap on and he'd yell to him, 'Where you from?' because he wanted to know, you see. Well, then some guy thinks it's funny to yell back, when somebody says he's from New York or Kansas City or Chicago, 'Never heard of it.' You yell at 'em now and they answer 'Never heard of it!' right off. It got to be a password. Now take ——"

"There's the president!" interrupted Mr. Paine. "Now we'll be off. Now, my boy, sit tight!"

Far up in the galleries a man entered a velvet-hung box and, removing his silk hat, bowed to the crowd. The band burst forth, the crowd cheered, two men on splendid horses galloped across the arena, came to a rearing halt beneath the president's box and doffed their hats. The president did likewise. Away galloped the two men again, and, wheeling at the opposite side of the arena, they led out the parade of the bullfighters.

There were two bands in the arena and both played, the crowd roared and the bullfighters walked calmly forth, swinging their right arms, the left enveloped in a gorgeously embroidered cape. The sun flashed on them, they glittered like jewels in their bright-colored silk embroidered with gold.

Mr. Paine hurriedly whispered the names of the three *diestros*, the *matadores*. Behind each were his *banderilleros*, his picadors, his picador of reserve, and behind all the *monos sabios*, men in red that throw sand upon blood, that drag out the dead bulls with brightly caparisoned mules and that bear horned bullfighters to the hospital upon their shoulders.

"There's a horse in that parade," observed Cornwell, "that's been in the army. He's an old soldier. You can tell it by the way he lifts his feet to the music. Lookit—that gray one! Funny how a horse gets that trick!" He pointed to a horse in the row of picadors.

The parade had come up to the barrier below the president's box and here it broke up with no further ceremony. As the ranks of the *cuadrillas* thinned, Mr. Paine could see the horse that Cornwell had noticed. It was iron-gray and it marched in time to the music, raising its forelegs high and putting them down with a sort of mincing step.

"That horse knows a march when it hears one," went on Cornwell. "I bet he looked smart with a spik all feathers and gold braid on top of him! He keeps good time, too, don't he?"

The picadors, coming in their turn, turned to the right and left and galloped away along the barrier. It so happened that the gray horse turned to the right and went by, his broad-hatted rider spurring him, right in front of Cornwell.

"Hey!" cried Cornwell, seizing Mr. Paine's arm. "Looka that! Hey, look, will yuh? That horse has got U. S. branded on him! Lookit—U. S. on his left shoulder! That's the army brand—he's been in our Army! No, no, it couldn't be! How could a troop horse get down into Spain? I wonder, man, if I could see his hoofs. He'd have his troop and regiment on 'em. Gee, did you ever hear of a thing like that? But no, it can't be! Because ——"

"Sit down!" said Mr. Paine, with some irritation, for his excitable companion was being beheld of all beholders. "What difference does it make if the horse has got U. S. on him or not? Who cares? You find those horses all over this country. They were sold after the war. The Army had a horse depot at Bayonne and they sold what there was in it. Probably the man that owned that horse took him up to Bayonne and sold him for a hundred dollars and bought him back a week after for five. Sit down now and keep quiet; the bull will be in directly."

"Horse depot—hell!" replied Cornwell vehemently. "That horse is a troop horse. The artillurry horses don't dance that way to music! He's soldiered, and in a soldierin' outfit!"

"Well, maybe some of the cavalry you said were down here sold him. Anyway, forget it. Now watch this!"

There was a sudden silence, then the harsh notes of a peculiar trumpet call. Drums rolled. On the far side of the arena men in red quickly swung wide a great door. There was a moment of waiting, of expectation ——

The bull!

He came in, head high, trotting like a race horse, a quick, nervous gait, weaving from side to side like a snake. Black he was, and his coat shimmered in the sun like silk. His great head, with its yard-wide, forward-curving horns, swung from side to side. He saw nothing, nor horse nor man, but the sighing of the crowd in admiration, like the wind in trees, told him of his enemies. Then from behind a *burladero*—a narrow square of wood advanced from the main barrier—stepped a *banderillero*, holding a cape which he waved twice. The bull saw it, made two bounds, lightly, nimbly, like a cat, as he measured the distance, then hurled himself at full gallop at that fluttering thing of pink and yellow.

The man stepped nimbly behind the *burladero* just as the bull struck it with a crash that rocked it on its foundations. He was away instantly, looking for more worlds to conquer. Beyond, and further around the arena, another cape fluttered. The bull went there at a dead run, the muscles flowing like swift running water beneath his glimmering coat; but when he arrived, the cape and the man that had waved it were gone over the fence.

Then stepped forth a man in purple and gold, slim, frail, but lightly poised and balanced, so that he reminded one of a Toledo rapier, all gold and steel. This man in purple was the matador, and of these two, this man and this bull, one must kill the other.

"*Eh, toro!*" called the man.

The bull turned—not like a horse, but like a cat, all four feet off the ground at once. He bounced around, and when his feet landed he was already in full career. He launched himself at the man like an avalanche.

The man awaited him, body bent slightly from the waist, head a little on one side, feet together and as if nailed to the ground, his cape in his two hands held before him as a shield. The bull, with death on his horns, arrived. The man turned, ever so slightly; the cape swung out, a great circle of violet; the bull struck, missed, grunted and was by, the hanging ornaments on the man's jacket swinging where the bull's flank had rubbed them.

Another bouncing turn, the bull was back. Again he was past—a veronica even more perfect than the first. Again, again the slim figure in gold turned as on a pivot. A fifth time the bull charged, then halted, to see what this thing might be that danced before him and that he could never strike.

The man turned, looked up into the stands as though to say, "How was that?" Then, folding his cape, he turned his back squarely upon his antagonist and walked

(Continued on Page 158

THE NEW FRIGIDAIRE

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(Continued from Page 156)

away. The crowd rose to its feet with a roar that could be heard in Pasajes. Five veronicas that a man might live all his life and never see the like of again! The bull bellowed and looked about him in wonder.

"Man!" exclaimed Cornwell, exhaling his pent-up breath in a long sigh. "I certainly did figure that steer was going to give that boy a poke! He goin' to play around with him much more like that?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Paine. "That's the fun of it."

"He can have his job!" remarked Cornwell earnestly. "I don't want to get cuddly with any steer that'll run half a ton on the hoof."

Meanwhile at a signal from the president another door at the far side of the arena opened, and two horses, mounted by picadors and with a man on foot at the bridle, entered at a walk. The *banderilleros*, by fluttering their capes, kept the bull from seeing the new arrivals.

"Listen now," said Cornwell hurriedly, "is this going to be rough? Because if it is, I'm not going to look."

"I thought you'd been in the war!" grinned Mr. Paine.

"Well, so I have, and one thing I learned out of it was when not to look. What a man don't see don't keep him awake."

He thereupon put his head upon his folded arms, and though he heard heavy sounds and the muttering of men in the runway below him, and the crowd cry out in apprehension, it was not until he heard the trumpets go again that he looked up.

"That guy is going out without any cape!" exclaimed Cornwell, pointing to a lone man in silver and green who was walking into the center of the arena.

"He's going to stick *banderillas*," said Mr. Paine.

Meanwhile, in the center of the ring, the man in green and silver called insults to the bull. He was a *banderillero*, an assistant to the chief bullfighter, and he held aloft two sticks, not quite a yard long, decorated with colored paper and fishhook points. He intended to insert these in a very small space in the bull's *morillo*, or neck muscle.

The bull regarded him thoughtfully. The man thrust out his stomach, he walked about in tiny circles, he made little jumps into the air.

The bull, having made a decision, began to flow across the sands toward the man. The man went, leaving his *banderillas* behind, and vaulted the fence about half an inch ahead of the horns. The crowd murmured.

"That was bad," said Mr. Paine. "Maybe we'll see a row—a *bronca*. That's what they call it. A good *bronca* is worth ten fights."

The crowd was beginning to hoot and to snarl, for the *banderillero* was overlong in coming out from behind the fence. He had not gone far ere the bull went for him again with incredible speed and that smooth flowing gallop. Over the fence once more, and the bull paused to sniff the shower of hats that had been thrown in his face by spectators fearful lest he should catch the fleeing man. The crowd protested now in real earnest.

"There's someone over there waving a handkerchief at me," said Cornwell. "Now would it be my little señorita? Well, now what's to prevent wavin' back anyway?" He took out his handkerchief and waved it.

"Here!" cried Mr. Paine. "What are you doing? Put that handkerchief away! You're no man to judge these things!"

"Judge what things?" asked Cornwell. "There's someone over there waving a handkerchief at me. It's the señorita I saw on the balcony coming in. There! I've got them all waving now."

"Well, neouw you haven't got 'em all waving'" said Mr Paine, mimicking his companion's accent. "They're waving their handkerchiefs at the president because they want that bull taken away from the *espada*. Those that wave are all fans for one of the other fighters. You go waving a handkerchief here and one of this particular *espada's* friends is liable to bounce a bottle off you. Put it away, because he's going to put the sticks in him this time."

This was so. Stung by the jeers of the crowd, a *banderillero*—not the one in green, either, but another—got two *banderillas* into the bull, and two more being immediately slammed in from behind, the crowd expressed its disapproval in no uncertain terms.

The sound of trumpets rose from that storm of voices like a lost child crying in a wilderness.

"He's going to kill him now," observed Mr. Paine, "and if he doesn't do a good job, watch out for fun! The crowd's in an ugly mood."

Again the slim young man in purple and gold stepped forth, a scarlet cloth under his arm, and going over beneath the president's box, he took off his cap and made some kind of speech. Then, bowing low, he turned about, tossed his cap over his shoulder and walked calmly over to a place just below Cornwell. Here he halted and nodded to one of his assistants to bring the bull down to him. Then he unrolled the scarlet cloth. Cornwell gave a start, for he had seen a flash of steel. The *espada* had a sword concealed in the red folds.

The bull, following a trailing cape, came down from the center of the ring, and when he was near the barrier the cape was suddenly snapped out of sight so that he paused in some bewilderment.

At this instant the *espada* waved his left hand in a gesture to clear the ring, and when he and the bull were alone, he advanced toward his antagonist, slowly and calmly, the red cloth displayed in front of him, its folds extended by the sword that was within.

The bull charged at once, the slim body swayed to the right, the red cloth swept down and back and the bull was by. The *espada* did not move, but simply held the *muleta* before him once more.

"*Pase por debajo*," observed Mr. Paine. "He's trying to get the bull head-down. Well, this *faena* won't be very interesting. Must have some passes over the horns to make it really good. But he's got two pairs of *banderillas* put in him too far back, and his head in the air all the time, so the kid can't make a pass that will tend to lift his head any more. Now! See that? Kid's doing the best he can. From the expert's point of view, it's a good *faena*. Naw! Too short! Well, I suppose he can't do anything else."

The young man in purple had coiled his red cloth in his left hand, and holding it so that the bull's eye was fixed on it, the man turned sideways to the horns, and making a slight flourish of his sword, took aim at a point between the bull's shoulders.

"The dugout for me," said Cornwell, and put his head in his arms. Followed some moans from the crowd, scattered handclapping, a few cries, then a sudden burst of prolonged cheering. A sharp cracking as of pistol shots and the sound of general conversation and of feet clattering apprised Cornwell that he might look up. The dead bull was being taken out by the brightly caparisoned mules and the crowd cheered him to the echo. As for the young man in purple, he leaned against the barrier just below Cornwell and drank water from a stone jug.

The second bull came in with just the same rush as his predecessor.

"They certainly got blood in 'em!" cried Cornwell in admiration. "By golly, they're as pretty as a trottin' horse'"

"They breed them with just as much care," observed Mr. Paine, watching the newcomer. "These fellows are called Conde de la Corte. I think they're the best. You see them on a bill and you can count on a good fight. . . . Ah, in come the horses so soon!"

"Hey!" gasped Cornwell in horror-stricken tones. "Lookit' That's my U S horse!"

"Well, what of it? They'd bring him in sooner or later. Put your head down and don't look!"

"The hell you preach!" shouted Cornwell, so that all turned to look at him. "Do you suppose I'll let an old soldier like that be hooked to death by any bull, whether he's a chili con carne or colorado maduro or whatever?"

He looked around with a drowning man's despair, for the bull had been brought down to the barrier and was being "fixed" by two *banderilleros*.

The picador on the gray horse drew perilously near. The gray pranced a little, old as he was and in spite of a dragging hind leg. The band broke into a *paso doble* and the gray minced in his walk and tossed his head and acted as if he led a war-strength troop before a reviewing stand. Cornwell rose to his feet and turned about to the group in the Legion caps behind him.

"Gang, up!" he shouted. "They got an old soldier down here they're gonna give to the bulls! Whaddyuh say, do we let 'em break up a buddy? Who'll grapple with the spiks with me? I won't stand for it, if I have to lick 'em all alone!"

"Sit down—sit down!" pleaded Mr. Paine hoarsely. "Oh, if I ever take one of these Americans anywhere again! Sit down and shut up! Sit down! I'm known here!"

"Come on down!" pleaded Cornwell to the men above. "Let's make ourselves known here! Let's show 'em what outfit we're out of!"

The men above looked at him with disgust. "Pipe down, buddy!" they called to him. "Where d'yuh think you are—to home? Gwan, sit down an' keep the sun off your head!"

"Don't go declarin' yourself here!" advised one. "This ain't our country. Don't try to run no sandy with these spiks! They'll carve a steak out of yuh!"

"Pipe down!" they cried again in chorus. "We got our wives with us! Be yourself, like a good fellar. You'll give the Legion a black eye, commencin' things like that!"

Mr. Paine held his head in his hands. People stood up to observe what was going on. Some tossed newspapers or folded programs down on Cornwell's head. Far away, in the other section, two guardians of the law could be seen slowly making their way through the crowd, their solemn gaze fixed upon Cornwell.

This young man was as white as a sheet and the light of madness was in his eye. He made as if to climb the wires above the barrier, and at that those in the vicinity laid hands upon him and dragged him back. He struggled impotently.

"Eleventh Horse!" he shouted. "Rally round!"

They stuffed a cushion over his mouth. At this, certain of the Legionnaires above were for going down and seeing what it was all about, but they had their wives with them and these hung on their arms, and so they stayed where they were.

Meanwhile the gray horse was presented to the bull. They brought him up, a man on foot at the bridle and another following, and swung him about with his flank toward the bull. One eye was bandfolded, but with the other he looked about him apprehensively. He sensed, as an old soldier would, that something was wrong. The bull regarded him earnestly.

"*Eh, toro!*" called the picador, raising his lance. "*Toro!* Ha-ha-ha!" He sank his heavily roweled spurs into the gray to move him nearer the bull.

The gray had not felt a spur for almost a decade. He had drawn a hack, or delivered vegetables or bread or fish, until he had grown too old to work and his thrifty owner had sold him to the bulls instead of the glue factory. The spur, cruelly sharp, brought back all the memories in full force that the music of the band had awakened. The gray, in his troop days, would not abide the spur. Nor would he now. He folded abruptly in the middle like an inchworm about to crawl and snapped upward into the air like a released spring. The picador dropped his lance and his hat fell over his eyes as the gray came down again within a half turn. The crowd roared, and those that held Cornwell released him in their surprise.

"Whe-e-e!" howled Cornwell. "Sit on him! Ride him straight up, big boy! Yeay, bo!" he chuckled, as the picador clutched the saddle. "Git off his neck!"

There was a crash as the picador fell to earth, helpless because of his armor-incased leg. The two *monos sabios* that had brought in the horse rushed to seize the reins and drag the picador from danger. The gray reared and struck at one, knocking him flat and unconscious.

All was confusion, capes flying, men running, the crowd shrieking, for there were two men on the ground. The bull charged, as a Conde de la Corte does, like a beam of light for swiftness.

But that gray had been bred on the New Mexican plains and feared no horned thing. He swung on his forefeet and his flying hind quarters flung two feet into that bull's black nose. The smack of it echoed in the arena.

While the dazed bull bellowed in rage and pain, the gray slammed him again.

By that time, however, one of the *espadas* had got around with his cape and taken the bull away. More stage hands arrived, and once the bull was well away, with his mind on a cape, they seized the gray's trailing bridle and dragged him to the barrier. The picador, raging and cursing, was hoisted back into the saddle, and with two men at the bridle and two more holding him by the tail, the gray was dragged out again.

"Buck him off again, old-timer!" yelled Cornwell.

They brought back the bull and the men in the ring drew away so that he might see the horse.

"Ha-ha-ha-ha! *Toro!*" called the picador, rising in the stirrups.

Alas, the gray was old. Those bucks and those sledge-hammer kicks had exhausted him. The gray tried to buck again, but the picador was huge and the buck was but a ripple of backbone that did not even disturb the rider.

The gray tried to rear, but had not the strength. He trembled. The bull tossed his head and regarded him.

Tears spouted from Cornwell's eyes. "Come up here!" he raged. "You on that horse, come up here and I'll take a round out of yuh!"

The bull pawed the ground, throwing showers of sand. He tossed his head again and looked down his black muzzle at the horse. Blood trickled there where the iron hoofs had landed, and that black nose was still sore. The bull snorted and, turning, trotted away. He had had enough of that horse.

"Yah-h-h!" jeered the crowd. "*Fuego! Fuego!*"

They led the gray to another part of the arena and presented him to the bull, with the same result. The arena began to snow handkerchiefs.

"*Fuego!*" chanted the crowd.

The bull would have nothing to do with the gray, so finally the trumpets sounded and the drums rolled and the horse was taken out.

"Now!" said Mr. Paine with satisfaction. "I'm glad that's over. When a bull won't attack a horse —— Where's he gone? Where's that crazy fool gone?"

Cornwell had disappeared. The spectators that had held him had released their hold one by one in their excitement, until he had suddenly broken away and gone through the wires like a flash. Well, let him go. The police would take care of him.

The police, however, let him alone. He landed in the runway and ran rapidly along it. Numbers of the *guardia civil*, the military police, had seen him jump down, but there was an order in every *cuartel*, bearing on it a picture of a passport and a little blue hat, and this order said that bearers of those passports and wearers of those hats should be treated with the utmost courtesy. And this order was signed by the great Primo himself. The *guardias* therefore held their hands, but their officer followed the

(Continued on Page 163)

Starting Tomorrow

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Guarantee Every item in this sale is guaranteed to be the newest Fall merchandise—and finest Allen-A quality. Regular stock.

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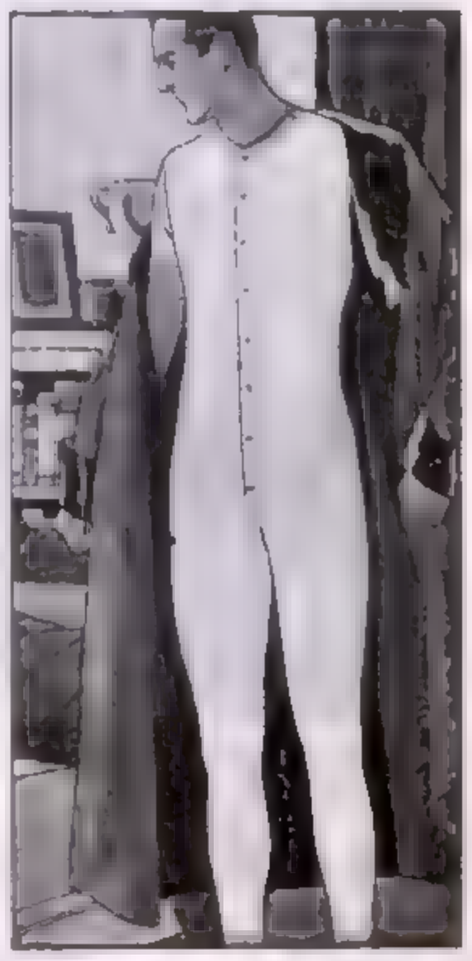

Here is the underwear that always fits and fits all over. Knit by a patented process, no other garment is quite like this famous brand. Launders perfectly. In many weights for Men or Boys.

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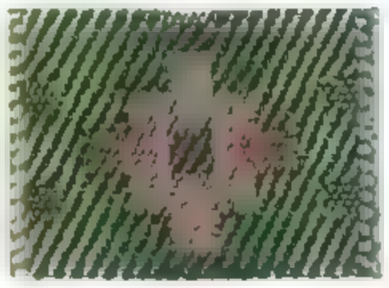

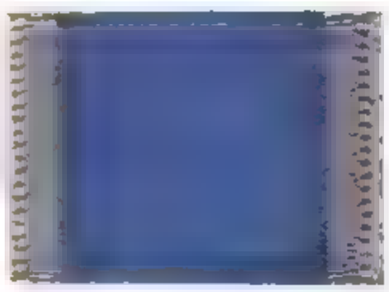

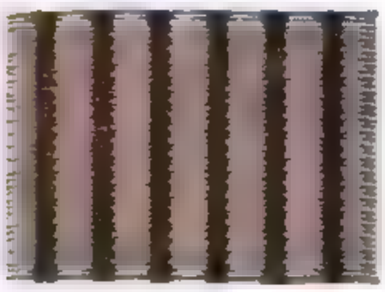

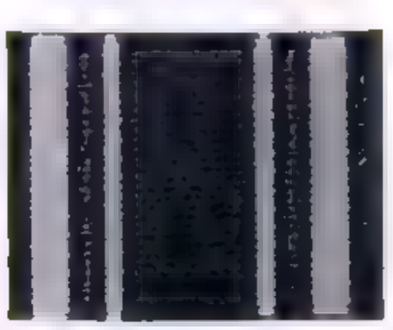

HARRY MORSE MEYERS

well known American painter, in his studio—adding suspenders to the picture

Smart shoulders are wearing Suspenders by

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add Suspenders to the picture!

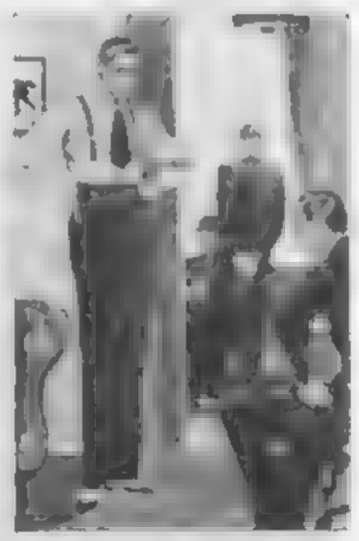
Man's love of color and novelty—long suppressed—has finally flared forth. And what a glowing touch of color and interest the new suspenders by Pioneer bring into the more intimate moments of the well-dressed man of today!

Pioneer has given men a chance to satisfy their color-hunger by introducing suspenders so bright, so smart, so expressive of the present-day trend toward more and more gaiety of color. Suspenders to harmonize with a favorite shirt. Suspenders to blend with or provide a distinguished note of contrast to a well-liked tie. Suspenders, daring and dashing—and in some cases, if truth must out, fairly dazzling!

Smart shoulders are wearing suspenders by Pioneer.

And while the style charts are emphasizing the smartness of including suspenders as a vital part of the scheme of dress, custom tailors of two continents are saying: "It's the hang of the trousers that matters." Wetzel, Stadler & Stadler, Whitaker & Co., Inc., of New York—and Bernard Weatherill, Inc., New York representatives of Bernard Weatherill, Ltd., of London—Tailors by appointment to H.M. King George V and to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales—and others.

See the new Pioneer Suspenders—created by the Pioneer stylists—in the better men's wear stores—$1.00 to $5.00. You won't be content with a single pair—for you'll agree with the fashion authorities that every suit in your wardrobe should have an appropriately matched pair of suspenders attached. And to help you carry style and color harmony down to your legs—there are Brighton Garters to match.



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ALL AGREE THAT "IT'S THE HANG OF THE TROUSERS THAT MATTERS."

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., Philadelphia

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KOHLER OF KOHLER

Plumbing Fixtures

LOOK FOR THE KOHLER TRADE MARK ON EACH FIXTURE

(Continued from Page 158

young man at a distance to see whither he would go.

Cornwell went through the gate where the horses had disappeared and so into the court behind the arena, where were the hospital and the chapel and the stables. The officer followed solemnly, his sword clanking.

"What can we do for you?" asked the officer.

"There is a horse ——" panted Cornwell. Then he changed to rusty Spanish: "*Quissiera comprar un caballo. Es un soldado pobre.*"

"*Verdad?*" asked the officer politely.

He beckoned Cornwell apart and they talked earnestly together for some time.

It was night, and Mr. Paine was just getting into his car. Appeared a man quite breathless from running. It was Cornwell.

"Can you take me back with you?" he panted.

"Ah, it's you!" said Mr. Paine with little cordiality. "I thought you were going to spend the night here."

"My money ran out on me."

"Money ran out on you? Why, I thought you were fifty dollars to the good!"

Cornwell silently handed a little book to Mr. Paine, and Mr. Paine, holding it to the light, read the entries aloud.

ACCOUNT OF EXPENSE, SUNDAY, SEPT. 25.

To [illegible]	[illegible]
To buying Old Soldier	$2.00
To vet for [illegible]	[illegible]
To spik bugler to blow taps	1.00
To spik M.P.'s to fire volleys	5.00
To wreath	5.00

"You don't mean to say you spent all your money on that old horse in such fool fashion as this!" cried Mr. Paine. "And you from Vermont!"

Cornwell nodded. "But I paid for the wreath out of my own pocket," he said.

"Well, get in," grunted Mr. Paine, "and we'll go home. You're not fit to wander loose in this country."

FLYING THE FRONTIERS

(Continued from Page 23)

passenger or a pound of freight, while the trail of '98 was strewn with casualties.

When it comes to comparing routes, an overland trip into the Reindeer Lake country is, if anything, a tougher proposition than it was getting into Dawson City in the old days, but the air route took men in and out of Reindeer Lake with the regularity of city commuters.

Reindeer Lake, a new mining area, is about 280 miles by air from the Pas, and more than twice as far by dog team. Situated in the barren lands, with no gateway of approach, it has in past times been regarded as a sort of Never Never Country. Because of this, Reindeer Lake prices are reminiscent of the famine in Egypt. Five cents' worth of salt sells for twenty-five cents—five cents for the salt and twenty cents for the freight—flour is retailed at $100 a bag, sugar sells at a dollar a pound. It cost $500 for the round trip of Byrd's giant monoplane, that flew in there from the Pas loaded with 13,000 pounds. On the basis of present Reindeer Lake prices, the possibilities of a profitable air trade with northern outposts is easily visualized.

Answering to the law of supply and demand, fourteen planes have since been pressed into service for this area. The same function that the canoe and snowshoe exercised in communication in mining camps of other days, the airplane and radio are exercising throughout the northland. You don't have to instruct these people about the coming era of the skyways; for them the era has arrived. A man at Sandy Lake, hundreds of miles from anywhere, who gets his mail and everything he eats by plane, is in a practical sense more air-minded than the Guggenheims of New York.

Planting a Town by Plane

On isolated and far-flung outposts the plane is sometimes a matter of life and death. The engineer of the Callinan Flin Flon mine was critically ill; it was more than a week's trip out by dog team. Formerly this would have been a serious predicament, but a radio message brought a plane out to the mining camp, and in less than three hours the sick man was under white sheets in a hospital at the Pas. Sir Alan Cobham, on his last visit to Canada, visualized air ambulances all over the north, to make pioneering less arduous for women and children.

Even the Indians are getting air-minded. Wing Commander Gordon tells a yarn of one of the natives who was freighting gas over the long portages between Norway House and Oxford Lake. It took him five days of arduous endeavor to make the passage in, after which he was flown out by plane in less than an hour.

On alighting from the cockpit the Indian glanced admiringly at the airplane, exclaiming, "*Bon canot!*" [Good canoe] "How much him cost?"

Answering the Indian's question as to costs, the air route is often less expensive than mushing with dogs and supplies over the trail or going in by canoe, while to add to its advantages it is quicker, easier and less hazardous.

The air rate from Woman Lake to Goldpines, 50 miles by plane, is $180 a ton. The same trip, 95 miles by canoe, costs $160 a ton. The latter may appear cheaper, but practical experience favors the air. The plane will come through with its cargo 100 per cent, while at least a 25 per cent loss is reckoned upon by canoe, due to portages and swift water.

The Sherritt-Gordon contract gives a comparison of rates in heavy freighting. From Cormorant Lake to Cold Lake by plane is 80 miles, an hour's trip, for which the charge is fourteen cents a pound, $280 a ton. By canoe, it is 150 miles, a week's journey, which costs thirteen cents a pound, $250 a ton. Taking into consideration a saving on the entire job that ultimately ran into months of time, together with certainty of delivery, the Sherritt-Gordon directors had no hesitation in deciding to do their freighting by air.

To Sandy Lake, one of the remoter camps, 250 miles north of the Pas, the flying rate is $1000 a ton. A tall price, one might exclaim, and yet this did not prevent a whole town from being transported in to Sandy Lake by air.

The discovery of silver, lead and gold was made at Sandy Lake in November. News came out by plane in December. The stampede started in January, and several hundred people were there before February, all arriving via air.

Regular passenger and express services are now operated at many points along the frontier, with time-tables and schedules well established. The following from the Western Canada Airways is an example:

AIR DISTANCE AND RATES, PASSENGER AND EXPRESS

FROM	TO	AIR MILES	FARE	EXPRESS PER POUND
Hudson . . .	Pine Ridge	66	$40	12¢ and 10¢
Pine Ridge . .	Woman Lake (H. B. C.)	50	$35	10¢ and 9¢
Red Lake . .	Long Lake	80	$52	on application
Lac du Bonnet	Red Lake	116	$70	22¢
Riverton . . .	Manigotagan.	35	$23	6¢

The published schedule from which this is an excerpt continues down a long sheet, covering a score or more of mining camps in that district. The pioneer company has already paid substantial dividends and is commanding capital readily.

The retreat of the ice age left behind thousands of lakes and waterways which make the north an ideal country for seaplanes and flying boats. The average plane on service in the north will carry a total load of about 5000 pounds, the plane weighing 2000 pounds, the disposable load including gas and pilot weighing 1000 pounds, leaving a pay load of from 1500 to 2000 pounds.

The more fuel a plane carries, the less the pay load, hence the desirability of frequent refueling stations. To this end an enormous supply of gas and oil is being transported into various portions of the north. One exploration and mining company, employing an armada of twelve giant monoplanes, is distributing 200,000 gallons of gas at strategic points. Most of this is being shipped by sea from Halifax to Hudson Bay, whence it will be distributed on the east and west coasts of the bay and on into the interior. The main depots of this company will each contain 24,000 gallons of gas.

The Royal Canadian Air Force have installed refueling stations down the Mackenzie basin. They now have their last shipment at Fitzgerald, destined for points beyond sixty north. Government caches will contain 400 gallons of gas and 40 gallons of oil.

When this network of caches is completed, no part of continental Canada need be more than five hours' flight from the nearest line of communication. The completion of these refueling stations will eventually give an indefinite cruising area.

A Bird's-Eye View

Aircraft in the north fly with landing equipment of pontoons in summer and ski in winter. There is a period of about a month at the time of the freeze-up, and a like period when ice is going out, when planes are held up. The present problem is to perfect some kind of landing device effective for the closed season.

One of the great gray-winged gulls of the Royal Canadian Air Force got lost last winter up at Hudson Strait. The pilot was on a course straight for Iceland, when the gas fortunately failed and brought him and his companions down away off on the frozen edge of the Atlantic Ocean on a stormy night—February 17, 1927. For the next two weeks they were supposed to have perished, and then on the second of March the radio at Burwell flashed the news that they had come through.

Their experiences included a walk of 160 miles over the ice to the mainland, a ferry trip across open water on ice rafts, twelve nights' sleeping out in ice shelters—this up in the teeth of the Arctic—and weathering a terrific storm. Finally their food was exhausted, and after twenty-four hours without a bite they shot a walrus, which was eaten raw. After several days' tramping on the mainland, they met an Eskimo who guided them to their camp, where, according to the official report, they arrived at midnight, March first, "cold, hungry, slightly frostbitten but withal happy."

On the frontiers, the first purpose to which the plane was applied after transport was in mapping by aerial photography.

Aerial surveys offer a bird's-eye view of the country itself, literally bringing the back country into the city office. It shows the water-power engineer, at his desk, the drainage areas of the great rivers far up in the region of impenetrable swamp and bush, yielding with ease a knowledge that with former ground methods would have cost

(Continued on Page 165)

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Progress

The beam scale of 1900 was still an adaptation of the balance scale of ancient Egypt. Both were operated by hand. ¶ The Toledo pendulum scale was an entirely new creation. It automatically counter-balances the load and instantly shows exact weight by pointing to a definite mark on the dial.

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TOLEDO SCALES
NO SPRINGS—HONEST WEIGHT

(Continued from Page 163)

the investigator the hardest kind of roughing it. It shows the forester the quantity and quality of merchantable timber, the young stands, the burns, the swamps, the points for fire control and the total resource upon which he can recommend the building of industrial plants. It shows the prospector and geologist where they may pass over, and where, according to outcroppings of rock, they should concentrate their efforts.

During the past four years aerial photography has revolutionized certain phases of map making in Canada. The first experiment was made in the Pas mineral area. In this region, which was supposed to have been fairly well known, over 800 lakes were added, to say nothing of the showing of rock exposure to direct the footsteps of prospectors.

The simple and efficient method of mapping by oblique photographs which show the horizon has been employed by the topographical survey for the last five years with astonishing results. It has brought within possibility the production within a comparatively short time of maps of the whole Dominion, more complete and as correct in scale as those made by the former ground method.

A Winged Work Horse

A. M. Narraway, chief of aerial surveys, declares: "Canada's contribution to the development of the use of aircraft has not been fully appreciated. She has been developing the work horse, not the race horse. In place of the record flight across the Atlantic, Canada points to the record photographing in five years of over 200,000 square miles of hitherto inaccessible country richly endowed with natural resources, equivalent to eight flights completely around the world, bringing back a photograph of every foot of the way. For that brilliant North Pole flight, Canada points to the aerial protection from fire of approximately 200,000,000 acres each year of forested lands. For the Hawaiian Islands flight, Canada points to the type mapping of timber in one season to an extent of over 30,000 square miles of hitherto almost unmapped country."

Canada has been slow to inaugurate an air-mail service. An extra postage was charged on domestic mails as a war tax; there was a deficit in the postal service, and the post office could not under postwar conditions consider branching out. But with the times improving, the Postmaster-General has announced the support of his department in the initial steps toward a system of air-mail routes.

For some years authority has been granted to aircraft operators to carry mail by air and to sell their own stickers at twenty-five cents a letter. A large bulk of mail has been carried under this system in the new mining districts such as Rouyn, Red Lake, Yukon and Northern Manitoba.

Last winter the Postmaster-General awarded contracts for several regular routes on which the whole of the mail is carried by air. Lying eastward along the north shore of the St. Lawrence, from the end of the railway at La Malbaie to Labrador, is a stretch of country with rocky coast lines and no roads. During the summer mail is conveyed by water routes, but in previous years dog teams have been the sole means of winter transport.

The mails now are carried by air between La Malbaie and points along the coast and Anticosti Island. In the past, Anticosti has been completely isolated from civilization except for the possible call of an ice-breaking steamer. Seven trips were made to the island and two and a half tons of mail carried. A similar service was operated carrying 700 pounds of mail weekly to the Magdalen Islands from Moncton, New Brunswick, distance 120 miles, open sea crossing of 50 miles. Previously the only outside news obtainable here was through weekly radio telegram.

Between Leamington, Ontario, and Pelee Island, on Lake Ontario, has been a difficult spot on the postal map. The practice in past years was to convey mail by boats equipped with runners, over ice and water—a long and dangerous proceeding. Last winter planes took on the job and made four trips a week.

An air-mail service has been established to serve certain mining districts from Rolling Portage via Goldpines, Red Lake, Narrow Lake and Jackson Manion, in Northern Ontario north of the railway. The round trip is about 320 miles, one flight a week, 400 pounds of mail, regular service maintained throughout all last winter notwithstanding the severity of the weather and unusual flying conditions. About three and a half tons of mail was carried.

Speeding Up the Mail

The post office has decided that a beginning of trans-Canada airways can best be made in hastening incoming and outgoing transatlantic mails. Ten experimental runs were made last year, from Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Rimouski. Mails from steamers were delivered on Thursday afternoon in Ottawa that would not have arrived until Saturday morning. This meant that an answer could catch the outgoing boat on Saturday, thus giving a reply within sixteen days, which normally would have taken three weeks.

Authority has been given to investigate the possibility of making this an all-the-year-round service by running to the winter port of Halifax in the closed season of St. Lawrence navigation. Owing to difference of climatic conditions between Montreal and the Atlantic Coast, this is no easy problem. Snow lies deep on the ground in Montreal from the middle of December to the end of March, whereas the ground is often bare in Halifax. New landing devices are required.

Canada today has a strategic position in relation to a fast overland route to the Orient. In order to hold this advantage she realizes that she must keep abreast of the times with her transcontinental airways. Meanwhile the frontiers are teaching her invaluable lessons for this larger and more comprehensive undertaking.

KIDS IN THE COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 40)

and polished off forty of our best pigs. It took us all the next day to dig the graves and cut out headstones, and we ran out of caskets and had to bury most of them raw. It was a very hard day, as we had to mourn all the way up until about seven o'clock.

The best thing about guinea pigs is that one day you will have twenty guinea pigs, and the next day you go out and find there are thirty guinea pigs.

We have had lots of canaries too. It used to be that as fast as they died we had them stuffed. We also had some stuffed guinea pigs. Finally we had to stop having things stuffed. It got too expensive. Besides, it's the funniest thing about stuffed pets. After you get them stuffed, you don't know what to do with them—especially the canaries. A stuffed canary is the hardest thing to do anything with that I ever saw.

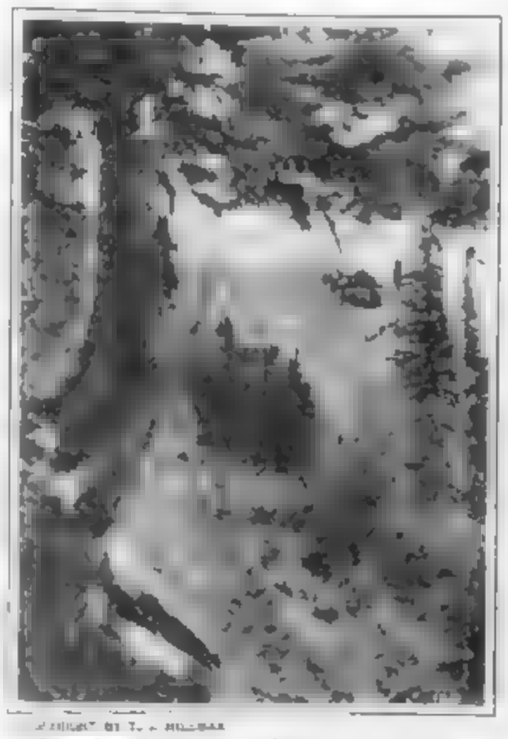
Then we tried butterflies and moths. We would catch them and chloroform them and put them in cases. That was very interesting, but when we started raising worms it got even more interesting. We would collect worms and keep them in cages until they spun cocoons and turned into moths. But every so often one of them would get loose.

Once a great big boy, green, with long red whiskers, got loose in the house and we hunted high and low and couldn't find him anywhere. No wonder we couldn't. He was up in the guest-room bed. The guest found him.

The worst trouble about pets is figuring out what to do with them when you go away. Every year we go to the seashore for a month, and we generally have to take all the pets along with us, as the relatives are crabby about taking care of them. And sometimes things get very complicated.

Once we drove down to the shore in our flivver. I was holding a dog on my lap, and Betty had a cat on hers, and Dot was carrying our snake, Cyrus, in one of those long-handled crab nets. The cat and the dog got to fighting in the back seat, and in the excitement the crab net got tangled up around daddy's head. That happened just as daddy was trying to pass a big truck. Things were very complicated for a while then, especially as Cyrus somehow managed to slide down inside daddy's shirt.

Another time we went to the shore in the train and took two guinea pigs with us. They got to talking so loud in their box that the people in the train couldn't read their papers. So we gave them each a stick of chewing gum and they chewed it all the way down to the shore.



Glacier National Park, Montana

If you want to have any success with pets, you have got to get them young and teach them good manners. Teaching them manners is sometimes very, very hard work. For instance, if a pony kicks you, you have got to turn right around and kick the pony or he will get the idea that he can get away with it the next time. If a goat butts you, you butt him right back, and so forth. But of course it would be foolish to try to sting a hornet.

Of course, we always have quite a bit of trouble with some of our pets wanting to eat up the other pets. The dogs want to eat the cats and the cats want to eat the birds and the birds want to eat the bugs—things like that. There have been a lot of accidents that way.

Nothing has died for quite a while now, though. Which is a very good thing, because we are sort of running out of poems to put on the headstones.

Still, with all the trouble of building houses for them when they're alive and digging graves for them when they're dead, pets are something we can't do without. They are more fun to play with than people, having more sense in the first place. And in the second place —— Well, I don't know just how to say it, but have you ever tickled a baby duck on its fat yellow stomach? Or did you ever see a little tiny pony colt, one day old? Or did you ever lie down in the grass and have forty guinea pigs walk up and down you and look in your face and nibble the end of your nose?

If you ever have done any of these things, then you'll know what I'm trying to say.

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"The Better the Wringer the Whiter the Wash"

The upper half of the illustration above shows a microscopic view of fabric that has been washed and dried without wringing. The lower half shows the fabric after the wringer has completed the cleansing.

Why must washing machines have good wringers?

NOT MERELY to start the *drying*—but also to complete the *cleansing*.

The washing of clothes is one of the oldest domestic chores in the world. Centuries of experience antedated science in demonstrating what must be done to remove dirt from fabrics.

From primitive methods to the most modern, we find the same essential factors recognized. Soap and water to dissolve the soil—slushing to work the soap-and-water solution in and out of the fibres—rinsing to remove the dislodged dirt—and, withal, some treatment by which the more clinging soil and soap is forced by pressure from the fibres.

In the provincial districts of old-world countries, this part of the washing is still performed by the rough and rather destructive method of laying the garment on a flat rock and beating it industriously with a wooden paddle and then twisting by hand to start the drying.

It is this final cleansing that modern American housewives accomplish with the gentle but effective means of the clothes-wringer—at the same time that they partially dry the garment.

So the wringing is a part of the *cleansing*, as well as a part of the drying

Leading makes of washing machines are now equipped with highly-developed wringers, made for them by Lovell—who built the hand operated clothes-wringer that your grandmother was so glad to acquire, fifty years ago. Lovell semi-soft rubber rolls give the proper distribution of pressure, without harm to fabric or buttons

The Lovell brand on the rubber rolls of the wringer identifies a washing machine whose builder has spared no expense to give you the finest and most improved wringer equipment —efficient, durable and safe

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LOVELL

HAND OPERATED WRINGERS POWER OPERATED

AND WRINGER ROLLS

DE ROUGEMONT'S YANKEE

(Continued from Page 46)

"I was afraid you might wake mother," was all she said, as she sat down.

It was hard to believe that any woman, having given birth to Sally, could ever have gone to sleep again. But no one knew better than Rudgy that his mother, ever complaining of the endless hours of the day, preferred to doze till nearly noon.

There were such telling years between Rudgy and his sister, those teens that lie so much farther apart than any other seven years of life, that he could not know how like they were. He saw her grown up, inscrutable, daily doing, without any change of expression on her lovely face, things that would have dislocated his jaw for yawning. Rudgy was frankly bored, as much as a boy of ten can be, but Sally had that within which passeth show. He could not know that something in Sally matching his own nature had been crushed down by the exigencies of their life—the something that he wanted at this moment to see alive and awake in her. So, helplessly inarticulate, he sat back, suffering his usual sense of baffled disappointment.

"Don't pout," said Sally calmly. Her charming profile turned itself cameowise against the blue of the Mediterranean sky as she looked idly out toward Procida. "What's it all about?"

"Nothing," said Rudgy, writhen. "You're invited to breakfast. We were having a grand time till you came."

To his astonishment, a slim brown hand shot across the table and closed on his little fist.

"Rudgy darling, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to be like that. Really, I'm frightfully interested. Who's 'we'?"

As ever, Rudgy melted. When Sally chose to be what he called sweet, one might just as well give in first as last.

"Peter Bliss," he answered, ignoring her plural; for what had he to do with it?

"Is that the man with the gray eyes?"

Rudgy stared. "I don't know the color of his eyes," he said. And burst forth with unexpected belligerence: "But his hair is not long and wavy and his trousers don't go on above his belt till they get stopped by his arms." Rudgy was undoubtedly an unconverted alien.

"I'm afraid," said Sally, "all that is prejudice, Rudge. You can't judge men by how they wear their pompadours and pantaloons."

"Why can't you?" demanded Rudgy stoutly. "I guess I don't like Europeans as much as you and mother do. I don't mean that your friends are like that, of course. But Mr. Bliss was—a sort of relief to me." The boy's eyes wandered out to the blue water—wide as it was, a mere cupful of that which separated him from the land of his birth. Sally, watching him, felt her heart soften toward the little expatriate, not even able to put his homesickness into words. She gave his hand another little squeeze.

"Rudgy," she said, "if there was any way I could do it, I'd get that cranky old trust company to give me my money now and I'd send you home to school." His mouth opened in astonishment, as he looked at her. Sally's detached and unmoved expression was totally lacking. "I would," she nodded. "Why, what's the good of leaving money to a girl if she can't have it till she's thirty?—just in time to buy her way into a nice old ladies' home!"

"Mother wouldn't let you send me away, anyhow," said Rudgy, unable to thank her.

But Sally's mouth achieved extraordinarily straight lines as its curves tightened.

"Mother might be satisfied with planting me here," she said grimly. It was ludicrously as if a flower were to begin growling. "This is not the way for you to be brought up. I've been thinking about it a long time."

Peter Bliss, on his way to join them at last, felt his heart skip two beats as he caught sight of her sitting at his table.

"There she is—looking like her father," he said with an odd flash of intuition. "I wonder what's up."

Enveloped in a clean chef's apron, he emerged from the dining room with a silver platter in either hand and followed by a wide-awake Natale, bearing a steaming pot upon his tray—a Natale who had decided in favor of a present hundred-lire note as against the economic interests of an employer who parted reluctantly with a monthly wage of two.

Rudgy started up and Sally turned. Peter noticed a decided family resemblance in the little rise of color in their cheeks, in the ripple of their smiles; he was to find their voices quaintly identical, for Rudgy's clear treble pitched its Latin modulations in the same octave with her soft soprano.

Peter came forward and bowed between his platters.

"Miss Redhill," said he, "I thought we might make an old-home morning of it. Like an inspiration, it came to me that *granoturco*, properly handled, would make corn bread."

He set down on the table before her, not without pride, a great plate of Southern pone, thin and delicately browned, and another salver on which lay scrambled eggs in large luscious blobs within a crown of minced ham and parsley.

"The coffee is a little thing of mine own. I boil it in a pot, camp fashion, and if it is not as clear as a brown topaz, may it be used to dilute the hotel ink."

It was a little over Rudgy's head, though he grinned sympathetically when Sally's chime of laughter rang out. It occurred to him that Sally seldom laughed. He eyed the smoking viands aggressively.

Peter took off his apron, bonneted Natale with it in one svelte gesture and sat down.

"This," he said heartily, "is beyond the normal expectation of life. And the hotel larder is in a state of nudity beyond the powers of Mother Hubbard to describe."

"I think, when we have finished," said Sally, "you would better send for a strong male nurse to take over the padrone."

She poured coffee while Peter manfully dealt with the rest of his feast.

"Why can't they do it like this?" asked Rudgy, salting the pale butter on his corn bread and almost choking over his reception of a message from home. "Scrambled eggs here are dingy little sandy scraped-up messes."

"The country is unconcerted to extravagance in butter," said Peter amiably and audibly. To himself he was fervently saying: "Your eyes, Miss Redhill, are much too dressy for the daytime. To think that one must travel to Italy to see the prettiest girl in America!" He caught up with the spoken topic: "As a matter of slab-sided fact, you can't consider people good cooks who do little or nothing to a potato but fry it."

"I think the Italian cooking very good," said the lady, as one who recaptures a slipping touch of Vere de Vere.

"Well, I don't mean to run the place down," said Peter. "How could I," he added to himself, "when your eyes are getting bluer every minute? . . . What do you do with yourself in Piedimonte, Miss Redhill?"

Sally looked at her coffee cup. "I live here," she said. She did not mean to be unkind. But one can't be frozen stiff without giving off an occasional chill to the bystander, however innocent.

"Do you really?" exclaimed Peter. Somehow he had not taken this in. Three years or so was a long stay, of course, but that she actually had no other home had not occurred to him. He looked at her. What common sense was left him, in the first few days of losing his heart to her mere image, told him there was just a chance she was not the most beautiful girl in the

(Continued on Page 169)

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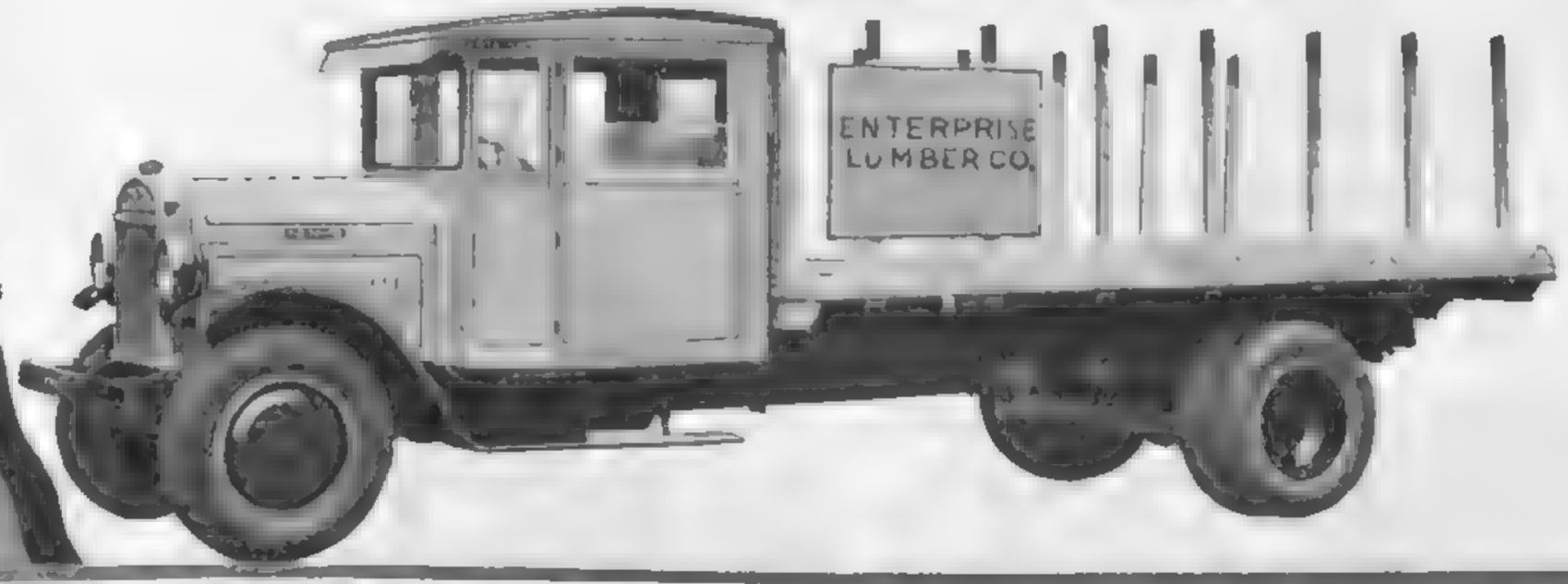

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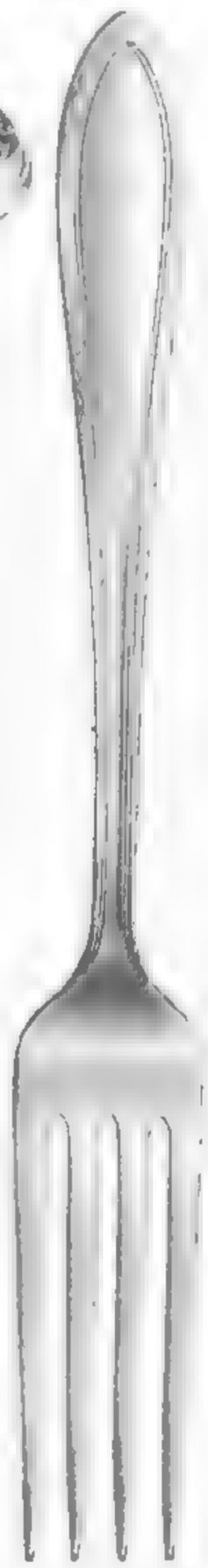

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(Continued from Page 166)

world, but so she seemed to him in a degree that made any other appreciation impossible while his eyes were upon her. "Do you really?" he inanely repeated. "And while living here, do you sail or swim?"

"We do both," said Sally, and for one fleeting moment he saw a spark of eager animation light her quiet face.

"I wonder why," mused Peter, still observing her, "you keep so much hidden. I caught a glimpse of Sally herself just then."

Rudgy had devoted himself in silence to his delectable and unusual breakfast. He was not a sophisticated fellow, but before now he had savored the juicelessness of playing gooseberry, and he knew that little good was to be extracted from any man in competition with Sally. Approaching repletion, however, he looked up with interest as Sally said in her best manner:

"What is your specialty, Mr. Bliss?"

"Who, me?" blushed Peter. There had been so much publicity given to his specialty of recent weeks in the journals that, as a modest fellow, he was quite averse to mentioning it; though, as his name had very obviously meant nothing even to Rudgy, they probably did not often see a newspaper. But he could not bring himself to be anything but extremely offhand about it. "I just fly around—I mean literally, you know. Airplanes, I make them and—er—invent new gadgets, and so on. Just now I'm off duty, having put in my time helping my father to perfect a lighter fuel than gasoline. These transatlantic chaps got so on our nerves, throwing away their landing gear and what not."

Rudgy was regarding him with a new worshipful look.

"Oh, did you get it?" he asked breathlessly.

"Well, yes, we got it," said Peter, almost guiltily.

"Gee!" sighed Rudgy enviously, and squeezed his hands between his knees. "I wish I was a flyer. I think they're simply great."

Peter gave a little laugh. "We are good to the last drop, anyway," he said. "Which reminds me to offer you more coffee, Miss Redhill."

But his more important guest was rising.

"Thank you, no more. It has been a great treat," she said with a courteous little smile. "I think I would better go and see if my mother is awake yet." Then, just for a moment, she let Sally shine forth again. "We'll meet you later, perhaps, in the water?"

"About eleven?" he asked eagerly.

He wanted desperately to keep her, to prolong this priceless first meeting; but with a mere murmur of acquiescence, she turned away to cross the still-empty terrace and disappear through the *albergo*.

Mrs. Carroll Redhill of Virginia was awake. Rudgy had not seen fit to explain that she had called him to her when he had come in search of Sally, nor that she had said fretfully: "Peter Bliss! What an awful name! How I detest these wandering Yankees! Now don't get Sally involved in this. Oh, dear, I suppose this means I shall have to get up and snub him."

Rudgy had precipitately retired before this horrid suggestion, and much as he doubted her putting it into immediate execution, some of his silence during that memorable breakfast had been due to a hazy dread that she might emerge upon their party. Mrs. Carroll Redhill of Virginia was a Grade-A snubber. But she had not left her bed, contenting herself with waiting for Sally's return and composing a bitter homily on hotel acquaintances, which she hoped would do as well.

She was disappointed in this. For, though Sally listened to it all most docilely, it became quite evident in the days that followed that the wandering Yankee with the awful name had received no discouragement in his desire for the society of her daughter.

"All this kindness to Rudgy is my eye and Betty Martin," she said inelegantly to her reflection in the dressing glass. She was putting on a most fetching small *bois-de-rose* hat with soft feathers that swept down over her ears to lie against her faintly tinted cheeks. Sally might on occasion look like her father, but not a little of her beauty she had inherited from the distaff side, and for all the close approach of forty-year, Mrs. Redhill had no occasion to frown at her mirror as she now did. "I won't have this creature interfering," she said, and dusted another bit of powder on her Virginian nose.

Peter Bliss, ignorant of Sally's early-morning departure with Rudgy by boat for Naples, under the generalship of this determined woman, and unconscious of her unattended approach, sat on the terrace in a mid-morning idleness and wondered if the world were as empty as it seemed.

It wasn't. The slender figure in sand-colored tussah, which for a moment he had hoped was Sally, he became aware was bearing down upon him, delicately and gracefully, with obvious intention. There was no doubt as to her identity. He rose and bowed.

"Mrs. Redhill," he said cheerfully.

"Of course you are Mr. Bliss, are you not? My boy left a message for you—of no importance. He was sorry to miss the bathe today." She gave him a gentle smile as she drew on her gloves. "It's quite a heavenly day, isn't it? Though I dare say it will be hot in the piazza. I wonder if you'd care to drive down with me?"

Poor Peter delivered himself unsuspectingly to the enemy.

Mrs. Redhill, who chatted kindly to him on their way to the village, had a quarter hour's business to transact at the *banco*, shut off in a private room with an impressive manager, while her escort smoked a cigarette in the *vettura* outside. It was nothing more important than the cashing of a small check, but this wily introducer of bad news made it the pretext for delivering the worst.

"You have no idea how much formality there is," she said pleasantly, as she rejoined him, "about an engagement in this country." Here she bowed and smiled brightly to the occupants of a passing motor, while Peter felt the blood drain from his head as if he sat in a plane executing a neat tail spin toward the ground. "I suppose it is still done in the old way in the States: Hello, pater, meet the wife."

She laughed softly and stepped into the carriage. Mr. Bliss collapsed beside her. There was a moment's silence as the *vettura* started forward.

Then a curious hoarse whisper from Peter's heart asked her one word: "Engagement?"

"My daughter, you know," she said comfortably. "It is a matter of endless ceremony. In fact, I don't know that an Italian betrothal is not more binding than an American marriage. We shall be going away soon for the signing of the papers at the prince's home."

The blue sky had turned black. The sunlight was leaden. The world had come to an end, and Peter Bliss found that the place of departed spirits had been vastly underrated. From an idle June sort of feeling, as fair an approach to contentment as he could know with Sally out of his sight, he had been pushed over the edge of a sudden agony into a dreadful abyss of aching loss. The blood did not return to his cheeks, but left his face gray and drawn in bitter lines. He could not speak. He could, indeed, for an odd roaring in his ears, scarcely hear Mrs. Redhill sweetly chatting beside him.

For she had gone on talking with a commendable continuity that would have told a man less lost in dejection than Peter that she knew how it was with him, and that she was covering the open effect of her news in well-bred fashion. Mrs. Carroll Redhill of Virginia had excellent manners, if not a soft heart.

"Sally, you know," he heard her say finally—for that name had power to wake his attention even while his life was being cut into neat slices—"is what we call our

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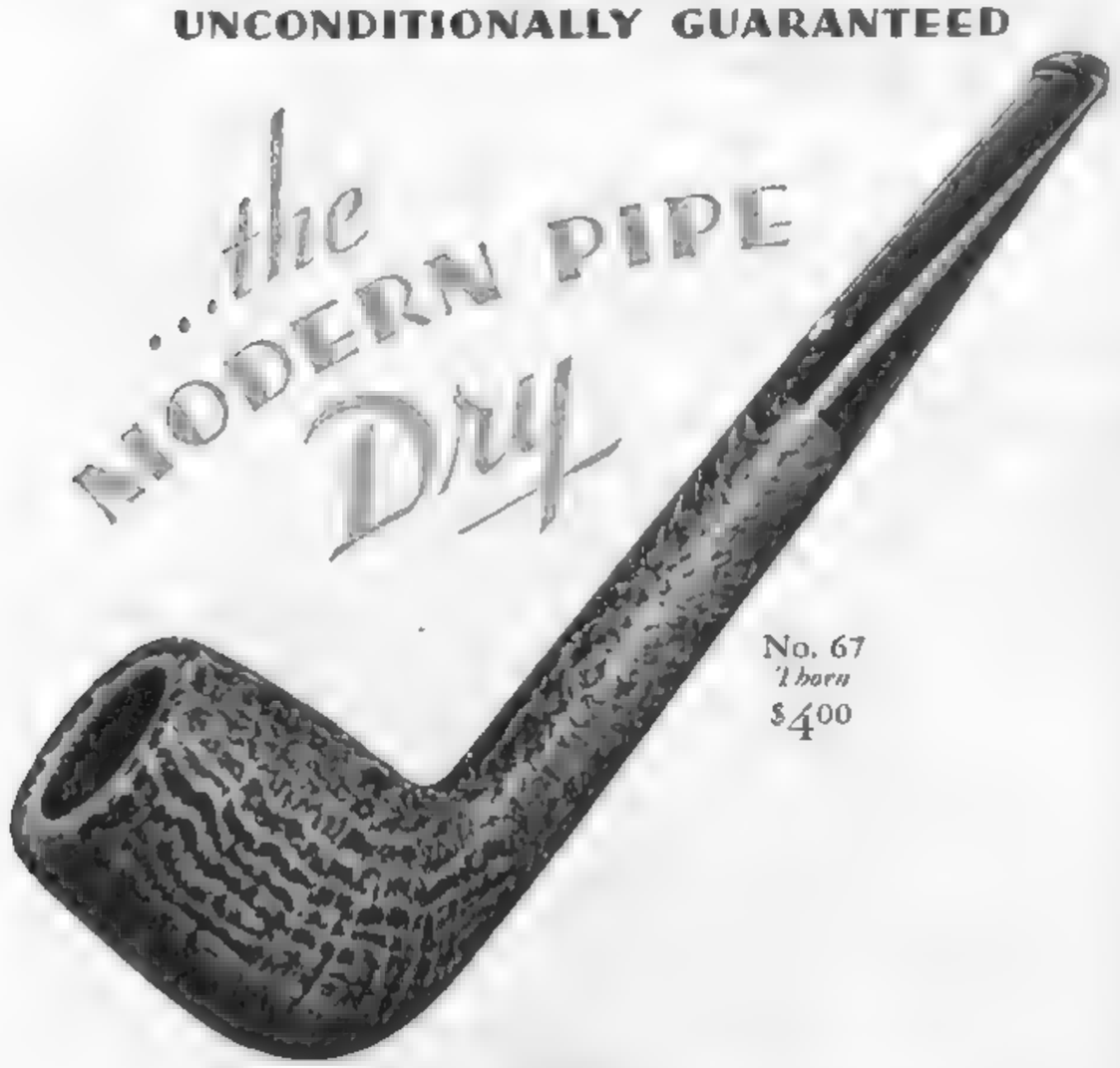

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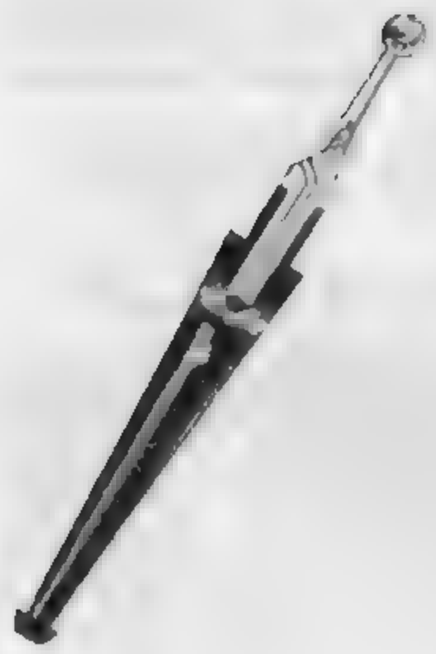

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postponed heiress. So much silly talk goes on about these international marriages! One would think an Italian or a French gentleman sought nothing but money. Girls are expected to have a dowry—why not? Their daughters, in turn, must have money put aside for them. It comes to the same thing in the end, so far as a man's pocket is concerned. Only, the young people start out with a comfortable sum in the bank instead of having their early married life embittered by financial worries. I'm sure you can see that."

"Yes," said Peter Bliss in a voice quite unlike his own. "The—er—the prince is a young man?"

"Well, I fancy he's forty-two or three. A charming age for a man. And a most charming fellow. We are all very happy about it." She gave a little laugh. "You'll think me quite a child when I tell you that I look forward to Sally's changing our awful name of Redhill to Brancaccio-Cellammare. I've suffered Redhill all my married life. My husband's very mistaken ancestors, coming to the colonies, saw fit to change it. It was originally, of course, De Rougemont."

It was unusual that she left this revelation till the second hour of acquaintance. Peter was too self-absorbed to make any comment.

His suffering consciousness merely remembered his little friend's reticence on the subject of his name, which was undoubtedly De Rougemont Redhill. Poor Rudgy! He found they were driving back toward the villa, though all the preceding moments had been a blur to him.

"We don't often make friends with the people who come to the hotel," said his companion as they passed that gay pile of rose-red plaster, "but you've been so nice to my little boy that I hope you will find time to drop in for tea with us some afternoon before you go." It was a vague but utterly correct cordiality. "Perhaps tomorrow—about five o'clock?"

"Thank you," said Peter with some difficulty. Did one offer tea to a man as a *coup de grâce?* "You are very kind."

He bowed her into the courtyard of her home, mechanically gave the *sellurino* a fifty-lire note and walked off down the road in the general direction of Constantinople.

So poignantly had life begun for him with his first glimpse of Sally that he had never bethought him how settled and agreed upon might be her future. If he told himself now that he was a fool to have imagined she could walk the earth until her twentieth year without some man having accomplished her capture, it consoled him no whit. He quite simply felt that he could not stand it. And it never occurred to him that Sally had many times wondered if she could. He was twenty years older than Rudgy, but he knew little more than the boy of those forces that had gradually bound Sally to the *ci-devant* De Rougemont chariot wheels.

Sally was so inured to the effort of trying to make up to her pretty fragile little mother for some obscure wrong done to her by the Western Hemisphere, so accustomed to an utterly foreign existence in the Eastern, that to allow her sole guardian to arrange her marriage in accordance with the customs of the Black Party seemed only the natural outcome of their adopted surroundings. The excessive formality of life for a young woman, even in circles that were no more than Gray, as Roman society graded those with a leaning toward the White Party, a restriction only here set aside while they were in *villeggiatura* during the summer, had molded her since her sixteenth year. It was kittle material that Mrs. Carroll Redhill of Virginia had had to work with, but she had been consistently painstaking. However, little as she suspected it, Sally gave in to her only for the idiotic reason that, in her unnatural state of feckless acquiescence, she didn't see what difference it made whom she married.

Had Peter known this, he could have told her. Because Peter knew the difference. He could feel it in the marrow of every bone of his perishable frame.

Mrs. Redhill was not the only person concerned in Sally's affairs who was to take advantage of that young woman's absence to make a few clearing remarks. However Prince Brancaccio-Cellammare knew that the morning *vaporetto* had taken the young people away for calculable hours, he was well aware that he would find the lady alone when he presented himself at her door at five o'clock. Mrs. Redhill's major-domo escorted the visitor through the huge tile-floored, dome-ceiled *sala*, out into the loggia, where by a table bearing a silver tea service embellished with the arms of De Rougemont—in which His Excellency did not believe for a moment—sat the very pretty lady in whom, oddly enough, he believed most cordially.

He was a tall thin sort of prince, rather grave and slow of speech, but with quick, glancing eyes—sometimes the only things about him apparently alive. From his glittering shoes and white spats to his glossy topper, he was dressed as he conceived fitting for an afternoon call—a standard that conceded nothing to the enthusiasm with which Piedimonte had plunged into the June day.

Mrs. Redhill found him perfect: If only Great-aunt Sara had not spitefully skipped a generation in her last will and testament, Peter Bliss might not have been wandering about the better part of Campania with a broken heart.

Brancaccio bowed over her lifted hand, looked into her lifted eyes, smiled at her lifted spirits.

"May I beg some of your excellent tea, signora?" He gave his hat, stick and gloves to the waiting Mario and sat down near her with a flattering sigh of content. "You make one forget," he said, with a graceful look at her charming tea gown, "that one comes on a disagreeable errand."

Mrs. Redhill could not, for delicate reasons of her own, turn pale, but she could have a horrid moment of apprehension. Had something gone wrong in the endless arrangements for lifting a despised American version of a fine old name from at least one member of her family? Mechanically she finished the nice apportionment of tea, sugar and lemon in his cup.

"I can't imagine what you mean," she murmured

"These last two weeks I have been much away. You know how much there is to occupy me just now in Rome. And also, dear lady, you have lived with us long enough to know our ways," he said with an inflexible intention. "Call jealousy a fault, if you will. We make a virtue of it. A man does not say in Italy, 'I love this woman.' He says, 'I am very jealous of her'"

Mrs. Redhill drew a breath of relief. "You're thinking of this tiresome young Yankee."

"Who, quite obviously, does not tire," he put in.

"My dear Attilio, I have already attended to him," she said with a little laugh. "I sent the children to Naples on errands, I took the man for a little drive with me, and I should fancy he is now preparing his departure. I had to stretch truth an inch or so by representing you and my daughter as already formally engaged, but ——"

"Thank you for that," said Brancaccio, but he frowned. "I still wish with all my heart that he had never come here."

She stared a little at his gloomy face. It was a great deal for a man of his pride to have said.

"We can all cheerfully forget that he ever did," she remarked gently.

"You—you think so?"

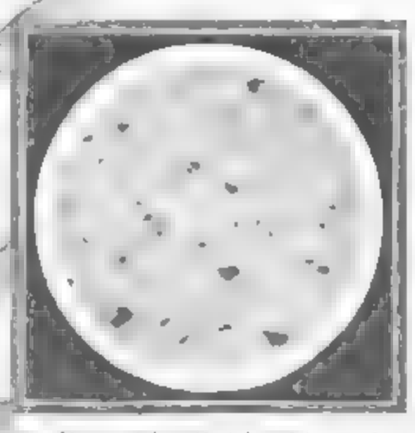
Mrs. Redhill was genuinely astonished at the curious hesitation.

"I can't see what you mean," she repeated. "Why, you haven't met the man, have you?"

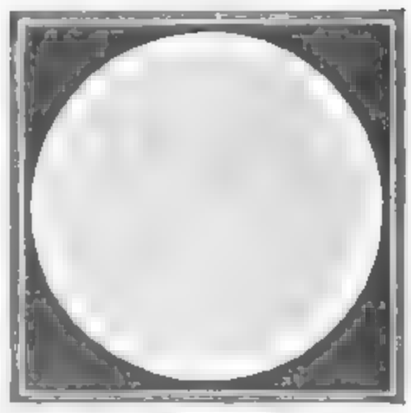
"Not," said Brancaccio, lifting his eyes to hers—"not in the flesh."

"What a queer thing to say!" It was queer enough to agitate her, to make her a little breathless. Could there have come some change in Sally she had not seen?

(Continued on Page 173)



Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint



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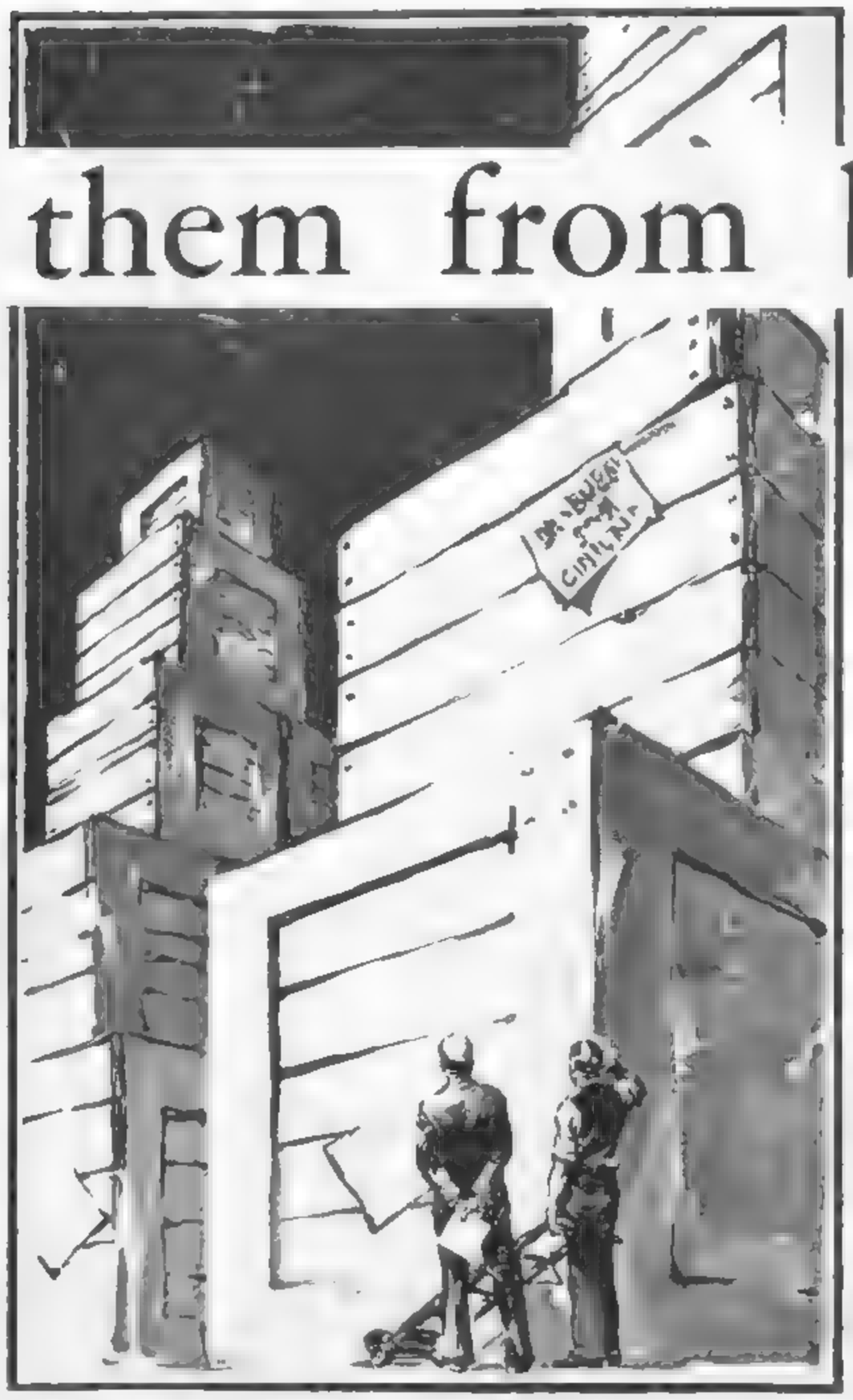

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(Continued from Page 170)

Could it be possible the girl of her long training ——

"You must not let yourself be impressed with Rudgy's childish talk," she said, perhaps too hurriedly. "You know, to a boy, a man like that, who flies an airplane, is a sort of demigod."

The prince's look remained, though through it he smiled politely.

"We have said, I hope, all that is necessary," he told her. "And I do not think you need my assurance that I am not in the least concerned with Rudgy's hero worship. Let us talk of more agreeable things."

They could both do this. But thinking was a different matter. Mrs. Redhill's sharply clear mind was fogged with formless resentment against the wandering Yankee: but no one knew better than she that Sally, like Carroll Redhill of Virginia, could not be driven. She had always got her own way from both of them by an exaggeration of plaintive dependence. It seemed to her that for Peter Bliss to remain one hour after her tactful dismissal showed him outrageously ignorant of proper social customs. She even invented a headache to rescind her invitation to tea the following day, only to find that Sally had accepted his suggestion of a sunset sail and swim, which made her imaginary megrim come true with a vengeance.

"You would better not go," she said with admirable restraint. "I really need you, Sally, and I don't think the prince would like your going without him."

"But of course he is going with us," said Sally calmly, shrugging herself into a bright *accappatoio*. "Mr. Bliss has had a heavenly boat sent over from Naples. I wouldn't miss it for the world. Why don't you come too?" Sally did not take much stock in that headache.

Mrs. Redhill got up from her chaise longue with more of a bounce than was to be expected from a plaintive invalid.

"I will," she said quietly. She bit her lip to hold back the more fatal words that seethed within her.

Contrary to his mother's intense feeling on the subject, Rudgy was at that moment urging Peter to remain in Piedimonte. They were sitting together, bright dressing gowns over their swimming togs, waiting in the cockpit of a slender graceful little sloop rocking lightly on the bay. At the steps of the boathouse, the dinghy, manned by two barefoot *marinaii*, waited to transfer the later arrivals.

Peter looked anything but happy in the plans he tried to speak of so easily, frowning down upon the end of rope he fiddled with. But Rudgy's face was utterly distressed.

"You can't mean you're going away soon?"

"Tomorrow," said Peter. "Nothing for it, lad." He looked up the face of the cliff to where the Villa San Severino lay in its garden, glanced away across the water and failed signally in an effort to whistle. "These chaps will sail me over to Naples on their way back," he said; and repeated dismally, "tomorrow."

"But you said you were going to stay a long while!"

Peter put both hands in his pockets and stared at his canvas shoes.

"I didn't know ——" he said, and paused, unable to complete his speech.

Rudgy was not an adept conversationalist. With the literal mind of childhood, he needed both ends of a sentence.

"Didn't know what?"

For a silent space, Peter sat without moving. Then his eyes lifted to Rudgy's and let him have the truth.

"I didn't know your sister was engaged to be married," he said, with lips that felt and looked stiff. It was an odd thing to say to a child, but Peter was an odd Yankee.

Rudgy gazed and gaped. "My hat!" he said, aghast.

A grim little smile twisted Peter's mouth.

"Something you can keep under it," he said in a voice that grated. "Sally mustn't know."

"Mustn't know that you're going away?"

"No; that's something I want you to tell her when you wish. I tried it—find I can't do it without making an ass of myself."

Rudgy grappled with this overwhelming revelation. He knew as little as the angels about marrying and giving in marriage, had it ever entered his head that Peter Bliss could be at all affected by Sally's choice of a husband. But there was no need for Peter to repeat his warning for silence, as Rudgy well knew the complete snubbing that inevitably followed his slightest interference in women's affairs. And his efforts to understand the ins and outs of this extraordinary situation were enough to silence him in any event. He still looked dazed and decidedly unintelligent when Sally and her mother appeared on the stringpiece, to be joined from the bathhouses by the prince himself.

Brancaccio was making a graceful virtue of necessity. He did not fancy there was any secret between him and this intrusive foreigner about the welcome of his presence or its eagerness. He was going because he knew Sally would go, and because he was determined that this should be her last afternoon in Mr. Bliss' company. As he leaned down with handing Mrs. Redhill carefully into the little rowboat, he pressed her hand to capture her attention.

"This, you know," he said softly, and yet in a tone of iron hardness—"this must stop."

She gave him a quick grim little nod. Already she had planned to give Peter his *congé* that very evening, since hints were apparently lost on the barbarian. She would tell him very plainly that Italian etiquette did not permit this sort of thing. And the thought that she would so soon get rid of him so cheered her that she could be kind to their host. After all, poor fellow, Sally was not the easiest girl in the world to leave.

The barefoot crew was not averse to dismissal when Peter made it clear that he had no idea of taking helpers along. It gave him a welcome occupation to handle the craft himself, a plausible excuse for refusing to look at Brancaccio bending over Sally as he consistently monopolized her. The indisputable fact that Sally's prince was a thoroughly good sort did not in the least make things easier for the man at the wheel.

Mrs. Redhill, the only one of the party not dressed for bathing, also the only one with even a pretense of a smiling face, sat near him. If they had not been passengers, had this wandering Yankee been alone in the boat, she could have wished it would go straight to the bottom. This was not a comfortable basis for polite conversation, but Mrs. Redhill heroically carried on.

Before the sun went too far down, Peter brought up into the eye of the wind, such as it was, Rudgy cast anchor, and a few minutes later Mrs. Redhill sat alone in the boat, begging them not to shake water all over her when they returned. She smiled a little as she thought how childish even a man of her own age could be, for her prospective son-in-law was contentedly outshining his rival at this moment, being by far the better swimmer of the two, and she foresaw Brancaccio's intention to challenge Peter to a race and show him a clean pair of heels. She opened her parasol, crossed her slim Virginian feet and relaxed.

The sail flapped with a riffling sound of ticking reef points, the boat rocked like a baby's cradle, and Mrs. Redhill thanked the stars, of which the first would soon be visible, that they would shine that evening on what she called the last of Peter Bliss. She went so far as to admit she might have been unduly disturbed by this young fellow. After all, Sally had known him a bare three weeks. She drew a breath of content, and, glancing only once behind her to smile when her shrewdly foreseen race between the two men was started by a water-treading pair of Redhills, let her mind drift happily to the near day when she would be, however

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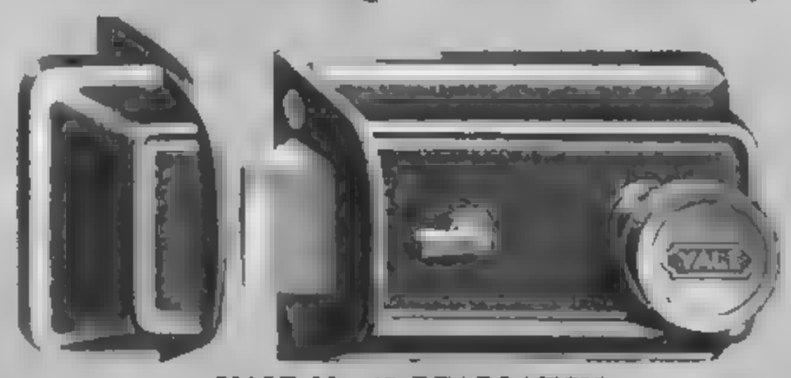

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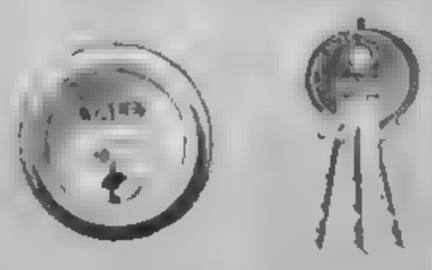

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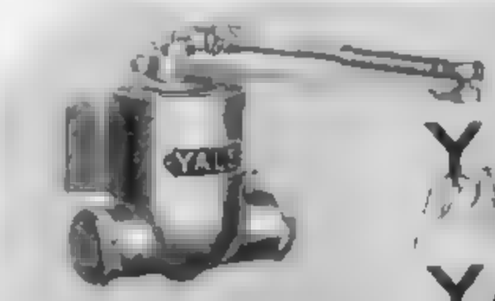

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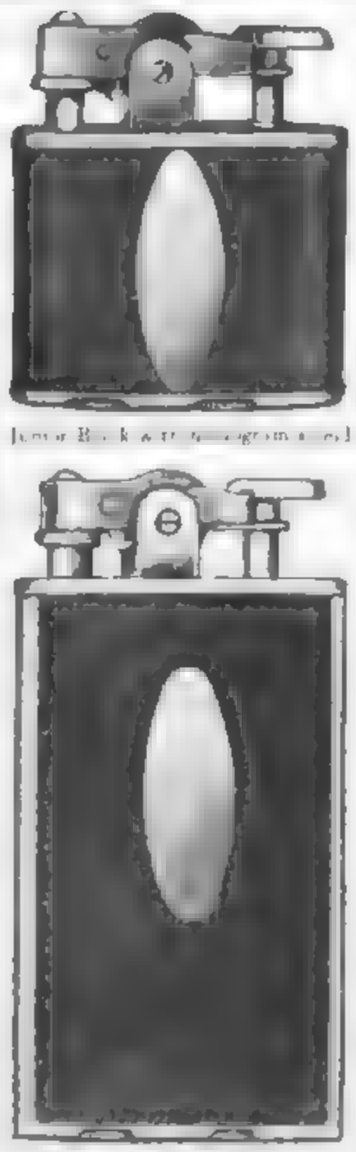

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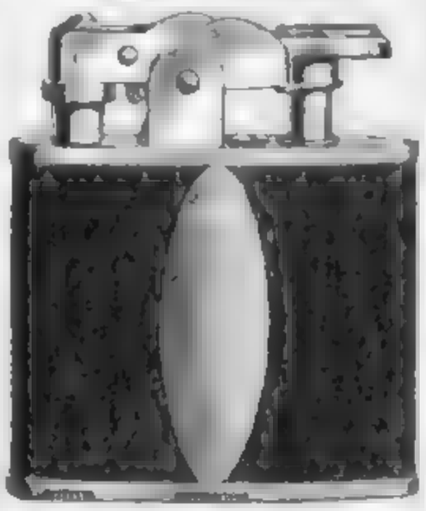


Standard Black with monogram shield

vicariously, a member of the princely house of Cellammare. It was a peaceful time.

Then suddenly a wild cry rent the quiet air about her. She dropped her sunshade, which had cut her off from more than the last stabbing rays of the sunset, and started up. Even in that moment of terror, she turned cold with fury. For Sally's voice shrill with fear, had rung out in one unmistakable appeal: "Peter!" As Mrs. Redhill turned a stricken face, she saw the girl toss up her hands and double over in a frantic dive.

To do her justice, the anger was forgotten in one split second. Her heart closed with an agony over the word "Rudgy!" even as the sea had closed above his head.

It was happily over in a few minutes. The men came back from their thrashing halt like two engines to the rescue. Their bodies fairly cleft the water, while their driving arms rose and fell violently as if to tear the distant figures toward them. Peter Bliss had the half-conscious boy over his shoulder in record time, leaving Brancaccio to the frightened girl.

"It's all right," everyone was assuring the others as they got themselves into the boat. Peter jumped to the anchor, Brancaccio to the helm; Mrs. Redhill rubbed Rudgy's arms and legs, while Sally unromantically dumped the water out of him, her teeth chattering with more than cold.

"It's all right," she kept saying.

But later, when Mrs. Redhill was at liberty to think of anything but her boy, she thoroughly disagreed with this reiterated pronouncement. She had put both Rudgy and Sally to bed, the latter scarcely less afflicted with nervous chills than the storm center of the evening's excitement. Having declined a proper dinner herself, she had restrained herself till Peter Bliss had finished his before going to put into execution her inflexible determination to send him about his very airy business.

Her victim, apprised by Mario of her coming, was alone on the faintly lighted terrace of the hotel, the other guests still providentially shut away in the dining room with their figs and coffee.

"You should have let me come to you," said Peter, offering her a chair

"I wanted to see you alone," said Mrs. Redhill with an obvious lack of directness. For what she really wanted was to see him without her Sally's knowledge. "I won't sit down, thanks. I'm sorry to say that my message to you is so extremely succinct it isn't worth the trouble."

"You wouldn't have a liqueur—a cigarette?"

She made a courteous gesture of refusal "I am not going to make any set speeches about your fishing out my Rudgy from a watery grave, Mr. Bliss."

"I should hope not," smiled Peter. "He wasn't, in that company, in the slightest danger."

"But it doesn't make it any easier to be short with you." She returned his smile rather frostily. "I thought," she went on, keeping her chill look upon him, "you must know more about Italian customs than to think an engaged girl was free to accept attentions from men other than her fiancé."

"You make it quite clear," said Peter. "I can be as frank as yourself, Mrs. Redhill. It was my intention to go away tomorrow morning."

The lady's heart gave an angry throb. "Was?" she echoed coldly.

"I have since reconsidered," said Peter rather shortly.

"You make it difficult for me to ask you to keep to your original plan."

Peter Bliss gave her a long look. "Where's Sally?" he asked.

"My daughter has gone to bed," returned Mrs. Redhill, in some vexation at his use of the name.

"Then I can't see her tonight, and you understand therefore why I can't go tomorrow. . . . May I smoke?" He drew out his cigarettes and lighted one in a hand that was as steady as her determination.

"I can't believe that you intend to be disagreeable, Mr Bliss."

"It all depends on what you mean by the word," returned the young man, quite unmoved. "If you imagine for a moment I can go away and leave this matter here, I can only say you have been away from home long enough to forget what Americans are like."

After a moment's silence he added less vehemently: "You don't like Americans, I fancy, Mrs. Redhill; and I know I've done nothing to soften your heart toward us, barging in without any ceremony as I have. Abrupt and rough as it sounds, I've adored Sally from the moment I laid eyes on her. To you, that is only a few days ago, but I wish you had any idea what an eternity it seems to me."

Mrs. Redhill did not think any reply necessary to this jejune speech. She idled over to the balustrade, looking reproachfully at those stars she had so prematurely thanked. Well, this obstinate young man had played into her hands to the extent of making clear his intention. Very well. If Mohammed would not leave the mountain, she would take the mountain away from Mohammed.

An early morning start was inevitable in Piedimonte, lacking motors to put one beyond the necessity of using the matinal *caporello*. She could send a note to the prince, telling him to find them in Rome, and Sally's nuptial contracts could be signed at once. There was still one other matter to be disposed of, or this headstrong lover would never cease to search the earth for Sally.

With a cool smile, she tossed her shawl again over her shoulder and turned back

"Well, Mr. Bliss," she said amiably, "we needn't quarrel, need we? If you won't go, you won't and there's an end on't. It's hard for me to have to handle a matter more properly the job of Sally's father, but as a widow I do my best." She took a step past him, and then half hesitated. "I don't suppose you'd object to telling me why you changed your mind about going?" she asked quite idly.

"I'm sure you know that," said Peter, looking intently at the cigarette he held. "You see, I am fully aware that the prince is a much more expert swimmer than I."

"I—I don't follow," said Mrs. Redhill vaguely, with another step away.

"Please don't pretend you don't remember that Sally—heaven bless her!—called for me."

Mrs. Redhill allowed her eyes to rise slowly and dwell upon his face.

"Oh!" she said, and looked away as if she were quite too sorry for him. She spoke again very gently: "You were swimming away from us, Mr. Bliss, but I was quite near them. Sometimes, at a distance, I can't myself distinguish between their voices. It wasn't Sally who called you—it was Rudgy."

She moved on, as if she had never really halted, and left him standing there motionless, the cigarette fallen from his fingers.

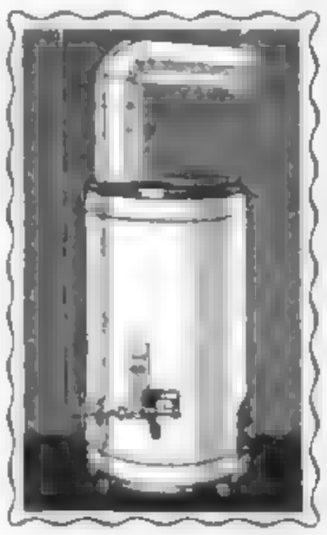
It was scarcely more credible to Peter than to Mrs. Redhill that he could have put so much faith in such a destructible hope. The ease with which she swept it away quite stunned him for a while, a condition enviable in comparison to the bitterness of pain to which he slowly woke Automatically, he had taken himself off the terrace, where he could not much longer expect to be alone, and had plodded down the zigzag path across the face of the cliff to the water's edge. Here he sat for weary hours, wondering how he was going to endure his misery and finding that calling himself a fool did not help at all. Nobody with a heartache should carry it to the midnight sea, which is quite enough in itself to make one despair of being of the slightest importance in the terrestrial scheme of things. In the small hours, when even the stars decided to retire, he climbed the cliff with leaden feet and let sleep take what little Mrs. Redhill had left of him—an exhausted slumber that treacherously carried him past all chance of seeing Sally depart for the morning boat.

(Continued on Page 177)

"GOOD Riddance to BAD Rubbish"

The Decent Way

Why should you keep garbage around your home? *Disease menace!* Why any trash heap or rubbish? *Fire hazard!* Garbage, rubbish, trash should all be disposed of The Decent Way—*burn* it with gas. INCINOR, the Home Incinerator, burns it, bushels at a time, down to a handful of odorless, sterilized ashes—quickly, cleanly, cheaply—*with gas.* For as little as $100 *(f.o.b. factory)* you can equip your home with this Health Guard, Fire Protection, Modern Convenience. Installs as easily as a gas range, in your basement. Good neighbors do it The Decent Way, with INCINOR, the Home Incinerator. See it at your gas office, the INCINOR dealer in your community, or write us for full information. Home Incinerator Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



INCINOR reduces wet garbage, trash, and rubbish to a few handfuls of clean, odorless, sterilized ash. Can be installed in any house, old or new, in a few minutes. No bother—simply press the lighter button and gas flame does the rest. Exclusive patented features insure complete incineration. Will not attract vermin, nothing "built-in." INCINOR is made in sizes for all homes and institutions. For as little as $100, f. o. b. factory.

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THE HOME INCINERATOR

Good Riddance

GARBAGE .. RUBBISH .. TRASH

THE DECENT WAY

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Dept. A, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Send me your free booklet "The Decent Way."

Name

Street

City

Yet on she came—gracefully at home on that cruel grade . . . radiant, superbly poised, the joy of life in every buoyant step

Bother the view . . . *it became mere background!*

NOT that there was anything wrong with the view! From the Devil's Horn you look across the shadow-dusted prairie—breath-taking—*limitless*—a sailless sea, far-flung to the hazy horizon . . .

A view to cross a continent to see!

And then—around the trail-turn *she* came—a blaze of color against the somber firs . . .

A visitor at the Springs, without a doubt . . . for her gay sports sweater—her smart tweeds—her adorably modish little shoes . . . these spoke of Fifth Avenue and the Rue de la Paix.

Yet on she came—gracefully at home on that cruel grade . . . radiant, superbly poised, the joy of life in every buoyant step.

Bother the view!

* * *

Like all men, I have always admired grace in women—grace of carriage, above all things. It is so *rare*. And, like all men, I have often wondered *why*? I have asked *why*? And now, I believe, I have *found out* why!

Most women don't allow themselves to walk with *natural* grace. They sacrifice foot-freedom (quite *needlessly!*) to so-called foot-fashion.

They have yet to learn that there are shoes of truly Parisian chic—flawless smartness—that positively caress the feet at every step! In short—the lovely women who are less lovely when they walk, have not yet discovered Red Cross Shoes.

* * *

Designed by Frenchmen and scientifically shaped over the famous, exclusive "Limit" lasts—derived from an exhaustive study of thousands of feminine feet—Red Cross Shoes are beautiful shoes to look at and beautiful shoes to wear.

Other exclusive features of The Red Cross Shoe are the Arch-Tone support, to relieve all strain on the instep, and the Natural-shaped heel, which follows the lines of your own heel, and clings with caressing snugness.

Every woman who has ever worn Red Cross Shoes knows that they are comfy snug, joyously supporting, perfectly attuned to every contour of the feet, in action as well as repose.

The very smartest shoe store in town will show you Red Cross Shoes for street, sport or formal wear, at prices ranging from $10 to $16.50. There are also Sub-deb models from $6.50 to $8.50, and Junior models from $3.50 to $6.00.

Red Cross Shoe

FITS THE FOOT IN ACTION AND REPOSE

SEND FOR YOUR COPY—*of this interesting, illustrated booklet, "Walk in Beauty." It tells how many beautiful women have added to their charm by acquiring a graceful carriage . . . it also gives the views of prominent educators on the subject of correct posture. Address Dept. P-10.*

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Product of THE UNITED STATES SHOE COMPANY, *Cincinnati*

(Continued from Page 174)

Sally's feeling that it didn't much matter whom she married was very strong upon her that day, and she allowed herself to be taken to Rome without a struggle. For poor Rudgy's sense of personal bereavement had resulted in an extraordinarily offhand announcement, between two bites of his lower lip, that Peter Bliss was taking his departure. However Mrs. Carroll Redhill of Virginia had come to feel about Americans, Rudgy's heart had gone out to this one completely, and it was with a listless pair of children that Mrs. Redhill dined that night in their private living room at the Hotel Flora. It was this seclusion that kept them in ignorance of considerable agitation in the more public apartments below stairs.

She was unfeignedly glad to be relieved of their depressing companionship, to have them safely bestowed in adjoining rooms, and to take to her own bed secure in the thought that the next day would see an end of all her troubles. Mrs. Redhill was very pretty, very much inclined to disagree with Juliet in her disregard of fine old family names, and a very poor prophet. That morrow to which she so confidently looked forward for a clinching of Sally's betrothal to Brancaccio-Cellammare quite flatly declined to fulfill her expectation.

It began very early to depart from the lines she had laid down for it, as it was not more than eight o'clock when Sally, fully dressed, if not in what her mother could call her right mind, and looking too pink about the nose, stepped into the little salon where Mrs. Redhill was arranging the prince's flowers and turned the world upside down without need of recourse to Archimedes' lever.

"I'm sorry," said Sally without preamble, "but I am not going on with this."

Mrs. Redhill, after one moment of genuine faintness, proceeded to do many things. She wept, she raged, she pleaded, she despaired. Sally was no longer of the opinion that it made little difference whom she married. She probably never would get married. But it wouldn't be to Brancaccio and that was flat and final.

"But you can't chop and change like this!" wailed Mrs. Redhill, paying no attention to the appearance of Rudgy in the doorway, with his eyes and mouth unnaturally rounded by astonishment. He had never seen his mother opposed in all his obedient existence.

"Well, if I've changed, I dare say I can chop," retorted Sally, with more than a touch of hysteria. "I'm frightfully sorry and unh-happy, mother. I know I said I'd marry Attilio, but I hadn't seen P-P-Peter then. . . . Rudgy, do go away."

The boy was too bewildered to move. "Aren't you coming down to breakfast?" he faltered, having the one-track mind of childhood.

"Oh, do I look as if I was going down to breakfast?" demanded his sister, and for no further reason that he could see began heartily to cry. He edged away in great distress, wondering what he had done to hurt her.

"This," said Mrs. Redhill between pretty teeth that looked quite ferocious at the moment—"this is what I might have expected when that miserable interfering Yankee turned up. Peter Bliss!" The name was just the one to carry every ounce of her disdain, and she put an enormous amount of it into the syllables. "I should think you'd have too much pride, Sally Redhill, to go around weeping for a man that never gave you a thought."

"I say ——" began Rudgy, but she cut him short with a stamp of her small slipper.

"De Rougemont, go away," she commanded with terrific force. Nobody knew better than she what this formally apostrophized son of hers might say next. Even a boy of ten—anybody but a carefully blindfolded girl could have seen the condition of Peter Bliss. "Go down and get your breakfast. Sally, I won't listen to this. Pull yourself together and stop acting like a green goose."

With these remarkable words ringing in his ears, young Rudgy shut himself out into the hall. Ordinarily nothing could have deflected him from the allure of the automatic lift which a friendly bell boy permitted him to work himself. But so grieved was he by the scene he had witnessed that he pounded slowly down the stairs without a thought of mechanical delights.

Why on earth had they left Peter if Sally wanted him? It was too late now to go back, because Peter would be gone—and gone nobody knew where. He supposed that was why Sally was crying. For a moment he almost feared he was going to cry too, because Peter, you know, given any sort of chance of keeping him—Peter Bliss was not the man that you could bear to lose.

So heavily had his sturdy pumps clumped down the chessboard marble hall toward the dining room that it was incredible the same pair of feet could be those flying a moment later across the queerly empty lobby toward the hotel desk. Rudgy fairly flung himself across it at the sullen clerk bending over his ledger. There seemed to be nobody else in the place, though a crowd outside the doors was but just turning to drift back.

"Peter Bliss!" gasped Rudgy. "Where's Mr. Bliss?"

The man's face lifted at the sound of the name. "Bliss?" he said. This famous American that the Hotel Flora had so proudly sheltered was not known to the public by any more formal appellation. "You're too late to see him, signorino. What a pity! He has just gone."

"Gone!" Rudgy's wild eyes fell upon the advancing concierge, like the elevator boy, an amiable friend. One bound brought Rudgy up against the blue lapels where the emblem of the crossed keys attested the man's dependability. "Where did he go?—Mr. Bliss—Peter Bliss."

The concierge was a man inured to moments of emergency. He conceived the signorino as craving a sight of the great one, at that instant rolling away with his escort of honor to the flying field, where a plane waited to carry him to Paris. Without hesitation, he tossed Rudgy efficiently out the door.

"In the motor!" he called after the racing little figure.

Thereupon was the serene dignity of the Roman morning split to the welkin by an atavistic Main Street whistle.

"Hey, Peter!" bayed the full volume of a pair of young American lungs.

One gray figure in the open car rose like a jack-in-the-box, looked back and leaped out. A well-populated portion of Rome stood paralyzed while Peter Bliss and Rudgy met as the waves meet when navies are stranded.

"Oh, Peter, what luck! Come here—come back! Sally's crying for you, and she isn't going to marry the prince and mother says it's no more than she expected."

That it was considerably more than Mr. Bliss expected was distinctly obvious, and that his hat and stick were left lying in the street was but a minor demonstration of it. He fairly carried Rudgy back into the stirring hotel and raced him up the stairway under panted directions of "One more flight—down to the left—Number 400—yes, there'"

Not even Rudgy's mother could have termed Peter a wandering Yankee in those moments of direct attack upon any slight distance that separated him from Miss Redhill of Virginia.

He almost forgot to knock at the door, took the length of the room in three strides and swept Sally up out of her chair into his arms.

"You heavenly!" he said into the tumbled masses of her yellow hair.

Sally had been the recipient of far more formal declarations, but what little one could see of her in that moment proclaimed that she chose to accept this one.

Not by any stretch of adjustment was the day going as the ignored lady in the lace tea gown had planned it.

Notice how the Hesson Guard screws tight against the shoulder of the bowl. The shank stays absolutely spotless.

A dry shank and sweet, mellow smoke —due to the Hesson Guard

(PATENTED 12-22-25)

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This construction, an exclusive Demuth feature, fits airtight against the shoulder of the bowl, forming a clear and unbroken passage to the mouthpiece. It prevents condensation. Moisture cannot possibly collect in the shank, which remains dry and spotless always.

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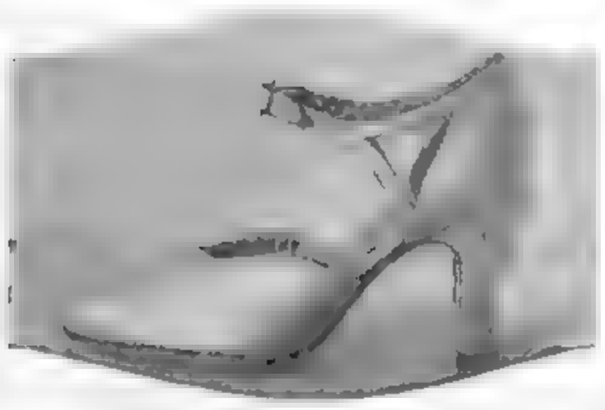
Demuth Milano *with the Hesson Guard*



Alpina . . . a modern leather for this modern Age

A partial list of items made of Alpina

Its use began with women's shoes just a few years ago. But the vogue for *genuine* Alpina Reptile Leather has spread to every product needing a quality leather. And today you will find Alpina Lizard, Python, Watersnake, Alligator decorating dozens of articles used constantly by folks who set the pace for Fashion.

To women's shoes, coats, purses, gloves, hats, luggage—to men's belts, watch straps, cigarette cases—genuine Alpina imparts a beauty that is truly distinctive.

The secret tanning process developed and controlled by *The Compagnie Alpina S. A. of Paris* assures you Reptilian Leather with color, life, sparkle—and a modern, natural beauty that no man-made pattern can equal.

In buying any product fashioned of leather—both Style and Beauty suggest *genuine Alpina Reptile Leathers.*

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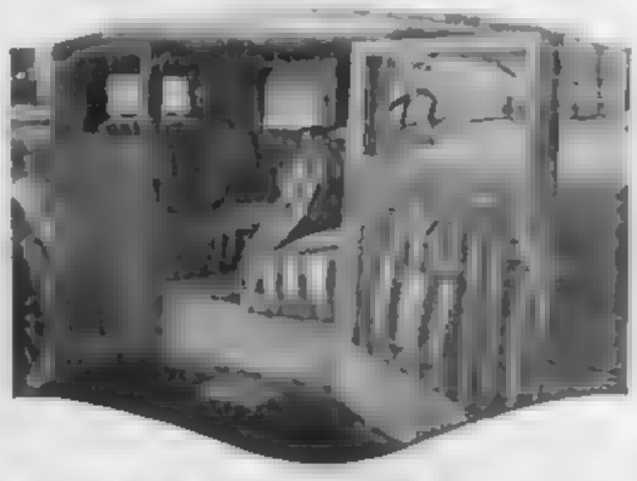


ALPINA
Reptile Leather

"I wash my hands of the whole thing," she said, speaking like Signior Benedick, while nobody marked her. She sat down composedly in a comfortable chair, which was quite the most sensible thing she could have done, and closed her eyes to the sight of a child of her own preferring a man named Peter Bliss to a prince of the house of Cellammare. Rudgy stole across the room, and standing beside the chair took his mother's hand in his.

"You're not cross with us, are you?" he asked gently.

Mrs. Redhill rolled her head negatively against the cushion.

"What's the use of that?" she said. "I hope you have stopped crying, Sally. And you would do well to give a thought to what you're going to say to the prince. Anything more abandoned than the way you're going on in a room full of his flowers ——"

Sally seemed quite unable to detach herself from Peter's gray tweed shoulder.

"Tell him anything you like," she said indistinctly. "I'd be sorrier if I thought he cared very much. I always thought he liked you better than he did me."

"Don't be outrageous, Sally," said Mrs. Redhill, and closed her eyes again to avoid a sudden quick look from Mr. Bliss.

Peter put Sally back into her chair with some reluctance.

"There is only one thing to do," he said. "I'll go at once to see Brancaccio myself. He's a perfectly decent sort and I'll make him see that nobody can be blamed for what's happened to him."

"Shall you marry him instead, mother, and be a princess?" asked her unconscionable son with an air of interest.

"Rudgy, hush!"

"Sally would let you have Aunt Sara's money, wouldn't you, Sally?"

The first cheerful laugh of the day rang out as Miss Redhill savored this thought—a laugh cut short by hearing Peter say, "It strikes me as a far better notion that I should settle a million on my mother-in-law—when I get her."

Sally gave a little cry. "Why, Peter, have you got a million?"

"Several," said Peter. "My folks collect 'em. They are very handy things to have in the tool box."

"You are all being extremely impertinent," said Mrs. Carroll Redhill of Virginia. "Personally, I haven't forgotten my manners—so, Peter, I'll ask you to forgive me."

"I shan't even tell on you," replied Peter.

She gave a smiling nod, though Sally looked bewildered. "I might as well be your mother-in-law cheerfully, since I know when I am beaten. But what I don't know is how you got here to propose it so gracefully."

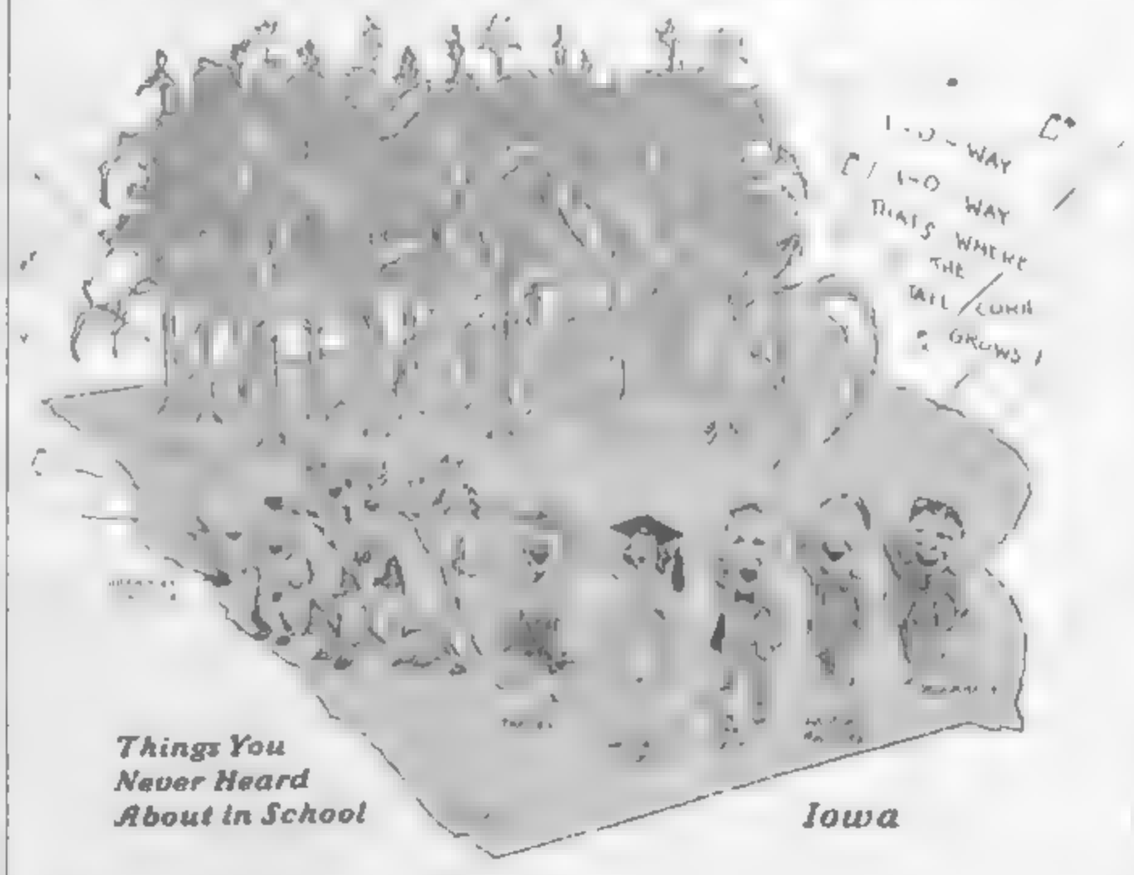
"Rudgy called me back as I was leaving for the flying field," said Peter, reaching again for Sally. "When I think how near a thing that was, I get quite faint."

"But do stop philandering long enough to tell me how he found you here."

"Heard I was about, I fancy," blushed Peter, who had been fairly swamped with the people who had found him.

"No, gee-whiz, I'd forgotten that!" cried Rudgy, beaming radiant with the memory of his luck. "I had no idea you were within a hundred miles of me. I was going down to breakfast in the restaurant, and I knocked into a waiter coming out with a tray, and I made one grab and ran. It was your eggshells, Peter—you know—stayed in so the witches couldn't use 'em."

A Vest-Pocket Geography



Things You Never Heard About in School

Iowa

IOWA is the Hawkeye State. It is noted chiefly as a land of political uncertainty, tall corn and elongated right arms. The arms have become elongated through stretching them to show how tall the Iowa corn really is. Iowa specializes in tall corn and tall corn stories. One of the latter is that the state line can be seen in the difference in the corn, the Iowa variety running higher in altitude to the acre.

In addition to corn, the state ranks first in oats, swine, and demands that Congress do something for the farmer. The demands usually come when a surplus has created low prices and a farm problem. Iowa has tried to solve it by changing from Republican to Progressive, but so far none of these great economic measures has had much effect.

Iowa is the home of severe winters, the Cherry Sisters and Smith Wildman Brookhart. The state ranks last in illiteracy and first in the number of automobiles per capita. The first railroad to cross the Mississippi entered Iowa in 1856 and America's first co-ed entered the University of Iowa the same year. A co-ed is one of the chief reasons for the high cost of a college boy's education. The high cost of a co-ed's education is chiefly due to the great expense involved in providing her with fancy handkerchiefs for the college boys to purloin.

An Achievement in the Great Age of Steel

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THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL

SCIENCE working with the manufacturer of steel and steel products has developed a quality of steel to meet every modern need. The result is that the industrial world is enabled to build and manufacture more efficiently, more profitably and more permanently and at lower cost than ever before in history. Today we are all users of things made by steel and made from steel because they are better made, last longer and cost us less money. Steel, and alloyed steels particularly, have removed limitations obstructing progress of earlier days.

Giving due recognition to all other improvements in steel—the most useful of all metals—it is conservative to say that the development and perfection of COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, is an outstanding achievement. While new in name, COP-R-LOY is not new in service. It has been produced throughout twenty years under the trade name, OHIO METAL, by the Wheeling Steel Corporation.

By its perfected formula, vital requisites of steel are increased while investing COP-R-LOY with a positive defense against the forces of decay. Not merely a better quality of steel but a greater expectancy of life is the result for countless products made today of COP-R-LOY.

So well adapted is this modern metal to all purposes of construction and equipment, where steel of great tensile strength, malleability and durability is desired, that its makers back their own faith in it by its use for the manufacture of Wheeling COP-R-LOY Pipe, Flat Sheets and Roofings, Tin and Terne Plate, Railroad Tie Plates and Spikes, Agricultural Fence and Barbed Wire, and many forms of semi-finished raw materials for manufacturers of metal products that were once luxuries but are now necessities in the great Age of Steel.

Today the name COP-R-LOY is public safeguard in the purchase of these things—Pipe for plumbing, heating, gas, steam and refrigerator lines; Sheets and Plates for the hollow metal work of homes, apartments, hotels and office buildings, for the factory or for any project where steel is the natural choice because of its greater utility. In many articles for the home such as metalware, kitchen cabinets, tables, chairs, refrigerators, clothes dryers, furnaces and stoves, and for necessary material for the construction of the home itself such as roofing, gutter and spouting, cornices, lath, window and door casements, COP-R-LOY is a guarantee of longer and more satisfactory service at low cost.

You should read the interesting story of COP-R-LOY. A request will bring to you non-technical information regarding this amazing all-purpose metal.

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. . . millions of motor cars making of miles a matter of minutes . . .

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. . . vast manufacturing plants providing livelihood for millions of workers . . .

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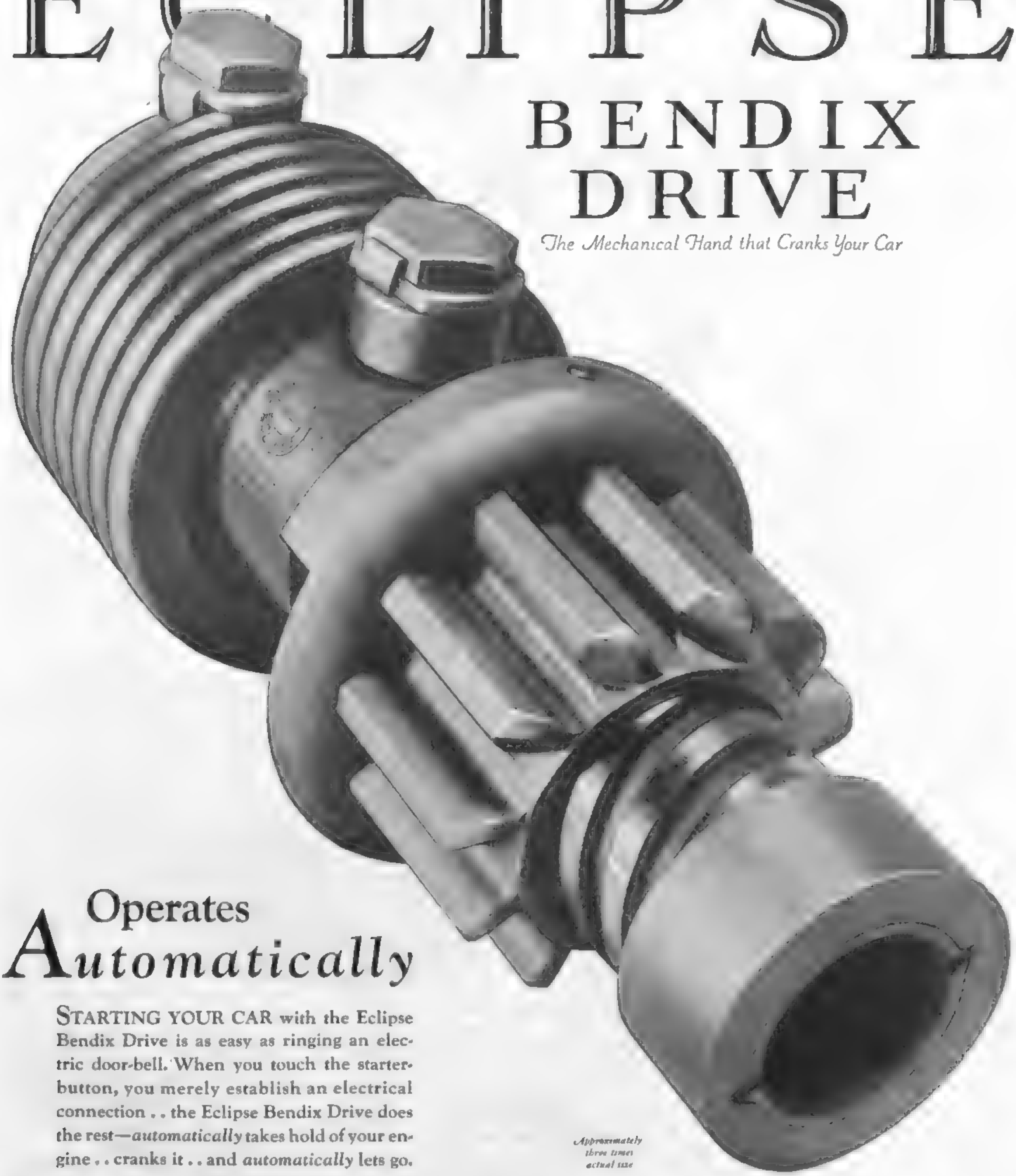

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Local Boy Makes Good

By WESLEY STOUT

THIS is the concluding installment of a series intended to illustrate how largely the life of New York City is dominated by men and women who were born far afield—a list so prohibitively long that it has been necessary to pare it to senior officers of corporations.

The world's greatest corporation on a basis of assets, the American Telephone & Telegraph Co., is headed by Walter S. Gifford, who comes from Salem, Massachusetts, by way of Harvard and Chicago, and New York is unrepresented among its chief executives. Three of the vice presidents are former teachers. Charles P. Cooper, born in Caldwell, Ohio, once was an instructor in engineering at New Hampshire State. Colonel Frank B. Jewett, native of Pasadena, taught both in the University of Chicago and M. I. T. Charles M. Bracelen, one of two general counsel, was born in Humboldt, Nebraska, was principal of the Humboldt and the Blair high schools, and taught in high schools in Lincoln and Omaha before he began the practice of law in Minneapolis.

Newcomb Carlton, head of Western Union, born in Elizabeth, New Jersey, reached 195 Broadway by a roundabout route through Buffalo and London. George W. E. Atkins, first vice president, is a native of Waverly, Tennessee, where he once was station agent and operator. There are five other outsiders among the remaining seven executives. Clarence H. Mackay, president of the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company, and, after Otto H. Kahn, the most generous patron of endowed music in the city, is a San Franciscan. Edward Reynolds, vice president and general manager, was born in Catskill. Among the remaining nine high executives, there are four New Yorkers, three of them fiscal or secretarial officers. David Sarnoff, general manager of the Radio Corporation, came from Russia as a boy and shortly put on the messenger boy's uniform of the Commercial Cable Company. General Harbord, the president, is a native of Bloomington, Illinois.

New York in Name Only

The International Telephone and Telegraph, which is about to be merged with the Mackay companies to form the world's greatest communications company operating internationally, is the creation of Col. Sosthenes Behn, born in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, before we bought them from Denmark. Colonel Behn commanded the 322d Signal Battalion in France and won the Distinguished Service Medal. His first notable work was the electrification of Porto Rico, next-door neighbor to St. Thomas; then Cuba. With the backing of the J. P. Morgan firm, the International spread through Latin America and into Europe, where it controls the telephone system of Spain and has a contract to modernize the atrocious government-owned telephone monopoly of Paris.

Merlin H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company, was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and moved from Denver to Fifth Avenue. G. V. McClelland, vice president and general manager, and I. MacConnach, secretary, are two of six local men among the sixteen executives. In a list of sixteen well-known broadcasters furnished by the company, only four are native sons. Graham McNamee was born in St. Paul.

Despite its name, only one of fourteen senior officers of the New York Life Insurance Company, Wilbur H. Pierson of Newark, might be called a New Yorker. Darwin P. Kingsley, president, was born in Alburg, Vermont, and came to the city from Boston. The two ranking vice presidents, John C. McCall and Walter Buckner, came from Albany and Independence, Missouri, respectively.

None of the nine principals of the Metropolitan Life is a native. Haley Fiske, president, was born in New Brunswick, New Jersey; Frederick H. Ecker, vice president, who started as office boy forty-five years ago, was born in Phoenicia, New York.

With the death, in April, of William A. Day, chairman of Equitable, Thomas I. Parkinson, a Philadelphian and former dean of the law school at Columbia, became the ranking officer. Frank H. Davis, first vice president, was born in Iowa and lived in Nebraska and Chicago. None of the six vice presidents is a local man.

The only New Yorkers among the eleven principals of Mutual Life are William F. Dix and James Timpson. The president is former Secretary David F. Houston, who was born in Monroe, North Carolina, lived in Texas and Missouri, and came to the city only after the close of the Wilson Administration. Dr. Granville M. White, second to Mr. Houston, is a Danbury, Connecticut, man. William R. Malone, founder and head of the Postal Life, was born in Ohio and was principal of the high school in Salt Lake when he turned to insurance.

From Philadelphia Parents

A former frontiersman, Ferdinand W. LaFrentz, heads the American Surety Company. Born on the island of Fehmarn, Germany, he migrated to America as a youth, taught in a business college in Chicago, was secretary of the Swan Land & Cattle Co. in Cheyenne when Wyoming was woolly, was a member of the territorial legislature, practiced law and public accounting in Ogden, Utah, and moved to New York in 1893. Occasionally he delivers a lecture on cowboy life in Wyoming and Utah in the '80's.

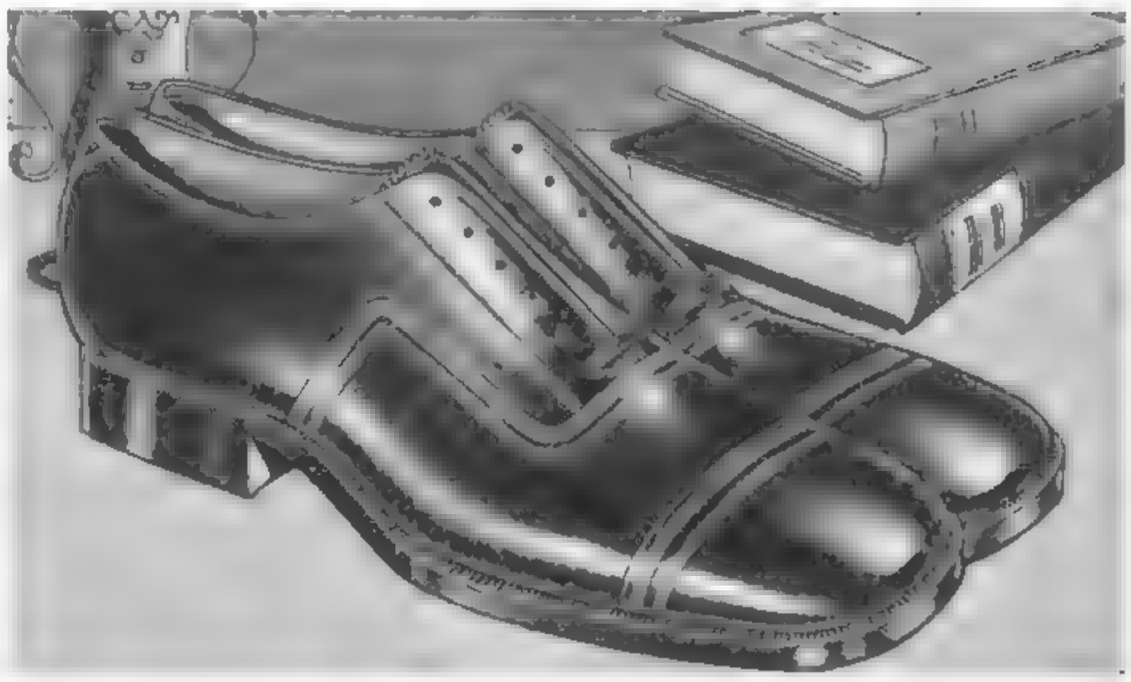
All the senior executives and all but two of twenty principals of the National Surety Company are from points afar. William B. Joyce, chairman, was born in Utica and came from St. Paul to New York. The vice chairman, Joel Rathbone, is an Albany man. E. A. St. John, president, is a native of Buffalo who lived later in Chicago. Charles W. Higley, president of Hanover Fire Insurance, is one more Iowan, native of Cedar Rapids. Montgomery Clark, a Chicagoan, is vice president. Robert J. Hillas, president of the Fidelity & Casualty Co., comes from Green Bay, Wisconsin.

R. H. Macy & Co., which did a cash-sales business of $82,214,640 last year, is headed by a native son, Jesse Isidor Straus, and five of the eight executive vice-presidents were locally born.

The Wanamaker store is an offshoot of the Philadelphia parent house. The Gimbels, who also own Saks, came from Vincennes, Indiana, via Milwaukee and Philadelphia. When Frederick Loeser & Co., of Brooklyn, sought a new president this year, they imported from Boston Gordon K. Creighton, native of Montreal. Isaac Liberman, president of Arnold, Constable & Co., was born in Europe.

Few great businesses in the city are more largely conducted by men and women new to New York than Mr. Reyburn's Lord & Taylor, James McCreery & Co., and the Associated Dry Goods Corporation. Thirteen of fifteen major executives of Lord & Taylor originated outside the city, and five of these reached New York after the war. Among thirty-six junior male executives, twenty-seven are non New Yorkers and all but seven of these are postwar arrivals. Fifteen of twenty-four women executives are outsiders and only one lived in the city before the war.

Celsus P. Perrie, president of James McCreery & Co., is a Missourian who was



The FLORSHEIM SHOE

For the man who cares

$10

SOME STYLES $11 AND $12

Younger men seeking smart style know that in Florsheims they will find the newest vogue . . . in last, leather and designing. If you'd dress your feet in style, dress them in Florsheims.

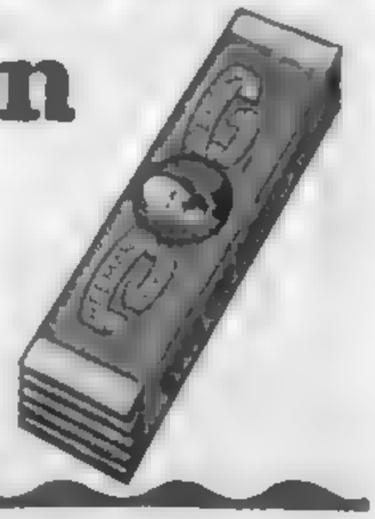
THE LANARK—*Style* M-311

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · CHICAGO

after a quick lunch

Beeman's Pepsin Gum

aids digestion



Originated by Doctor Beeman over thirty years ago, Beeman's Pepsin Gum has been a popular favorite ever since for its fine quality and its distinctive flavor. Chew Beeman's after meals. It aids digestion.

THE FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER

America's Standard

WHETHER you are driving around the block or across the country, your Francisco Auto Heater is always efficient—warming and ventilating your car without a cent of extra cost to you.

There is nothing about this truly wonderful heater to wear, break or rattle—nothing to interfere with motor operation or increase fuel cost. Instead, the patented Francisco, by covering both manifolds, acts as an intake shield and keeps your motor at summer efficiency in coldest winter weather.

Your motor is generating the heat—why not use it? Reduce fuel consumption at the same time you make driving a comfort and a pleasure on the coldest winter days.

For Every Make and Model of Auto

There is a Francisco made especially for *your* car—not an adaptation that may work with more or less success, but a *genuine* Francisco, *guaranteed* to deliver pure, fresh-air heat in greater volume than any other make!

Stop and have your dealer or garage man install a Francisco Auto Heater on your car. If you cannot get the genuine Francisco, write direct to us.

THE FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio

Francisco Canadian Auto Heater Co.,
Hamilton, Ont., Canada

The Francisco Auto Heater Co.,
Dept. 26, Columbus, Ohio

You may send descriptive literature

Name

Address

For safety in Exercise *wear a* PAL

© B. & B. 1928

Even mild exercise may cripple, if you leave sensitive cords and membranes unguarded. A sudden twist or lunge . . . and you know the real meaning of pain! . . . Your doctor realizes your danger. And he'll tell you that in exercise of any kind, the wearing of an athletic supporter is a safe and sane precaution.

. . .

The softer you are, the greater is the need for this protection . . . PLAY SAFE . . . and wear a PAL! It's the preferred athletic supporter of leading colleges, "gyms," baseball clubs, and physicians . . . Knitted of covered elastic threads, it affords great comfort and flexibility. Light, cool, porous and washable. Gives firm support in the heat of any game . . . At all drug stores . . . one dollar. *{Price slightly higher in Canada.}*

A PRODUCT OF
Bauer & Black
CHICAGO . . . NEW YORK . . . TORONTO

Also makers of the famous O-P-C
The suspensory for daily wear

drafted from Little Rock in 1920. Twelve out of twenty-one senior executives and twenty-six of thirty-seven juniors are non-New Yorkers, and more than half were not in the city directory until 1919 or later. The two vice presidents of Associated Dry Goods, Ralph M. Stauffen and B. G. Holt, are from Tuscumbia, Alabama, and Missouri, and Mr. Holt came from Pittsburgh in 1926. Twelve of nineteen principals are outsiders.

After diligent inquiry it would appear that Raymond Rubicam is the only New Yorker in high executive position in advertising, and he compromised his birthright by residences in Denver and Philadelphia. His partner, John Orr Young, is a native of Leon, Iowa.

Stanley Resor, president of the J. Walter Thomson Company, is a Cincinnatan, and out of twenty-five executives in that office, four juniors are New Yorkers. The five vice presidents, Steward L. Mims, Gilbert Kinney, James W. Young, John Broadus Watson and Hunter Richey, were born in Richmond, Arkansas; New Haven; Covington, Kentucky; Greenville, South Carolina; and West Virginia, in that order. Doctor Watson is a psychologist who devoted ten years at Johns Hopkins and Columbia to the study of babies.

Bruce Barton, president of Barton, Durstine & Osborn, is from Robbins, Tennessee. Roy S. Durstine was born in Jamestown, North Dakota, and lived in Buffalo. Forty-eight out of a total of sixty-six executives in this office originated outside Greater New York, and thirty of these have joined the Subway rush since the war.

William H. Johns, president of the George Batten Company, was born in Cornwall, England; the treasurer, R. J. Hayward, also was English born, and there is no local man among their associates. Barron Collier's home town is Memphis. John L. Mahin is from Muscatine, Iowa; Henry Lesan was born in the same state on a farm near Mt. Ayr. His first job was train butcher on a Burlington branch line between Grant City, Missouri, and Bethany Junction, Iowa; then he sold tobacco on the road and became, in time, a reporter; then managing editor of the Ottumwa Courier. Ernest Elmo Calkins, winner of the Bok Advertising medal in 1925, was born in Geneseo, Illinois. Ray D. Lillibridge is from Hinckley, Minnesota. James O'Shaughnessy, executive secretary of the A. A. A. A., is a Missourian who taught school in St. Joseph, was a reporter there and advance man in Europe one season for Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show before he became advertising manager of the Chicago Examiner.

Changing New York's Sky Line

A Nova Scotian from Bass River, Kerwin H. Fulton, and an Ontario man, Donald C. Ross, are president and first vice president of the General Outdoor Advertising Company, and there is but one New Yorker among fifteen executives

Real estate is a business which New York reserves largely for its own, and that probably is true of all cities except the youngest. In the associated industry of building, however, the city runs a distant second. Otto Marc Eidlitz, head of the oldest building organization in Manhattan, is a native, but two of the three largest firms originated outside the city and all are headed by outsiders. The George A. Fuller Company was born in Chicago. The present heads of the business, Hugh White, chairman, and L. R. Crandall, president, both are from Michigan villages. Only one of seven vice presidents was New York born. The Fuller Company is a subsidiary of the United States Realty & Improvement Co., of which Harry S. Black is head. Mr. Black was born in Cobourg, Ontario, and used to live in Washington State. The realty and improvement company, in turn, is owned in part by the National City Company.

The Starretts all came from Lawrence, Kansas, via Chicago. None remains in the Thompson-Starrett Company, which has as president Louis J. Horowitz, born in Poland, and as vice president and general manager a Chicagoan, L. J. Fischer. James Stewart & Co. moved to New York from St. Louis. The chairman, Alexander M. Stewart, and the president, James C. Stewart, were born in Kingston, Ontario, and the other officers are from St. Louis and Baltimore.

Frederick and Harold Ley are Springfield, Massachusetts, men and still closely identified with New England. Franklin M. Remington, founder and chairman of the Foundation Company, was a farmer originally, born in Utica. Dwight P. Robinson, former Stone and Webster man, is a Bostonian. In another field, the Chanin Brothers, Irwin S. and Henry I., who returned from the war nine years ago with $200 and now control $30,000,000, were born in Brooklyn. Their father came from Ukrainia and opened a small paint store. After a few years he decided that the United States was not all that it had been represented and he took his wife and eight children back to Ukrainia. It took even less time to convince him that Ukrainia was not all that he had remembered; the family returned to Brooklyn and the paint store was reopened. The two brothers, now thirty-two and thirty, put their postwar $200, with some borrowed capital, into building two-family frame houses in Bensonhurst in that time of acute housing shortage. Since then they have strewn Manhattan with skyscrapers, theaters and hotels and, owning six theaters, they are planning to enter theatrical production on the same scale.

Hosts to the Visitors

Fred F. French combines real estate, building and finance. He is a New Yorker who spent some time on cattle ranches earlier in life. His first lieutenant, Virgil Prettyman, was born in Townsend, Delaware, and used to be headmaster of the Horace Mann School for Boys. The F. W. Dodge Corporation is headed by a native of Rockton, Illinois, Truman S. Morgan, and the only locally born executive is the treasurer, Howard Barringer.

R. H. Shreve, architect and president of the New York Building Congress, was born in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia. He is one of those New Yorkers, of whom there are not a few, who have returned after many generations. His ancestors were among the loyalists who sailed away to the North to find new homes when the British evacuated New York and Washington moved in.

The majority of the city's architects, for no obvious reason, are natives, but it is possible to muster an impressive roll call of immigrants. Cass Gilbert, for example, was born in Zanesville, Ohio. John Mead Howells, William M. Kendall, Fiske Kimball and Hugh Tallant are invaders from Massachusetts. C. G. LaFarge, Philip Sawyer and Chester Aldrich are Rhode Islanders. William R. Mead, surviving partner of the great trio of McKim, Mead & White, was born in Brattleboro, Vermont. Harvey Wiley Corbett is a San Franciscan. Edward P. York is from Wellsville, upstate; Egerton Swartwout from Fort Wayne, Indiana; Arthur B. Trowbridge from Detroit. James Gamble Rogers was born at Bryant's Station, Kentucky; Frederick L. Ackerman in Edmeston, New York; Ralph Adams Cram in Hampton Falls, New Hampshire; Chester B. Price in Kansas City. John V. Van Pelt came from New Orleans with a stop in Philadelphia Charles T. Mathews was born in Paris.

With the death of E. M. Statler, his widow, thirty-five, became chairman of the board of that $30,000,000 hotel chain, and Frank A. McKowne, Statler's right hand for fifteen years, moved up from secretary and treasurer to president. Mr. Statler, who was born in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, and once was a bellboy in Wheeling, came to New York from Buffalo in 1919, when the Pennsylvania Hotel was opened.

(Continued on Page 184)

See the Fidelity Curve *which shows* the naturalness of Eveready Radio Reproduction

IT ISN'T fair to ask your ear to do the work of science. Unaided ears can make mistakes, but instruments cannot, and so we show you the Eveready Fidelity Curve. This impersonal, scientific record reveals the results of laboratory tests of Eveready Radio Sets, tests that show how each sound and musical note is reproduced.

Compare this curve with the picture of the boxing bout. The whistle blown ten seconds before each round is a vibration at the rate of about 2000 times a second. The gong that begins and ends each round vibrates at the rate of perhaps 800 times a second. In the voice of the announcer, and of the referee are vibrations varying from perhaps 100 to 3000 times a second. The noise of the crowd—yells, shouts, applause, will contain vibrations from about 100 to 3500.

Look on the Eveready Fidelity Curve and you will see that all these are reproduced by Eveready Radio Sets with 80% to 100% Fidelity. Such reproduction is unusually realistic, faithful, natural and convincing.

To secure this faithfulness of reproduction, buy an Eveready Radio Set. There are two types, one powered entirely by current from the socket, and the other running on batteries. There are three types of cabinet, one in die-cast

The new Eveready Battery Set in wooden cabinets. Model No. 20 in maple, illustrated above.

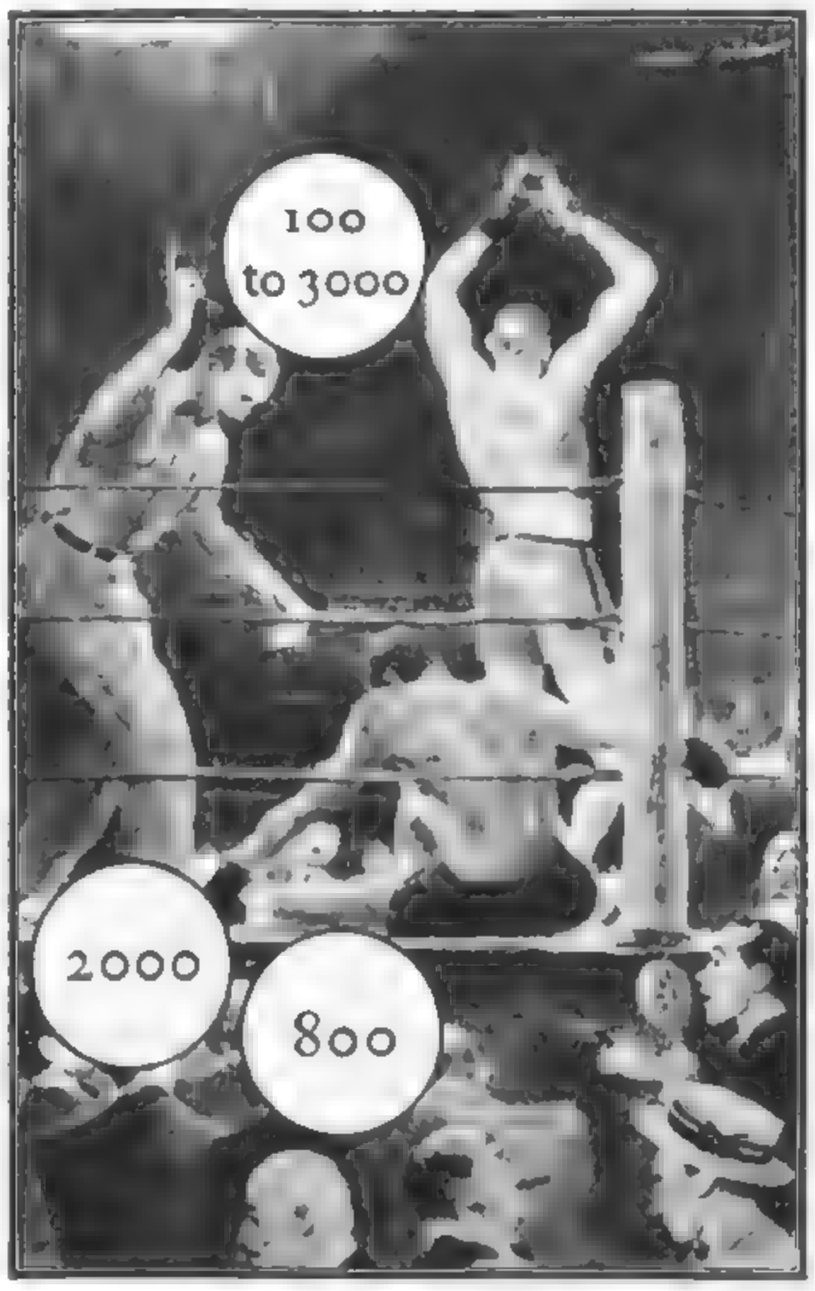
Model No. 21 in mahogany.

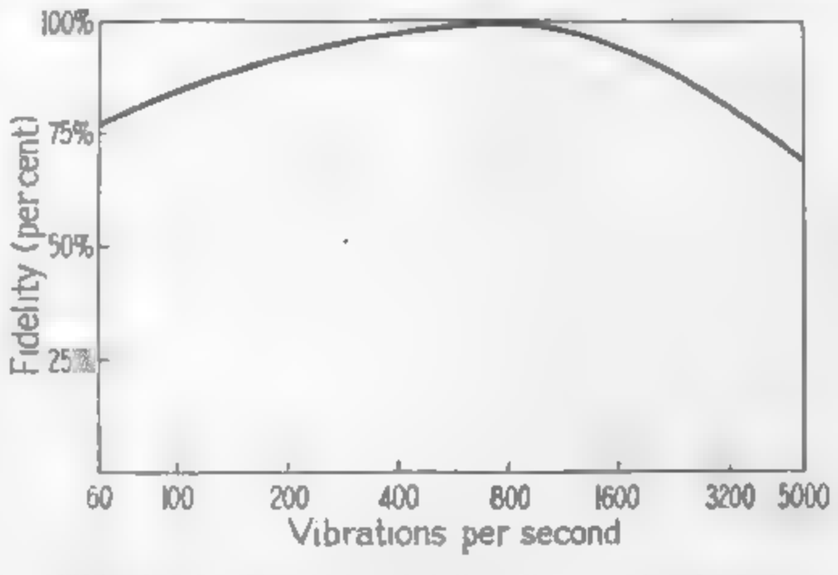
Has the lowest "B" battery drain of any 6-tube receiver yet produced, as five of its tubes are "High-Mu," combining great amplifying power with minimum current.

Price of either table model (without tubes), $85.

Eveready Speaker to match, $30.

Pedestal (for maple only) with ample battery space, $15 extra.





This is the Eveready Fidelity Curve, showing the faithfulness with which the Eveready Radio Set delivers speech and music to the speaker. It is essential that the speaker possess a high degree of faithfulness. The Eveready Speaker is recommended.

EVEREADY
TRADE MARK
Radio Sets

aluminum, lacquered in color, unique with Eveready, and the others in mahogany and maple. There are three Eveready Loud Speakers to match. While any good speaker may be used with Eveready Sets, their performance is enjoyed to the utmost through an Eveready Loud Speaker.

Dealers now have these new receivers and speakers ready to demonstrate to you. They also have an interesting booklet describing each musical instrument and showing how faithfully every note it can produce is reproduced by Eveready Radio Sets. This booklet gives you the complete proof of Eveready Radio performance.

Hear these receivers and your ears will testify that at last you have found a radio receiver that is entirely satisfying, pleasant, enjoyable. See your dealer—today.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
Licensed under patents and applications of R C A and R F L

The new Eveready AC Set in wooden cabinets. Model No. 1 in maple—to obtain pleasing color contrast with mahogany or walnut furniture; also appropriate for association with Colonial and Early American furniture.

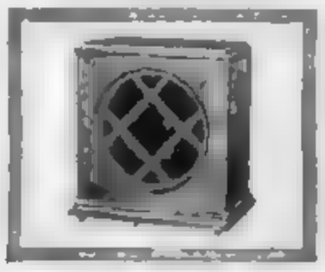
Model No. 3 in mahogany—for those who prefer it.

Price, table model without tubes—either maple or mahogany, $145.

Supporting stand to match either maple or mahogany sets, $10 extra.

Model No. 2 in die-cast aluminum—table model without tubes, $155.

Supporting stand to match, $20 extra.



At left, the new Eveready Loud Speaker. Model No. 1 in maple—to match either the AC or battery maple sets.

Model No. 3 in mahogany—to match either the AC or battery mahogany sets.

Either the maple or the mahogany Speaker, $30.

What This Cash Plan Offers You:

1. Immediate Profits

PERHAPS you, like Frank Fickling of Pennsylvania, could average nearly $100.00 a month from the very start. Or perhaps, like Mrs. D. R. Hedges of Ohio, you could earn an extra $100.00 for your spare time in your first ten weeks. Mr. Fickling and Mrs. Hedges are not miracle workers—just workers. They show what can be done by men and women everywhere who become our local representatives.

2. A Permanent Income

BUT doubtless you are looking for more than just immediate cash profit. You want the sort of position that will pay you well year after year. So it is important to note that Mr. W. E. Brackett has worked with us for more than twenty-one years; that Mrs. W. A. Anderton has represented us in Massachusetts for more than eighteen years; that Mr. Alexander Heath started with us twenty-seven years ago—that all three are still earning generous profits year after year.

Let Us Tell You About Our Plan For You

IN your community are many enthusiastic readers of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Many of them would be glad to have you forward their orders each year. And there are scores of others—not now readers—who would willingly subscribe if you were to suggest their doing so. We have an offer to make you for just such work—we will pay you cash commissions and bonus from the very start and help you to build up a permanent business of ever increasing profits.

Just mail the coupon below for full details.

(above) Frank Fickling Pennsylvania

(right) Mrs. D. R. Hedges Ohio

W. E. Brackett D. C.

Mrs. W. A. Anderton Massachusetts

Alexander Heath Massachusetts

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
764 Independence Square, Phila., Penna.

Please tell me more about your plan.

Name _____ Age _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Here's Your Coupon

(Continued from Page 182)

Mrs. Statler—then and for eight years more Miss Alice Seidler, his secretary—came with him. Incidentally it was a return home for her, she having been born in Hoboken. All the other executives are outsiders who came in a body in November, 1925. Mr. McKowne was born in Brockport, New York.

John McEntee Bowman, who has five hotels in New York and many elsewhere, is a native of Toronto. Capt. Stephen N. Bobo, president of the Development Service Corporation, which will operate the new hotels to be built by Bowman Management, was born in Memphis, ran a California ranch and led a company of the 27th Division in France.

Lucius M. Boomer, head of another chain, was born in Poughkeepsie and learned his business with the Flagler hotels in Florida. The Du Ponts of Wilmington are heavily interested in the Boomer enterprises, which include, in New York, the Waldorf-Astoria, the Savarin cafés and Louis Sherry, Inc. Louis Sherry is dead. J. O. Voit, manager of the business carried on under the Sherry name, is from Baden Baden. E. J. Horwath, head of the Savarin cafés, is from Hungary.

The largest of the hotel chains is the relatively new United Hotels Company, with its affiliated organization, the American Hotels Corporation. The president, Frank A. Dudley, and three other executives of the United company, do not live in New York City. Gen. Leslie J. Kincaid, president of the American company, is from Syracuse.

Cesar Ritz, a Swiss, dead now fifteen years, founded the chain of Ritz-Carlton hotels, of which there are nineteen, five in the United States and a sixth under consideration. The Carlton came from Ritz's London hotel of that name. His first lieutenant, Albert Keller, native of Baden Baden, came to New York to manage the new hotel when it was opened in 1910. Recently he was made president of the company. The chairman is Robert W. Goelet, of the old New York family which owns the land on which the house stands. The vice chairman, Duncan G. Harris, also is a New Yorker. The directors include Whitney Warren, architect; George W. McAneny, chairman of the Transit Commission and an architect by avocation; and Frank Presbrey, born in Buffalo, who a long time ago published the Youngstown, Ohio, News-Register. Charles C. Ritz, son of Cesar, is an importer of French novelties in New York City and has no connection with the Ritz hotels.

The Legal Luminaries

Frank Case, who took a relatively obscure side-street hotel, the Algonquin, and made it famous as a rendezvous of actors and critics, is from Buffalo. The president of the Plaza Company, Fred Sterry, was born in Lansingburg, New York. The manager of the Plaza, John D. Owen, is from Frankfort, New York. The Ambassador hotels are owned by the S. W. Straus Company.

In numbers the native-born lawyers surpass the outsiders in New York practice, no doubt; but let the home talent match a selected list of lawyers who have come to the city from elsewhere. That list would include Elihu Root, of Clinton; Charles Evans Hughes, of Glens Falls; and Samuel Untermeyer, of Lynchburg, Virginia. In it would be Martin W. Littleton, of Roane County, Tennessee, who headed Sinclair's counsel in the Teapot Dome case, and Huger W. Jervey, dean of the Columbia Law School, who was born in Charleston, South Carolina. John W. Davis, George W. Wickersham, George Gordon Battle, Paul D. Cravath, Bainbridge Colby, Henry A. Wise and former Governor Nathan L. Miller all are eligible to the visiting team. Max D. Steuer was born in Homono, a village now in Czecho-Slovakia, then in Hungary.

Others in our list would be James W. Gerard, Francis P. Garvan, Henry W. Taft, William D. Hayward, Walker D. Hines, Frederick R. Kellogg, Morris Hilquitt, Arthur Garfield Hays, Frank P. Walsh, Louis Marshall, Ormsby McHarg, Frank H. Hitchcock, William H. Kenyon, George W. Kirchwey, Mark W. Potter, Richard Welling, Frank L. Fuller, S. Stanwood Menken, Henry Morgenthau, Charles H. Strong, George W. Alger, Moritz Rosenthal, William Dameron Guthrie, William L. Ransom, Emil Schlesinger, Ogden L. Mills, Henry Breckenridge, Francis G. Caffey, Myron C. Taylor, Charles A. Terry, Arthur Train, William R. Willcox, Clarence J. Shearn, Raymond V. Ingersoll, Benjamin H. I. Brown, A. Bruce Bielaski and Coker F. Clarkson. Except for Frank L. Fuller, this list includes almost none of the long list of distinguished attorneys retained exclusively by one corporation.

Mastering Big-Town Politics

Between 1898 and 1904 there was a young lawyer practicing in New York who since has done pretty well in another line—Zane Grey, the voice of the great open spaces. The author of Riders of the Purple Sage, and so on, took his first name from Zanesville, Ohio, where he was born.

The nature of a physician's profession discourages moving from one city to another, and a surgeon or specialist making a reputation in a smaller city is not drafted into New York as a banker or corporation executive might be. Moreover, there are few standards of measurement by which a layman may appraise distinction in medical practice, so any attempt at a list of doctors runs the risk of being invidious. However, Dr. George David Stewart, president of the American College of Surgeons, was born in Nova Scotia. Dr. Simon Flexner, like his brothers, Bernard, the lawyer, and Abraham, the educator, came from Louisville, and Dr. Joseph Blake, the surgeon, is a San Franciscan. Dr. William Darrach, dean of the Columbia Medical School, is from Germantown.

Politics is not an ambition that commends itself to an outsider in New York. Governor Smith and Mayor Walker, as has been whispered from time to time, are authentic natives of Manhattan, and Tammany Hall is a pretty parochial institution. Yet neither of New York's senators, both from the city and both Tammany named, is a native. The senior, Royal S. Copeland, was born in Dexter, Michigan, and did not come to New York until 1908, when he was called to be dean of Flower Hospital Medical College. Previously he practiced medicine in Bay City, Michigan, and was a member of the medical-school faculty of the University of Michigan. The junior senator, Robert F. Wagner, never can be President; he was born in Germany.

Joab Banton, district attorney, is a Texan from Huntsville, via Waco. Mrs. Ruth S. B. Pratt, the only woman member of the Board of Aldermen, is a native of Ware, Massachusetts. Sol Bloom, Broadway's particular representative in Congress, was born in Pekin, Illinois, and reared in San Francisco. He constructed the Midway Plaisance at the Chicago Fair and dates in New York only from 1903. Many more of the city's large block of congressmen are outsiders.

Bernard M. Patten, recently elected borough president of Queens, came from Ireland at nineteen, one of the few Irish-born politicians of this era. Judge William McAdoo, Chief City Magistrate, is another—a Donegal man. Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for President this year, was born in Warren G. Harding's town, Marion, Ohio, and once was assistant pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue. Murray Hulbert, president of the A. A. U. and former head of the Board of Aldermen, came from Rochester. Justice John Ford, of the Supreme Court, came from Knowlesville, upstate. George R. VanNamee, who managed Governor Smith's preconvention campaign, moved from Watertown, New York, in 1921. Charles D. Hilles and Frank H. Hitchcock are Ohio men.

BE YOURSELF

(Continued from Page 42)

personality which became a prime factor in business. In an earlier generation J. P. Morgan had said that he loaned millions to character; but character dropped out—it was a hidden quality, coming to a man "not without dust and heat"—and personality, which is all "front," took its place. At this point the cult of personality touches hands with what is called the new psychology.

The new psychology also has its roots in the past. At about the same time as "Be good, sweet maid," another bit of advice was popular: "Learn to say no." The implication of this precept was that there are a number of undesirable things in the world which had better be refused; that man was in possession of a power of will which could refuse—could say no to temptation. It was considered good moral discipline to resist, so that the will might grow strong. The first impulse of a good little boy and even of a good grown girl was to say no—the penalties for saying yes once too often were well advertised.

It was a negative attitude toward life, and presently it was carried too far and broke down. Advanced people went to the other extreme, and as soon as the works of Friedrich Nietzsche were translated into English they all became yea-sayers—the *Ja-sager* is Nietzsche's superman in embryo. Meantime Oscar Wilde had remarked that he could resist anything except temptation—he was being clever and let who will be good—and a new morality, beyond good and evil, was sweeping from Europe toward the coast line of America. Emancipation was an ideal—freedom from the old restraints, rebellion against the old authority. Everything restrictive was thrown off; there was to be no more fear, no more no-saying; evil was to be accepted as freely as good. The affirmative attitude was to conquer.

Psychology had been working for many years on the mystery of personality—not the commercial brand but the whole aggregation of things which make an individual. It had discovered hidden depths; and finally these were exposed in the theory and practice of psychoanalysis. So much has been written about psychoanalysis by the semi-informed that it is not necessary to add another bit of misconception to the subject.

The only relevant point here is not what the great psychoanalysts taught, but what their disciples imagined they taught.

Suppressed Desires

Particularly the disciples fastened upon one thing. At the beginning Freud, founder of the science, laid tremendous stress upon sex. He traced certain forms of hysteria, and even of mania, to their origin in suppressed impulses. Very early, too, he suggested that these impulses could be transferred to other spheres of action—for a vulgar example, when a rejected lover gets drunk or writes a tragedy. But the thing that stuck in the imagination of a world which was beginning to enjoy throwing off restrictions and defying authority was the idea that impulses ought not to be suppressed, because they formed sinister complexes in our nervous systems and caused confusion in our lives, frustrating our natural way of living, making us unsatisfied and perhaps neurotic men and women.

Out of that arose the morality which holds that it is the whole duty of a man to express himself, and that whenever he suppresses an impulse he is violating his essential nature. People had been expressing themselves in their clothes and in their speech long before. Emerson, on one occasion, had to invite three young men to move from the front porch of his home to the back, because they showed their emancipation by prefacing every remark with terrific curses; and all the radicals of that time had ideas about the superior self-expressive nature of loose white clothing. But the newer theories of expression went much farther. A favorite way of self-expression was to break the marriage bond or to ignore its formality entirely; pushed to its extreme, self-expression excused everything—sponging on other people, walking off with their treasure, neglecting one's children—all came under the general head of expression. It was convenient.

At the same time psychoanalysis came forward with another pleasant surprise the useful and familiar inferiority complex, which was somehow twisted into the assertion that the way to get on in the world was to bluster and brag and bluff. Moderately conceived, the inferiority complex indicated that braggarts are usually unsure of themselves; but, in the hands of loose manipulators of words and ideas, it came to mean that the way to overcome timidity was to roar like a lion, and rudeness was generally ascribed to and excused by the rude one's innate timidity.

Good and Bad Equally Holy

These two discoveries of psychoanalysis played directly into the hands of the dealers in personality. They provided a scientific-sounding vocabulary and linked up nicely with the "Trust-assert-impose-yourself" doctrine. Behind all the variations lay the same idea: That your individuality is beyond price. All you have to do is to express it; keep it always going full blast; ram yourself down the throat of anyone who stands in your way or refuses to accept you at your claimed valuation. One side said, "Whatever you do is right, because it expresses you"; the other side, "Whatever you do will succeed, because you are expressing yourself."

There are, of course, points of difference, because the two versions address themselves to different prospects. The self-expressionists in the moral line work from within; to them all desires, ambitions, impulses are equally holy and whenever society steps in and prevents an individual from expressing his will, they hold society to be wrong. The specialists in personality work from the outside; they impose a new front upon the individual, giving him a few scraps of knowledge, a few magic words and gestures by which he can put himself over. They are much more interested in financial returns than the expressionists, whose ideal is a completely expressed life.

The value of these theories in actual practice can be guessed by discovering how men of different temperaments react to them. The whole principle of "Be yourself," or "Assert" or "Express yourself," would have been almost meaningless to a man of the time of Lord Chesterfield. His first retort would be: "Why?" He would feel that if his personality happened to be disagreeable or insignificant, the fact that it was his own was a misfortune, and the best thing he could do about it would be to change it as rapidly as possible. If he was rude, he deliberately learned polite manners; he did not expect to be forgiven on the ground of timidity. If he had an itching palm, he kept out of the way of bribers; or if he accepted a bribe, he did not say that he was expressing himself. He said he was following the custom of the country and enriching himself; if he was not honest, he was not hypocritical. And he would no more think of imposing his personality than he would think of imposing his French accent on the French. Intercourse between civilized men, he said, was an interchange of ideas—the give and take of people of character—it was not a dog fight. There were no impositions of personality and there was no sales resistance, because no one believed that the personality of any single individual was so overwhelmingly important. Society as a whole was important.

Place the same ideas of self-expression and personality before an intelligent man today, and you get a distinct improvement

Choose your Christmas Cards now

It is not too early to buy. You can take time to select the very ones that express your individuality as to both design and wording.

In shops displaying this seal you will find cards made by members of the Greeting Card Association exquisite cards distinguished by the work of foremost writers and artists.

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

Built for Quality without Consideration of Price
Priced for Economy Regardless of Unusual Quality

Sales Offices in All Principal Cities. In Canada: Bull Dog Electric Products of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

A LANTERN is not a flashlight. A lantern that is several times as brilliant as a good flashlight and on the same battery cost. Instant service everywhere. Stands on the ground or hangs from the hand. Don't Delta-fy your car—it's not built to Curtis standards. But it does throw the strongest beam that ever left a headlight. Expect a lot of Delta in hard service, in its powerful steady beam, its entire dependability. Whatta light! Whatta price! Loud dealers have the whole Delta line. Look it over, or write us and we'll shoot along a complete catalog.

DELTA ELECTRIC COMPANY
Dept. 1001
Marion, Indiana

Tune in on winter with a DELTA
Price, complete less batteries, $2.75 (Canada, $3.70)

Delta ELECTRIC LANTERNS

Would YOU Accept

$2.22 for Each Spare Hour?

If you have one or two unused hours every day—it makes no difference whether in the morning, afternoon, or evening—would you accept $2.22 for each of them? *That's what we have paid John W. Richards of Wisconsin for representing our subscription interests in his locality.*

Why Not Do What Richards Did?

Although Richards had had no experience along sales lines, he clipped a coupon like the one below, and became our representative in his locality. He could give only two hours a day to subscription work, or a total of 48 hours each month. Yet his profits totaled $106.80 in one month, or approximately $2.22 per hour.

Money talks, and sometimes it makes pretty convincing conversation! You can listen to more like this, straight from your own pocket book, by representing *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in your vicinity. Put your unproductive hours to profitable use without losing any time. Send this handy coupon for full details, TODAY!

Investigate This Opportunity

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
763 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Please tell me how I may earn as much or more than Mr. Richards

Name _____ Age _____
(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Street _____

City _____ State _____

on the limited and terrified man of the past. The possibility of attaining comfort in life and a position in society is now open to all men; and the chance of living completely, so that, as Bernard Shaw said, when he is thrown on the scrap heap he will at least feel that everything has been used, not suffered to rust away. Such a man, let us say, will want to spend five years traveling over the globe and at the same time will want to raise a family, to play bridge every night and keep up with the new books, to win the country-club tennis cup and run for town councilman, and to flirt and to work on an invention and to take part in amateur theatricals and to dance a great deal and to be an honest man and to own a good car. He will see at once that his desires conflict. He will have to decide on a relative order of importance for these ambitions and assign a place to each. If his desires for political preferment and for an easy conscience conflict, he will have to put by one or the other. He will have to give up bridge or reading, or compromise between the two, allowing three nights to each. If he decides to raise a family, he will give up his travels until his wife and children can spare him or can go along.

From Tyranny to Anarchy

It happens that the doctrine of self-expression makes an especial appeal to those who do not want to take the trouble of organizing their desires, and it teaches them that it is right to follow an impulse into parenthood and equally right to follow another into desertion. It is a gospel for the strong, taken over by the weak. It does away with responsibility and, in place of continuity of character, it exalts whim. It allows the individual to think that all things are not only lawful but expedient and right, giving him a semiscientific sanctity for his slightest inclination. It is supremely the philosophy for unorganized people, declaring that organization and purpose and discipline are only so many checks and limitations to the free functioning of the will.

Just as the older say-no attitude led to fear and repression, and was bound to end in tyranny at the top and lethargy at the bottom of the social scale, the yes-saying attitude, carried to its extreme, means anarchy. The intelligent citizen always chose between the two attitudes, saying yes to some things and no to others. He saw clearly that the important thing was what one said yes or no to. Observing the present exaltation of the affirmative spirit and the assertive habit of mind, he would still question whether in themselves they had any meaning.

To be ambitious without a specific object of ambition is equivalent to being an electric dynamo creating power which is never led off and directed into a definite channel. Merely to affirm everything is to spin in the air like a buzz saw which has no log to cut—purposeless and not a little dangerous.

The suspicion that the average untutored individual has very little self to express and very little personality to assert is somewhat fortified by everyday experience; the people who really express themselves seem to do it without tremendous effort, and the people of real personality manage to communicate their power without the elaborate paraphernalia of the personality schools. The reason is the same in both cases: Power comes from within and grows with training. Against the self-expressionist is the man who has control; at the beginning he seems to have less speed, but at the end he is going strong, while the flash and noise of the quicker worker has died away. Self-control is, of course, not ranked very high among the expressionist virtues; it savors a little of repression. But it has been found useful, because it implies that a man is aware of all his faculties, knows how and when to use them, is, in fact, a conscious human being.

The expressionist, still following his idea of psychology, prefers the unconscious and the subconscious, which are supposed to be superior because they are not corrupted by society. In fact, if a man is entirely conscious of his desires it is generally supposed that there is something wrong and he had better wait for a different desire to pop out of his unconscious. This unconscious is supposed to be the real person; the conscious self is only an outside layer, a mere husk.

It is easy to see that this whole group of ideas is hostile to the rational and intelligent part of man's composition. The personality cult, in its commercial side, lays no stress upon character building; it merely puts a façade on whatever building already exists. And the expression cults throw over the part of man's inheritance by which he reasons, gives value to things, discriminates, and directs himself. All these things imply organization and purpose—the conscious side of life—and they are all discarded in favor of the fleeting impulse that bubbles up to the surface of the unconscious. It is a sweeping invitation to the whole of civilized humanity to go native.

The unformed art of savages and of little children is preferred to the structural compositions of intelligent and civilized men—this is very much in evidence today, as it always is when intellectuals get a little tired of the intellect—and whatever cannot be explained is considered mysteriously superior to whatever is reasonable.

Man's Distinguishing Mark

The confusion of values can be seen in many strange places. For example, pride in putting over something known to be second-rate is one of the natural consequences of the personality school; anyone can put over the first-rate, runs the argument, but to put over the second-rate takes a really aggressive personality. In another field there is the admiration of the splendid criminal. His splendor consists in the scope of his operations and in his skill, and by an obscure reasoning—or probably by a sacred and unchallengeable intuition without any reason to back it—this splendor is held somehow to diminish or to enhalo the crime. It is all rather like saying that 100 per cent brass is superior to 78 per cent gold. If we are looking for sheer abstract 100-percentness—for whatever good that may do us—that is true. But in the scale of accepted human values it is perverted.

Self-expression and the religion of putting across one's personality are both means of escape from a few of the difficulties of life. Discipline and character are the older methods—not of escape but of mastery. At bottom, character signifies the thing that distinguishes one man from another—his mark. It implies the existence within him of a core which is incorruptible and from which his actions rise. It is the result of all his thinking and doing—from the things he refuses, as well as from the

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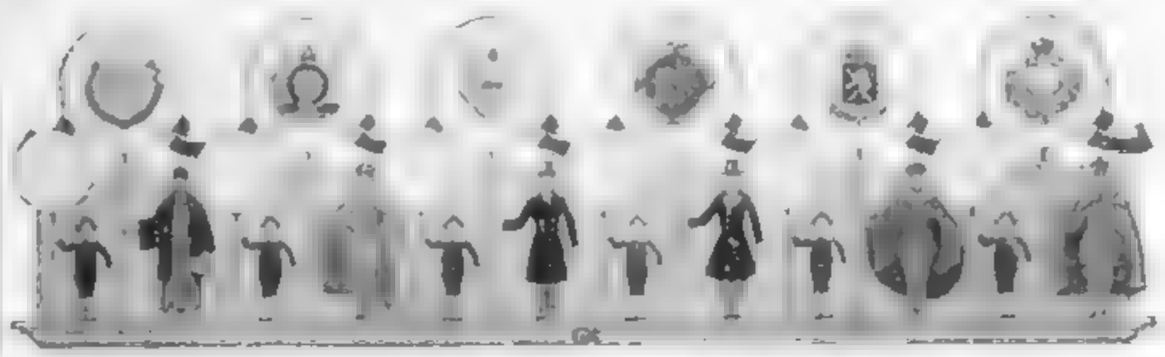
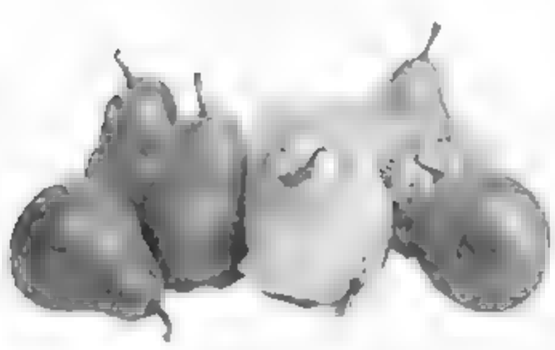


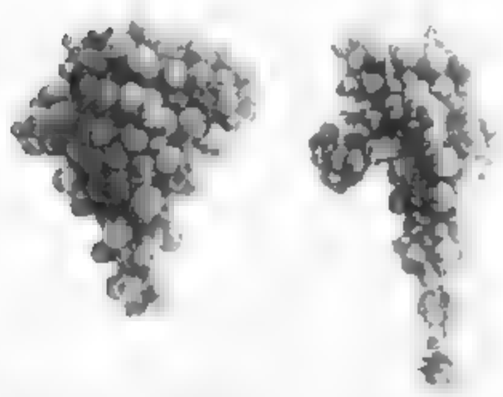
Some Shopping Secrets

revealed for Thrifty Housewives

Madam—your market money *can* buy more. Just be guided by these simple signs of quality—easy to know



PEARS ARE PLENTIFUL this month. And you can be sure you get perfect fruit if you buy pears that are not too ripe. If too green to eat immediately, they will ripen perfectly and develop a fine flavor if left in a cool place.

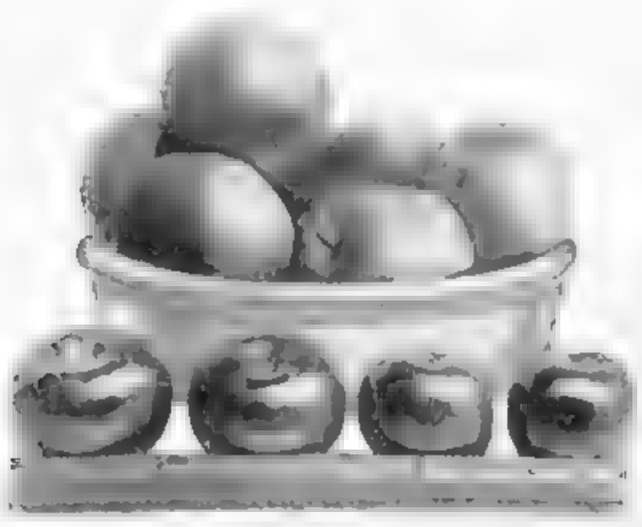


WHEN BUYING GRAPES select large, compact bunches having well formed berries like those shown above at the left. Straggling bunches (above at right) with small or damaged berries mean inferior quality.

TO the woman who knows her shopping, October is a bountiful month. Yet . . . with all the abundance of fresh fruits and vegetables, it is quite necessary to know how to select the specialties—if you want to make your money go far, and to serve the best on your table.

Usually signs of quality are easy to see, even to the eye of the camera as illustrated here. But there is one sure way to get quality fruits . . . and vegetables as well . . . every time you buy, *even sight unseen.* Simply ask for Blue Goose.

At any season, anywhere, Blue Goose is your guarantee of goodness. It represents, without exception, the highest mark of quality of the American Fruit Growers.



SELECTING GOOD APPLES is not difficult. It is largely a matter of choosing from the varieties in season the ones most suitable for your use. Right now the best all-purpose apples are Jonathans and Wealthys (red). Two excellent dessert apples are the Delicious (red) and Grimes Golden (yellow). Ripe, mellow apples will be yellowish on the under side—not green. They should also be more than 2¾ inches in diameter.

The modern housewife is a far better shopper than her mother was. She knows at a glance the signs of quality produce. She knows, too, the value of a quality trade mark that guarantees goodness in fruits and vegetables—a name such as Blue Goose, the highest mark of the American Fruit Growers.

SHOPPING SECRETS . . . the camera has captured them for you, and Colonel L. Brown, formerly with the United States Department of Agriculture, explains them in detail in the "Blue Goose Buying Guide." This unique book will help you get the most for your market money, will help you serve the best fruits and vegetables on your family table. Sent free. Just use the coupon.

American Fruit Growers, Inc.
2100-a Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of Colonel L. Brown's new booklet, "Blue Goose Buying Guide."

Name _____
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City _____
State _____

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. . . or simply ask for

BLUE GOOSE

ON THE RADIO . . . NATIONAL HOME HOUR—EVERY FRIDAY MORNING—WEAF NETWORK—10 15 EASTERN TIME—9 15 CENTRAL TIME

Oldtime Fireside Cheer

The advent of modern heating systems took away from thousands of homes the cheerful, ruddy glow of the oldtime fireside, with all of its romance and sentiment. That was a distinct loss to those who know the joys that dwell amid the flickering shadows of an open fire.

ALLEN, the pioneer builder of "above-the-floor" furnaces, has now made possible the enjoyment of the oldtime fireside cheer without sacrificing the big advantages of up to date, economical, circulating heat.

ALLEN'S Parlor Furnace

With the outer doors closed, ALLEN'S resembles a piece of beautiful, period furniture that harmonizes with the latest style in home furnishings. When the doors swing open, you have all the sweetness and comfort, the cheer and restfulness that have been associated for centuries with the open fireplace.

Heats the whole house by circulating healthful, moist warm air to every room. Quickly installed without expense. Walnut, porcelain enamel finish is easily dusted.

Heats thousands of homes, churches, schools and stores

Greatly increased heating capacity is provided by heat radiating fins built into the heating unit. This exclusive construction also results in fuel economy. ALLEN'S burns any kind of fuel and is also made in special gas burning model.

Ask the nearest ALLEN Dealer for a demonstration.

Heating unit exposed to show heat radiating fins.

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Store Specialists for a Quarter Century

Nashville, Tennessee

Send for Free Booklet

ALLEN MANUFACTURING CO., Nashville, Tenn.
I am interested in
☐ "Oldtime Fireside Cheer" Model
☐ Gas Burning Model
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Street or R. F. D.
City

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

RESULTS OF
A REMARKABLE SURVEY
CONDUCTED BY THE WISCONSIN
ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS
ASSOCIATION

Do you think that the common cold is an important factor in reducing the resistance of the body to diseases of the respiratory tract, like tuberculosis, pneumonia, etc.?

Yes 238
No 12

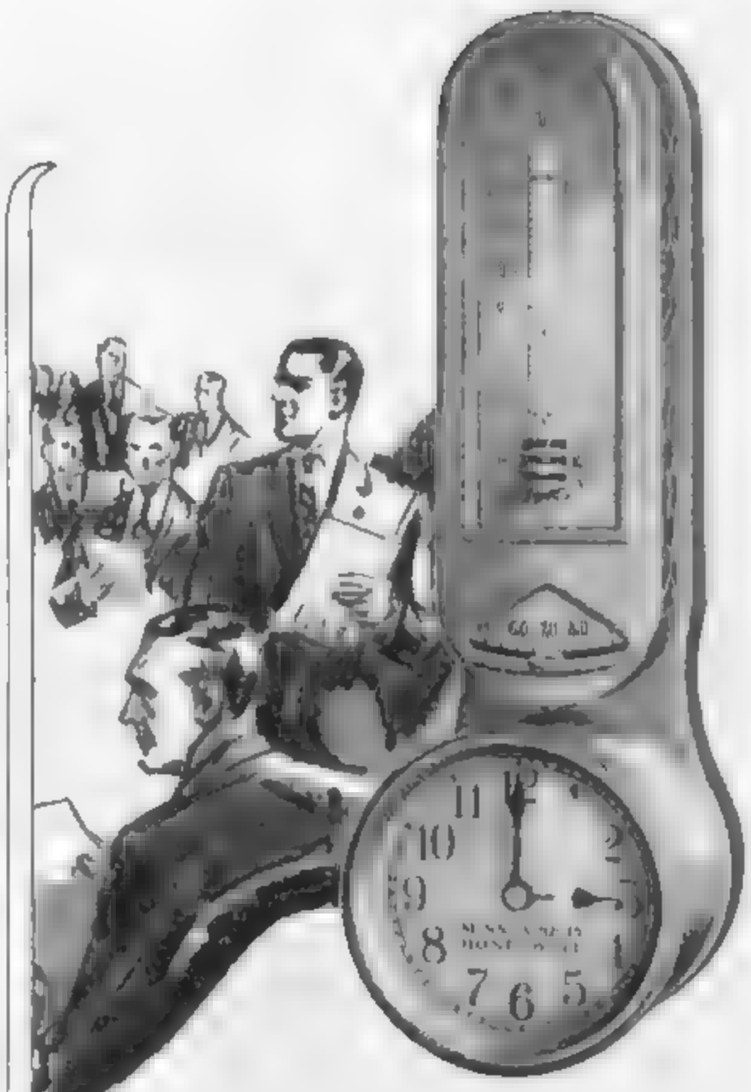
In your opinion is overheating of living quarters an important factor in predisposing toward the above mentioned diseases?

Yes 225
No 25

Do you think the average American home is overheated?

Yes 222
No 28

— opinions of health officers in all parts of the United States, collected for tuberculosis welfare work in Wisconsin.



Health Officers of 225 Cities Vote Against Overheated Homes

Survey recently published by Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association makes startling revelations

IS your home heating plant a source of danger to the health of your family? Today this question looms up more seriously than ever before, because it is the almost unanimous opinion of the medical profession that overheating predisposes toward pneumonia and tuberculosis.

• • •

HOLD A COUNCIL OF WAR AGAINST THE COMMON COLD

Consider the opinions stated above. These men are guardians of our public health — leaders in the modern movement to *prevent* illness and preserve life. Their opinions support actual experiments of Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow (Yale School of Medicine) in which overheating by only two degrees caused 70% more respiratory illness.

Automatic Heat Control Prevents Overheating

The information from this survey was furnished to the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association by health officers in all parts of the country. Be warned—take immediate steps toward providing your heating plant with the only practical means of avoiding overheating: an automatic temperature regulator. Investigate now. Learn how the Minneapolis-Honeywell maintains a steady, even temperature without anyone ever touching dampers or drafts—how it saves fuel and provides warm rooms to dress in every morning through clock control. Ask about our Budget Plan of payment. The coupon below will bring you a free copy of our booklet and complete information.

Our free booklet, "The High Cost of Overheating," tells the complete story of recent scientific discoveries about colds. Mail the coupon for your copy

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HEAT REGULATOR
HONEYWELL

FOR COAL-GAS-OIL

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Send your free booklet, "The High Cost of Overheating."

Name

Address

City ..... State

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ISN'T this the very time for that *new* Family Group photograph? Just telephone your photographer and tell him you'll be over.... If you can't be home Thanksgiving, do the next best thing—*send your photograph!*

PHOTOGRAPHS *Live Forever*

PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA International

THIS emblem is the mark of a master photographer; a craftsman who embraces new-fashioned ideas, old-fashioned ideals

VISIT YOUR FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHER ONCE A YEAR

(Continued from Page 186)

things he accepts. And because it lies deep, it does not put itself across quickly; it is the permanent depth, not the changing surface. It is not particularly serviceable for hurried contacts, but it works very well in the long run. It is the automatic selector between good things and bad, and it accepts the consequences of its choice. It goes naturally to definite standards.

The present exaltation of Napoleon makes him a great personality and a great expresser of himself; one reads about him and begins to believe that his military skill and his base desertion of his wife were exactly equal, that his statesmanship and his connivance at assassination were on the same level of greatness; he is put forth as one of those supreme figures in history who expressed all their impulses. He did, of course, nothing of the kind; his greatness is measured by the way he followed his guiding principle, his main objective, and when he departed from it into low intrigue or was swept by childish vanity, he was less himself, not more—less his great self, the self he cared about. The little shoemaker, who took command of a German village for a day, expressed himself and had personality which he put across; the conquerors of the world had to have something more substantial to work on.

Easy going and quick returns are the objects of expression and assertion; both avert their eyes from the long run, because both are a bit shoddy. And it is even problematical whether their immediate success is great. Against the imposition of personality there has grown up the barrier of sales resistance—a natural reaction against excessive exploitation. There is no sales resistance against decent persuasion which respects the individuality of others; only against aggression. And the self-expressionist has begun to supply his own corrective. He began with the intention of expressing all his desires, lest one, left unfulfilled, should fester within him and make him a nervous wreck. And from a brief experience it begins to appear that he is smashing up only a little faster than his somewhat repressive fellowmen. He escapes the outward consequences of his acts by putting them off on others, but by an illogicality in nature, perhaps, he cannot escape the inner consequences. He despises equilibrium and balance, but until he proves that being unbalanced is in itself a virtue, his career will leave something wanting in the way of proof.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1 00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1 00 (U S and Canada) Foreign prices quoted on request

New Pro-phy-lac-tic

Tooth Brushes welcomed by millions

ALL are new. Each is different. One exactly suits your specific dental needs. Easy to choose it . . . and to use it. It will bring you a new health of teeth and gums you never dreamed would be yours.

These new Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes are alike in one respect — quality. All have a special blend of the best brushing bristles that can be bought — so fine in quality that they are called "Pro-phy-lac-tic Bristles." Securely anchored. Long-lived.

Handles come in colors — six different colors — transparent — super-polished — extra strong — and the right shape and size to exactly balance the brushing end.

See these new type brushes at your drug store — packed in world-famous yellow box. All are priced the same — 50c. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass., U. S. A. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. (Canada) Ltd., Montreal.

Only Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes Can Have This Quality Bristle

For over forty years this business has been one of the world's largest buyers of fine brushing bristle. A special grade, the very finest grade of springy, lively tooth-brush bristle, has come to be known as "Pro-phy-lac-tic Bristle" because this was the grade our bristle-buyers sought out and demanded. We buy all the "Pro-phy-lac-tic Bristle" that is produced, for use exclusively in Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes.

Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic—For teeth and gums that call for special care. Massages as it cleans.
Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic—Most dental arches are full-formed and require this type of brush.
Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic—Scientifically designed for small, more sharply oval dental arch.
Always sold in the yellow box.
ADULT
MEDIUM
GREEN
TUFTED
Prophy-lac-tic
TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic
THE QUALITY BRUSH

Ten seconds . . . your mirror . . . and you KNOW

At the left you see the three new Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes. The one for you to use is easy to choose. Just look into your mirror. If your face shows full-formed, your dental arch (teeth and gums), too, is full-formed. Then the brush for you is the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic. A small, more sharply oval face and arch, however, require a different type of brush—the Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic. Still—either large or small—if your gums are tender, if they lack vitality, the brush for you is the Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic. This brush massages as it cleans. It is so designed that it can be used with beneficial results in any size dental arch.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

different in shape and size . . . . . alike in quality

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Whether you supervise the laundress at home, or send clothes out to questionable quarters, you will find that modern laundries offer freedom from work and worry in a variety of services to meet every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and a plan which returns clothes damp for ironing are a few of many individualized services available at laundries today.

"Tomorrow I will know for sure," *Alice said*

"Perry," said Alice solemnly, "I do believe you are on the verge of winning an argument with me!"

"Well, it will be the first time in recorded history," declared young Gartley. "Tell me more!"

♣ ♣ ♣

"It's about the laundry, dear. You've been saying every washday for years that we ought to send our clothes to the laundry. But I just couldn't bring myself to do it. *I'm about convinced that I was wrong.*

"I always remember what Mother used to say about laundries. But here of late I've been wondering . . . How did Mother really *know?* She never sent anything to the laundry except an occasional bundle of Dad's collars. And anyway, laundries must have changed a lot in the last fifteen years!

"I've been reading the advertisements about modern laundry service. And I've noticed, too, that laundry routemen call at nearly every house in this block. What's more, I've talked to the women, and they all say the same thing, 'Laundry service is ever so much more satisfactory than bothering with a laundress; the clothes really *last longer;* and laundry washing *costs less!*' It just doesn't seem possible that they could *all* be mistaken, does it, Perry?

♣ ♣ ♣

"So I've made up my mind to one thing: Tomorrow I'm going to visit a modern laundry. I'm going to peek into every nook and corner and see for myself just how they run things."

♣ ♣ ♣

True to her word, the very next day Alice was a visitor in Launderland. What she saw—and learned—will be revealed as we journey with her. But this much we can whisper now: Alice no longer gives up a seventh of her week to the woes of washday. The Gartleys now send their clothes to the laundry.

Let the LAUNDRY *do it!*

Go with Alice into Launderland

This delightful journey booklet may be had from any modern laundry displaying, on its trucks, this picture of Alice in Launderland. A telephone call will bring your copy.

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRY OWNERS' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

The Government sets a Standard

But . . . there is an invaluable ingredient which government standards can neither measure nor require. It must be supplied by the skill, the integrity and the pride in reputation of the House behind the product.

Pet Milk possesses that precious ingredient by virtue of the talent, training and experience of two generations whose lives have been devoted to building and maintaining a reputation for incomparable quality.

In no other food . . .

do you so much need every possible guarantee as in the milk you buy. You can't tell its quality by looking at it. You *cannot see* the food elements which, dissolved in water, constitute milk. *Neither* can you see the dangers which may lurk in ordinary milk to cause you distress or disaster.

You can *see a label . . .*

You *can know* that under the Pet label no danger can ever exist. You *can be sure* that every drop of Pet Milk contains always all the elements which make milk nature's most nearly perfect food. You can be absolutely certain that Pet Milk possesses that priceless ingredient which only pride of reputation can be depended upon to supply.

Pet Milk is pure, fresh milk, concentrated and sterilized in sealed containers. More than twice as rich as ordinary milk, it takes the place of cream—at less than half the cost. It can be diluted to suit any milk need. It keeps fresh and sweet on your pantry shelf. For every milk and cream need, it is the perfect supply. Every grocer has it. The label is a guarantee of purity, safety and highest quality.

We have nine booklets covering the many uses for Pet Milk which we will send free on request.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
1421 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

272 Housewives Tried this *Simplified* Recipe

270 Had "Perfect Luck" . . . Will You Try It?

An Utterly New Development in Flour . . . *"Kitchen-tested"*

Mixing Time: **This Simplified Recipe—6 Minutes**

GOLD MEDAL experts have simplified baking for women amazingly. Guesswork is largely eliminated. Discouragements in baking are reduced by half or more.

To prove the point, we should like to send you the recipe for the delightful Marshmallow Gingerbread illustrated here. Of 272 women who first tried it, 270 had perfect success! The two disappointments were due to mistakes in mixing. Now thousands are following it.

A New-Type Flour

Some years ago, Gold Medal experts—the leading flour experts of the world—set out to simplify baking for the housewife; to take out guesswork and uncertainty.

Causes of failures were sought out and traced. Over 50% of all baking disappointments in the home were traced to lack of uniformity in the flour used, not to lack of efficiency on the housewife's part.

It was found that while two sacks of the same brand of flour might be identical by every scientific test at the mill, in the home oven they often differed widely in results.

Thus women's recipes varied greatly in results. Few recipes acted the same way twice. Disappointments were frequent and many. One could never be certain of success.

Then "Kitchen-tested" Flour

To meet that situation, home kitchens were installed in Gold Medal mills. And the famous cooking expert, Betty Crocker, engaged to direct them.

There, under exactly the same conditions as in your own home oven, every batch of Gold Medal Flour is tested daily for uniformity of result. Tested on cakes, pastry, bread, rolls—on every kind of baking. Checked point for point against home recipes.

If results vary even slightly that batch is held back. And never goes to you. Last year over 5 million pounds were turned back for that reason. And tens of thousands of women thus spared baking disappointments.

Today, you know before you start baking EXACTLY HOW your recipe will come out. You bake in the SIMPLEST WAY cookery yet has known. Your recipes act the same every time.

That is why saying Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour to your grocer—instead of just "flour"—is the most important thing in the world, if you expect unvarying results. Millions of women will tell you this. Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour is tested for ALL baking, from bread to Angel Food Cake.

For Southern Housewives

There are two special types of soft wheat flour now provided for Southern housewives especially. Both are Gold Medal—both are "Kitchen-tested." Ask for Gold Medal Flour, either plain or self-rising.

Gold Medal Flour (plain and self-rising) is milled in the South at our Louisville mill from choice soft winter wheat. It is all "Kitchen-tested" with Southern recipes.

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If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, we shall be glad to send you selected samples, including Marshmallow Gingerbread FREE. Check and mail the coupon for whichever you desire.

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☐ FREE—please send me selected samples of "Kitchen-tested" recipes—including Marshmallow Gingerbread.

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